A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE TENTH.

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M.DCC.XLIV.

A SELECT

COLLECTION

OF

OLD PLAYS.

THE CITY-MATCH: A COMEDY.

By Mr. JASPER MAINE.

JASPER MAINE *was born at* Hatherlagh *in* Devonſhire, *in* 1604; *was enter'd in* Chriſt-Church Oxford *as a Serviteur in* 1623. *He afterwards took Orders, and was made Vicar of* Caſſington *near* Woodſtock, *and of* Pyrton *near* Watlington; *both in* Oxfordſhire. *At the Beginning of the Civil Wars, when King* Charles *took up his abode at* Oxford, *he preached ſeveral times before him; and in* 1646, *was made Doctor of Divinity. But after the Death of the King he was depriv'd of all his Livings; and being in a manner put to his ſhifts, the Earl of* Devonſhire *made him his Chaplain, by which means he became acquainted with Mr.* Hobbes; *tho' it is ſaid, there was never any good Agreement betwixt them. At the Return of King* Charles *the Second, he was not only reſtor'd to all his Livings, but made Canon of* Chriſt-Church, *Archdeacon of* Chicheſter, *and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majeſty. He died in* 1672, *and left by Will five hundred Pounds towards rebuilding St.* Paul's *Cathedral. He wrote a Tragi-Comedy, call'd the* Amorous War; *alſo ſeveral Sermons; and a Pamphlet in* 1647, *entitled,* The People's War examined according to the Principles of Scripture and Reaſon. *He tranſlated alſo ſome of* Lucian's *Dialogues.*

TO THE READER.

THE Author of this Poem, knowing how hardly the beſt Things protect themſelves from Cenſure, had no ambition to make it this way publick: Holding Works of this light nature to be things which need an Apology for being written at all: Nor eſteeming otherwiſe of them, whoſe Abilities in this kind are moſt paſſable, than of Maſkers who ſpangle, and glitter for the time, but 'tis through a Tinſel. As it was merely out of obedience that he firſt wrote it, ſo when it was made, had it not been commanded from him, it had died upon the place, where it took life. Himſelf being ſo averſe from raiſing Fame from the Stage, that at the Preſentment, he was one of the ſevereſt Spectators there; nor ever ſhew'd other ſign whereby it might be known to be his, but his Liberty to deſpiſe it. Yet he hath at length conſented it ſhould paſs the Preſs; not with an aim to purchaſe a new Reputation, but to keep that which he hath already from growing worſe. For, underſtanding that ſome at London, *without his Approbation or Allowance, were ready to print a falſe, imperfect Copy, he was loth to be libell'd by his own Work; or that his Play ſhould appear to the world with more than its own faults. Farewel.*

The PROLOGUE to the KING and QUEEN.

THE Author, Royal Sir, ſo dreads this Night,
As if for writing he were doom'd to th' ſight.
Or elſe, unleſs you do protect his Fame,
Y'had ſav'd his Play, and ſentenc'd him to th' Flame.
For though your Name, or Power, were i'th' Reprieve,
Such Works, he thinks, are but condemn'd to live.
Which for this Place being reſcu'd from the Fire,
Take Ruin from th' Advancement, and fall higher.
Though none, he hopes, ſit here upon his Wit,
As if he Poems did, or Plays commit.
Yet he muſt needs fear Cenſure, that fears Praiſe,
Nor would write ſtill, wer't to ſucceed i'th' Bays.
For he is not o'th' Trade, nor would excel
In this kind, where 'tis Lightneſs to do well.
Yet as the Gods refin'd baſe Things, and ſome
Beaſts foul i'th' Herd grew pure i'th' Hecatomb;
And as the Ox prepar'd, and crowned Bull,
Are Offerings, though kept back, and Altars full:
So, mighty Sir, this Sacrifice being near
The Knife at Oxford, *which y'have kindled here,*
He hopes 'twill from You, and the Queen, grow clean,
And turn t'Oblation, what he meant a Scene.

The PROLOGUE at BLACK-FRIERS.

WERE it his Trade, the Author bid me ſay,
Perchance he'd beg you would be good to th' Play.
And I, to ſet him up in Reputation,
Should hold a Baſon forth for Approbation.
But Praiſe ſo gain'd, he thinks, were a Relief
Able to make his Comedy a Brief.
For where your Pity muſt your Judgment be,
'Tis not a Play, but you fir'd Houſes ſee.
Look not his Quill, then ſhould Petitions run;
No Gatherings here into a Prologue ſpun.
Whether their ſold Scenes be diſlik'd, or hit,
Are Cares for them who eat by th' Stage, and Wit.
He's one, whoſe unbought Muſe did never fear
An empty ſecond Day, or a thin Share;
But can make th' Actors, though you come not twice,
No Loſers, ſince we act now at the King's Price.
Who hath made this Play publick, and the ſame
Power that makes Laws, redeem'd this from the Flame:
For th' Author builds no Fame, nor doth aſpire
To Praiſe, from that which he condemn'd to th' fire.
He's thus ſecure, then, that he cannot win
A Cenſure ſharper than his own hath been.

The Perſons of the Play.

Warehouſe, an old merchant.
Frank Plotwell, his nephew.
Cypher, his factor.
Baneſwright, old Plotwell diſguiſed.
Madam Aurelia, Penelope Plotwell his daughter.
Seathrift, a merchant.
Mrs. Seathrift, his wife.
Timothy, his ſon.
Dorcas, Suſan Seathrift his daughter.
Bright, *Newcut*, } two Templers.
Mrs. Scruple, a puritan ſchool-miſtreſs.
Mrs. Holland, a ſeamſtreſs on the Exchange.
Quartfield, a captain.
Salewit, a poet.
Roſeclap, one that keeps an ordinary.
Millicent, his wife.
Prentice.
Footmen.
One that ſings.

THE CITY-MATCH: A COMEDY.

Actus I. Scena I.

Warehouſe, Seathrift.

Sea. I Promiſe you, 'twill be a moſt rare plot.
Ware. The city, Mr. Seathrift, never yet
Brought forth the like; I would have them that have
Fin'd twice for ſheriff, mend it.
Sea. Mend it! why?
'Tis paſt the wit o'th' court of aldermen.
Next merchant-taylor that writes chronicles
Will put us in.
Ware. For, ſince I took him home,
Though, Sir, my nephew, as you may obſerve,
Seem quite transfigur'd; be as dutiful
As a new prentice; in his talk declaim
'Gainſt revelling companions; be as hard
To be entic'd from home, as my door-poſts;

This reformation may but be his part,
And he may act his virtues. I have not
Forgot his riots at the Temple. You know, Sir——
Sea. You told me, Mr. Warehouſe.
Ware. Not the ſea,
When it devour'd my ſhips, coſt me ſo much,
As did his vanities. A voyage to th'Indies
Has been loſt in a night. His daily ſuits
Were worth more than the ſtock that ſet me up.
For which he knew none but the ſilk-man's book,
And ſtudied that more than the law. He had
His loves too, and his miſtreſſes; was enter'd
Among the philoſophical Madams, was
As great with them as their concerners; and, I hear,
Kept one of them in penſion.
Sea. My ſon, too,
Hath had his errors; I could tell the time
When all the wine which I put off by wholeſale,
He took again in quarts; and, at the day,
Vintners have paid me with his large ſcores. But
He is reform'd too.
Ware. Sir, we now are friends
In a deſign.
Sea. And hope to be in time
Friends in alliance, Sir.
Ware. I will be free,
I think well of your ſon.
Sea. Who? Timothy?
Believe't, a virtuous boy; and for his ſiſter,
A very ſaint.
Ware. Miſtake me not, I have
The like opinion of my nephew, Sir;
Yet he is young, and ſo is your ſon; nor
Doth the church-book ſay they are paſt our fears.
Our preſence is their bridle now: 'Tis good
To know them well, whom we do make our heirs.
Sea. It is moſt true.
Ware. Well; and how ſhall we know
How they will uſe their fortune, or what place
We have in their affection, without trial?
Some wiſe men build their own tombs, let us try

If

If we were dead, whether our heirs would cry,
Or their long cloaks: This plot will do't.
Sea. 'Twill make us
Famous upon the Exchange for ever. I'll home,
And take leave of my wife and ſon.
Ware. And I'll
Come to you at your garden-houſe. Within there——
[*Exit Sea. Enter Cypher.*

Actus I. Scena II.

Warehouſe, Cypher.

Ware. NOW, Cypher, where's my nephew?
Cypher. In the hall
Reading a letter, which a footman brought
Juſt now to him from a lady, Sir.
Ware. A lady!
Cypher. Yes, Sir, a lady in diſtreſs; for I
Could over-hear the fellow ſay, ſhe muſt
Sell her coach-horſes, and return again
To her needle, if your nephew don't ſupply her
With money.
Ware. This is ſome honourable ſeamſtreſs.
I am now confirm'd: They ſay he keeps a lady,
And this is ſhe. Well, Cypher, 'tis too late
To change my project now. Be ſure you keep
A diary of his actions, ſtrictly mark
What company comes to him; if he ſtir
Out of my houſe, obſerve the place he enters.
Watch him till he come out: Follow him diſguiſed
To all his haunts.
Cypher. He ſhall not want a ſpy, Sir.
But, Sir, when you are abſent, if he draw not
A lattice to your door, and hang a buſh out——
Ware. I hope he will not make my houſe a tavern.
Cypher. Sir, I am no Sibyl's ſon.
Ware. Peace, here he comes.
[*Enter Plotwell in a ſad poſture.*

Actus I. Scena III.

Warehouſe, Plotwell, Cypher.

Ware. GOOD-morrow, nephew: How now? ſad? how comes
This melancholy?
Plot. Can I chuſe but wear
Clouds in my face, when I muſt venture, Sir,
Your reverend age to a long doubtful voyage,
And not partake your dangers?
Ware. Fie, theſe fears,
Though they become you, nephew, are ominous.
When heard you from your father?
Plot. Never ſince
He made the eſcape, Sir.
Ware. I hear he is in Ireland:
Is't true, he took your ſiſter with him?
Plot. So
Her miſtreſs thinks, Sir: one day ſhe left th'Exchange,
And has not ſince been heard of.
Ware. And, nephew,
How like you your new courſe; which place prefer you?
The Temple, or Exchange? Where are, think you,
The wealthier mines, in the Indies, or
Weſtminſter-hall?
Plot. Sir, my deſires take meaſure
And form from yours.
Ware. Nay, tell me your mind plainly,
I'th' city-tongue. I'd have you ſpeak like Cypher.
I do not like queint figures; they do ſmell
Too much o'th' inns of court.
Plot. Sir, my obedience
Is ready for all impreſſions which———
Ware. Again!
Plot. Sir, I prefer your kind of life, a merchant.
Ware. 'Tis ſpoken like my nephew: now I like you.
Nor ſhall I e'er repent the benefits
I have beſtow'd; but will forget all errors, [*Ex. Cypher.*
As meer ſeducements. And will not only be

An

An uncle, but a father to you; but then
You muſt be conſtant, nephew.
Plot. Elſe I were blind
To my good fortune, Sir.
Ware. Think, man, how it may
In time, make thee o'th' city-ſenate; and raiſe thee
To th' ſword and cap of maintenance.
Plot. Yes, and make me
Sentence light bread and pounds of butter on horſeback.
[*Aſide.*
Ware. Have gates and conduits dated from thy year;
Ride to the Spital on thy free beaſt.
Plot. Yes; free of your company.
Ware. Have the people veil
As low to his trappings, as if he thrice had fined
For that good time's employment.
Plot. Or as if he had his rider's wiſdom.
Ware. Then the works
And good deeds of the city to go before thee,
Beſides a troop of varlets.
Plot. Yes, and I,
To ſleep the ſermon in my chain and ſcarlet.
Ware. How ſay you? Let's hear that.
Plot. I ſay, Sir, I
To ſit at ſermon in my chain and ſcarlet.
Ware. 'Tis right; and be remember'd at the croſs.
Plot. And then at ſeſſions, Sir, and all times elſe,
Maſter Recorder, to ſave me the trouble,
And underſtand things for me.
Ware. All this is poſſible;
And in the ſtars and winds: Therefore, dear nephew,
You ſhall purſue this courſe; and to enable you
In this half year that I ſhall be away,
Cypher ſhall teach you French, Italian, Spaniſh,
And other tongues of traffick.
Plot. Shall I not learn
Arithmetick too, Sir, and ſhort-hand?
Ware. 'Tis well remember'd; yes, and navigation.

Enter Cypher.

Cypher. Sir, Mr. Seathrift ſays you will loſe the tide;
The boat ſtays for you.

Ware. Well, nephew, at my return
As I hear of your carriage, you do know
What my intentions are; and for a token
How much I truſt your reformation,
Take this key of my counting-houſe, and ſpend
Diſcreetly in my abſence. Farewell. Nay,
No tears. I'll be here ſooner than you think on't.
Cypher, you know what you have to do. [*Exit.*

Cypher. I warrant you, Sir.

Plot. Tears! yes, my melting eyes ſhall run; but it
Shall be ſuch tears as ſhall increaſe the tide
To carry you from hence.

Cypher. Come, Mr. Plotwell, ſhall I read to you this morning?

Plot. Read! what? How the price
Of ſugar goes; how many pints of olives
Go to a jar; how long wine works at ſea;
What difference is in gain between freſh herrings,
And herrings red?

Cypher. This is fine! ha' you forgot your uncle's charge?

Plot. Prithee, what was't?

Cypher. To learn the tongues, and mathematicks.

Plot. Troth,
If I have tongue enough to ſay my prayers
I'th' phraſe o'th' kingdom, I care not; otherwiſe
I'm for no tongues, but dry'd ones; ſuch as will
Give a fine reliſh to my arrack; and for mathematicks,
I hate to travel by the map; methinks
'Tis riding poſt.

Enter Bright, and Newcut.

Cypher. I knew 'twould come to this.
Here are his comerades.

Plot. What, my Fleetſtreet friends! [*Exit Cypher.*

SCENA

SCENA IV.

To him Bright and Newcut.

Bright. SAve you, merchant Plotwell.

New. Mr. Plotwell, citizen and merchant, ſave you.

Bright. Is thy uncle gone the wiſh'd voyage?

Plot. Yes, he's gone, and if
He die by th' way hath bequeath'd me but ſome
Twelve hundred pound a year in Kent; ſome three-
Score thouſand pound in money; beſides jewels, bonds,
And deſperate debts.

New. And doſt not thou fall down
And pray to th' winds to ſacrifice him to
Poor John and Mackrel?

Bright. Or invoke ſome rock to do thee juſtice?

New. Or ſome compendious cannon to take him off i'th' middle?

Plot. And why, my tender ſoft-hearted friends?

Bright. What to take thee from the Temple,
To make thee an Old-Jewry-man; a Whittington?

New. To transform thy pluſh to penny-ſtone; and ſcarlet
Into a velvet jacket, which hath ſeen
Aleppo twice; is known to the Great Turk;
Hath 'ſcap'd three ſhipwrecks, to be left off to thee,
And knows the way to Mexico as well as the map?

Bright. This jacket ſurely was imploy'd in finding
The north-eaſt paſſage out: or the ſame jacket
That Coryat died in.

Plot. Very good.

New. In Ovid
There is not ſuch a Metamorphoſis
As thou art now. To be turned into a tree,
Or ſome handſome beaſt, is courtly to this.
But for thee, Frank, O tranſmutation!
Of ſatin chang'd to kerſy hoſe, I ſing——
S'lid, his ſhoes ſhine too!

Bright.

Bright. They have the Greſham dye.
Doſt thou not dreſs thy ſelf by 'em? I can ſee
My face in them hither.

Plot. Very pleaſant, gentlemen.

Bright. And, faith, for how many years art thou bound?

Plot. Do you take me for a 'prentice?

New. Why then, what office
Doſt thou bear in the pariſh this year? Let's feel,
No batteries in thy head, to ſignify
Th'art conſtable?

Bright. No furious jug broke on it, in the King's name?

Plot. Did you contrive this ſcene by the way, gentlemen?

New. No, but the news
Thou ſhould'ſt turn trades-man, and this Pagan dreſs,
In which, if thou ſhould'ſt die, thou would'ſt be damn'd
For an uſurer, is comical at the Temple.
We were about to bring in ſuch a fellow
For an apoſtate in our Antimaſque.
Set one to keep the door; provide half-crown rooms,
For I'll ſet bills up of thee. What ſhall I
Give thee for the firſt day?

Bright. Ay, or ſecond?
For thou't endure twice or thrice coming in.

Plot. Well, my conceited orient friends, bright offſprings
O'th' female ſilk-worm, and taylor-male, I deny not
But you look well in your unpaid for glory:
That in theſe colours you ſet out the Strand,
And adorn Fleet-ſtreet. That you may laugh at me
Poor working-day o'th' city, like two feſtivals
Eſcap'd out of the almanack.

New. Sirrah, Bright,
Did'ſt look to hear ſuch language beyond Ludgate?

Bright. I thought all wit had ended at Fleet-bridge.
But wit that goes o'th' ſcore, that may extend,
If't be a courtier's wit, into Cheapſide.

Plot. Your mercer lives there, does he? I warrant you
He has the patience of a burnt heretick.
The very faith that ſold to you theſe ſilks,
And thinks you'll pay for 'em, is ſtrong enough
To ſave the infidel part o'th' world, or antichriſt.

Bright.

Bright. W'are moſt mechanically abuſed.
New. Let's tear his jacket off.
Bright. A match! take that ſide.
Plot. Hold, hold.
Bright. How frail a thing old velvet is, it parts
With as much eaſe and willingneſs as two cowards.
[*They tear off his jacket.*
New. The tender'ſt weed that ever fell aſunder.
Plot. Ha' you your wits? what mean you?
Bright. Go, put on
One of thy Temple ſuits, and accompany us,
Or elſe thy dimity breeches will be mortal.
Plot. You will not ſtrip me, will you?
New. By thy viſible ears we will.
Bright. By this two-handed beaver; which is ſo thin
And light, a butterfly's wings put to't would make it
A Mercury's flying hat, and ſoar aloft.
Plot. But do you know to how much danger
You tempt me? Should my uncle know I come
Within the air of Fleet-ſtreet——
New. Will you make
Your ſelf fit for a coach again, and come
Along with us?
Plot. Well, my two reſolute friends,
You ſhall prevail. But whither now are your
Lewd motions bent?
New. We'll dine at Roſeclap's, there
We ſhall meet Captain Quartfield, and his poet,
They ſhall ſhew us another fiſh.
Bright. But by the way, we have agreed to ſee
A lady, you mechanick.
Plot. What lady?
New. Haſt not thou heard of the new-ſprung lady?
Bright. One
That keeps her coach-man, foot-boy, woman, and ſpends
A thouſand pounds a year by wit.
Plot. How! wit!
New. That is her patrimony, Sir; 'tis thought
The fortune ſhe is born to, will not buy
A bunch of turnips.
Plot. She is no gameſter, is ſhe? Nor carries falſe dice?
Bright.

Bright. No, but has a tongue,
Were't in a lawyer's mouth, would make him buy
All young heirs near him.
Plot. But does no man know from whence ſhe came?
Bright. As for her birth, ſhe may
Chooſe her own pedigree; it is unknown
Whether ſhe be deſcended of ſome ditch,
Or dutcheſs.
New. She's the wonder of the court,
And talk o'th' town.
Plot. Her name?
New. Aurelia.
Plot. I've heard of her. They ſay ſhe does fight duels,
And anſwers challenges in wit.
Bright. She has been thrice in the field.
Plot. I'th' field?
New. Yes, in Spring-garden;
Has conquer'd with no ſecond, but her woman
A Puritan, and has return'd with prizes.
Plot. And no drum beat before her?
New. No, nor colours
Flouriſh'd. She has made a vow never to marry
'Till ſhe be won by ſtratagem.
Plot. I long to ſee her.
Bright. I'th' name of Guild-hall, who comes here!
[*Enter Timothy.*

SCENA V.

To them Timothy.

Tim. BY your leave, gentlemen.
Plot. Mr. Timothy!
Welcome from the new world. I look'd you ſhould
Ha' paſt through half the ſigns in heaven by this,
And ha' convers'd with the dolphins. What not gone
To ſea with your father?
Tim. No, faith, I do not love
To go to ſea, it makes one lowſy, lays him
In wooden ſheets, and lands him a preſervative
Againſt the plague. Beſides, my mother was
Afraid to venture me.

Plot.

Plot. Believe't, ſhe's wiſe,
Not to truſt ſuch a wit to a thin frail bark,
Where you ha' ſail'd within three inches of
Becoming a Jonas. Beſides the toſſing, to have
All the fierce bluſt'ring faces in the map
Swell more tempeſtuouſly upon you than
Lawyers prefer'd, or trumpeters. And whither
Were you bound now?

Tim. I only came to have your judgment of my ſuit.

Plot. Surely the taylor has done his part.

Tim. And my mother has done hers,
For ſhe has paid for't. I never durſt be ſeen
Before my father out of Duretta and Serge:
But if he catch me in ſuch paltry ſtuffs,
To make me look like one that lets out money,
Let him ſay Timothy was born a fool.
Before he went he made me do what he liſt;
Now he's abroad, I'll do what I liſt. What
Are theſe two? gentlemen?

Plot. You ſee they wear their heraldry.

Tim. But I mean, can they roar,
Beat drawers, play at dice, and court their miſtreſs?
I mean forthwith to get a miſtreſs.

Plot. But
How comes this, Mr. Timothy? You did not
Riſe ſuch a gallant this morning.

Tim. All's one for that.
My mother loſt her maiden-head that I
Might come firſt into th' world; and by God's-lid,
I'll bear my ſelf like the elder brother, I.
D'you think I'll all days of my life frequent
Saint Ant'lin's, like my ſiſter? Gentlemen,
I covet your acquaintance.

Bright. Your ſervant, Sir.

New. I ſhall be proud to know you.

Tim. Sir, my knowledge
Is not much worth; I'm born to a ſmall fortune,
Some hundred thouſand pound, if once my father
Held up his hands in marble, or kneel'd in braſs.
What are you, inns-of-court men?

New. The catechiſm were falſe, ſhould we deny it.

Tim.

Tim. I ſhall ſhortly
Be one my ſelf, I learn to dance already,
And wear ſhort cloaks; I mean in your next Maſque
To have a part, I ſhall take moſt extremely.
Bright. You will inflame the ladies, Sir: They'll ſtrive
Who ſhall moſt privately convey jewels
Into your hand.
New. This is an excellent fellow; who is't?
Plot. Rich Seathrift's ſon, that's gone to ſea
This morning, with my uncle.
Bright. Is this he
Whoſe ſiſter thou ſhould'ſt marry? The wench that brings
Ten thouſand pound?
Plot. My uncle would fain have me, but I have caſt her off.
Bright. Why?
Plot. Faith, ſhe's handſome,
And had a good wit, but her ſchool-miſtreſs
Has made her a rank Puritan.
New. Let's take him
Along with us, and Captain Quartfield ſhall ſhow him.
Plot. 'Twill be an excellent comedy, and afterwards
I have a project on him.
Tim. Gentlemen,
Shall we dine at an ordinary? You
Shall enter me among the wits.
Plot. Sir, I
Will but ſhift clothes, then we'll aſſociate you.
But firſt you ſhall with us, and ſee a lady,
Rich as your father's cheſts and odd holes; and
Freſh as Pygmalion's miſtreſs, newly waken'd
Out of her alabaſter.
Tim. Lead on;
I long to ſee the lady, and to ſalute her. [*Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus II. Scena I.

Aurelia, Dorcas.

Aur. WHY we ſhall have you get, in time, the turn
Up of your eyes, ſpeak in the noſe, draw ſighs
Of an ell long, and rail at diſcipline.
Would I could hear from Baneſwright; e'er I'll be tortur'd
With your preciſeneſs thus, I'll get dry palms
With ſtarching, and put on my ſmocks myſelf.

Dor. Surely you may, and air 'em too, there have been
Very devout and holy women, that wore
No ſhift at all.

Aur. Such Saints you mean as wore
Their congregations, and ſwarm'd with chriſtian vermin.
You'll hold clean linnen hereſy?

Dor. Surely, yes,
Clean linnen in a ſurplice: That and powders
Do bring dry ſummers, make the ſickneſs rage,
And the enemy prevail. It was reveal'd
To Mrs. Scruple, and her huſband, who
Do verily aſcribe the German war,
And the late perſecutions, to curling,
Falſe teeth, and oil of Talc.

Aur. Now ſhe is in,
A lecturer will ſooner hold his peace
Than ſhe.

Dor. And ſurely, as Maſter Scruple ſays——

Aur. That was her ſchool-maſter. One that cools a feaſt
With his long grace, and ſooner eats a capon
Than bleſſes it.

Dor. And proves it very well
Out of a book that ſuffer'd martyrdom
By fire in Cheapſide. Since amulets, and bracelets,
And love-locks were in uſe, the price of ſprats,
Jeruſalem artichokes, and Holland cheeſe,

Is

Is very much increaſed; ſo that the brethren,
Botchers I mean, and ſuch poor zealous ſaints
As earn five groats a week under a ſtall,
By ſinging pſalms, and drawing up of holes,
Can't live in their vocation, but are fain
To turn——

Aur. Old breeches.

Dorc. Surely, teachers and prophets.

SCENA II.

To them Baneſwright.

Aur. O Mr. Baneſwright, are you come! My woman
Was in her preaching fit, ſhe only wanted
A table's end.

Baneſw. Why, what's the matter?

Aur. Never poor lady had ſo much unbred holineſs
About her perſon; I am never dreſt
Without a ſermon, but am forc'd to prove
The lawfulneſs of curling irons before
She'll criſp me in a morning; I muſt ſhow
Text for the faſhions of my gowns; ſhe'll aſk
Where jewels are commanded, or what lady
I'th' primitive times wore ropes of pearl or rubies;
She will urge councils for her little ruff
Call'd in Northamptonſhire; and her whole ſervice
Is a mere confutation of my clothes.

Baneſw. Why Madam, I aſſure you, time hath been,
However ſhe be otherwiſe, when ſhe had
A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady
A ſerviceable ſinner.

Aur. She can't preſerve
The gift for which I took her; but as though
She were inſpir'd from Ipſwich, ſhe will make
The Acts and Monuments in ſweet-meats; quinces
Arraign'd and burnt at a ſtake; all my banquets
Are perſecutions; Diocletian's days
Are brought for entertainment; and we eat martyrs.

Baneſw.

Baneſw. Madam, ſhe is far gone.
Aur. Nay, Sir, ſhe is a Puritan at her needle too.
Baneſw. Indeed!
Aur. She works religious petticoats; for flowers
She'll make church-hiſtories; her needle doth
So ſanctify my cuſhionets, beſides,
My ſmock-ſleeves have ſuch holy imbroideries,
And are ſo learned, that I fear in time
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure inſtructor. Yeſterday I went
To ſee a lady that has a parrot, my woman
While I was in diſcourſe converted the fowl,
And now it can ſpeak nought but Knox's works;
So there's a parrot loſt.
Baneſw. Faith, Madam, ſhe
Was earneſt to come to you, had I known
Her miſtreſs had ſo bred her, I would firſt
Have preferred her to New England.
Dorc. Surely, Sir,
You promiſed me, when you did take my money
To help me to a faithful ſervice, a lady
That would be ſaved, not one that loves profane
Unſanctified faſhions.
Aur Fly my ſight,
You gooddy Hofman, and keep your chamber till
You can provide your ſelf ſome cure, or I
Will forthwith excommunicate your zeal,
And make you a ſilent waiting-woman.
Baneſw. Mrs. Dorcas,
If you'll be uſher to that holy learned woman,
That can heal broken ſhins, ſcald heads, and th' itch,
Your ſchool-miſtreſs, that can expound, and teaches
To knit in Chaldee, and work Hebrew ſamplers,
I'll help you back again.
Dorc. The motion ſure is good,
And I will ponder of it. [*Exit Dorcas.*
Aur. From thy zeal,
The frantick ladies judgments, and Hiſtriomaſtix,
Deliver me. This was of your preferring,
You muſt needs help me to another.

Baneſw.

Baneſw. How
Would you deſire her qualified, deformed
And crooked like ſome ladies, who do wear
Their women like black patches to ſet them off?
Aur. I need no foil, nor ſhall I think I'm white
Only between two Moors: or that my noſe
Stands wrong, becauſe my woman's doth ſtand right.
Baneſw. But you would have her ſecret, able to keep
Strange ſights from th' knowledge of your knight, when you
Are married, Madam, of a quick-feigning head?
Aur. You wrong me, Baneſwright, ſhe whom I would have,
Muſt to her handſome ſhape have virtue too.
Baneſw. Well, Madam, I ſhall fit you. I do know
A cholerick lady, which within theſe three weeks
Has, for not cutting her corns well, put off
Three women; and is now about to part
With the fourth, juſt one of your deſcription.
Next change o'th' moon, or weather, when her feet
Do ake again, I do believe I ſhall
Pleaſure your ladyſhip.
Aur. Expect your reward. [*Exit Baneſwright.*

SCENA III.

To her, Bright, Newcut, Timothy, Plotwell.

Tim. LADY, let me taſte the elyſium of your lips.
Aur. Why, what are you? You will not leap me, Sir?
Pray know your diſtance.
Tim. What am I, ſweet lady?
My father is an alderman's fellow, and I
Hope to be one in time.
Aur. Then, Sir, in time
You may be remembred at the quenching of
Fired houſes, when the bells ring backward, by
Your name upon the buckets.
Tim. Nay, they ſay
You have a good wit, lady, and I can find it
As ſoon as another: I in my time have been
O'th' univerſity, and ſhould have been a ſcholar.
Aur. By the ſize of your wit, Sir, had you kept
To that profeſſion, I can foreſee

You would have been a great perſecuter of nature,
And great conſumer of ruſh candles, with
As ſmall ſucceſs, as if a tortoiſe ſhould
Day and night practiſe to run races: Having
Contemplated your ſelf into ill looks,
In pity to ſo much affliction,
You might have paſt for learned: And 't may be,
If you had fallen out with the muſes, and
'Scap'd poetry, you might have riſen to ſcarlet.
Tim. Here's a rare lady, with all my heart; by this
Light, gentlemen, now have I no more language
Than a dumb parrot; a little more ſhe'll jeer me
Into a fellow that turns upon his toe
In a ſteeple, and ſtrikes quarters.
Bright. And why ſhould you
Be now ſo dainty of your lips? Verily,
They are not virgins, they have taſted man.
Aur. And may again; but then I'll be ſecur'd,
For the ſweet air o'th' parties. If you
Will bring it me confirm'd under the hands
Of four ſufficient ladies, that you are
Clean men, you may chance kiſs my woman.
New. Lady,
Our lips are made of the ſame clay that yours,
And have not been refuſed.
Aur. 'Tis right, you are two inns-of-court men.
Bright. Yes, what then?
Aur. Known through all the town.
Bright. Cladders!
Aur. Yes, Catholick lovers,
From country Madams, to your glover's wife
Or laundreſs; will not let poor gentlewomen
Take phyſick quietly, but diſturb their pills
From operation, with your untaught viſits.
Or if they be employ'd, contrive ſmall plots
Below ſtairs with the chamber-maid; commend
Her fragrant breath, which five yards off, ſalutes;
At four, deflowers a roſe; at three, kills ſpiders.
New. What dangerous truths theſe are?
Aur. Raviſh a lock
From the yellow waiting-woman, uſe ſtratagems

To get her ſilver-whiſtle, and way-lay
Her pewter-knots or bodkin.
New. Pretty, pretty.
Bright. You think you have abuſed us now.
Aur. I'll tell you,
Had I in all the world but forty mark,
And that got by my needle and making ſocks;
And were that forty mark mill-ſixpences,
Spur-royals, Harry-groats, or ſuch odd coin
Of huſbandry, as in the king's reign now
Would never paſs, I would deſpiſe you.
New. Lady,
Your wit will make you die a wither'd virgin.
Bright. We ſhall in time (when your moſt tyrant tongue
Hath made this houſe a wilderneſs, and you
As unfrequented as a ſtateſman fallen;
When you ſhall quarrel with your face and glaſs,
Till from your pencil you have rais'd new cheeks;)
See you beg ſuitors; write bills o'er your door,
Here is an ancient lady to be lett.
New. You think you are handſome now, and that your eyes
Make ſtar-ſhooting, and dart?
Aur. 'T may be, I do.
New. May I not proſper, if I have not ſeen
A better face in ſigns, or ginger-bread.
Tim. Yes, I for two-pence oft have bought a better.
Bright. What a ſweet innocent look you have!
Plot. Fie, gentlemen,
Abuſe a harmleſs lady thus, I can't
With patience hear your blaſphemies. Make me
Your ſecond, Madam.
Tim. And make me your third.
Aur. O prodigy! to hear an image ſpeak.
Why, Sir, I took you for a mute i'th' hangings.
I'll tell the faces.
Tim. Gentlemen, do I look like one of them Trojans?
Aur. 'Tis ſo; your face
Is miſſing here; Sir, pray ſtep back again
And fill the number: you, I hope, have more
Truth in you, than to filch your ſelf away,
And leave my room unfurniſh'd. *Plot.*

Plot. By this light
She'll ſend for a conſtable ſtreight, and apprehend him
For thievery.
Tim. Why, Lady, do you think me
Wrought in a loom? ſome Dutch piece weav'd at Mortlake?
Aur. Surely you ſtood ſo ſimply, like a man
Penning of recantations, that I ſuſpected
Y'had been a part of the monopoly.
But now I know you have a tongue, and are
A very man, I'll think you only dull,
And pray for better utterance.
Plot. Lady, you make
Raſh judgment of him, he was only ſtruck
With admiration of your beauty.
Tim. Truly, and ſo I was.
Aur. Then you can wonder, Sir?
Plot. Yes, when he ſees ſuch miracles as you.
Aur. And love me, can't you?
Tim. Love you! By this hand,
I'd love a dog of your ſweet looks; I am
Enamour'd of you, Lady.
Aur. Ha, ha, ha! now ſurely
I wonder you wear not a cap; your caſe
Requires warm things: I'll ſend you forth a caudle.
[*Exit.*
Bright. The plague of rotten teeth, wrinkles, loud lungs,
Be with you, Madam.
Tim. Had I now pen and ink,
If I were urg'd, I'd fain know whether I
In conſcience ought not to ſet down myſelf
No wiſer than I ſhould be?
Plot. Gentlemen, how like you her wit?
Tim. Wit! I verily
Believe ſhe was begotten by ſome wit;
And he that has her, may beget plays on her.
New. Her wit had need be good, it finds her houſe.
Tim. Her houſe! 'Tis able to find the court, if ſhe
Be chaſte to all this wit, I do not think
But that ſhe might be ſhown.
Bright. She ſpeaks with ſalt,

And has a pretty ſcornfulneſs, which now
I've ſeen, I'm ſatisfied.
New. Come then away to Roſeclap's.
Tim. Lead on, let us dine. This lady
Runs in my head ſtill.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, my lady prays
You would diſmiſs your company; ſhe has
Some buſineſs with you.
Plot. Gentlemen, walk ſoftly; I'll overtake you.
Bright. Newcut, 'ſlight her wit is come to private meetings!
New. Ay, I thought
She had ſome other virtues. Well, make haſte,
We'll ſtay without; when thou haſt done, inform us
What the rate is; if ſhe be reaſonable
We'll be her cuſtomers.
Plot. Y'are merry, Sir. [*Ex. Bright, New. Timothy.*
[*Enter Aurelia.*

SCENA IV.

Plotwell, Aurelia.

Plot. NAY, ſiſter, you may enter; they are gone.
I did receive your ticket this morning. What!
You look the mine ſhould run ſtill?
Aur. O you are
A careful brother, to put me on a courſe
That draws the eyes o'th' town upon me, and makes me
Diſcourſe for ordinaries, then leave me in't.
I will put off my ladyſhip, and return
To Mrs. Holland, and to making ſhirts,
And bands again.
Plot. I hope you will not.
Aur. I repent I left th'Exchange.
Plot. Faith, I ſhould laugh
To ſee you there again, and there ſerve out
The reſt of your indentures, by managing
Your needle well, and making night-caps, by

A chafing-diſh in winter mornings, to keep
Your fingers pliant. How rarely 'twould become you
To run over all your ſhop to paſſengers
In a fine ſale-tune?

Aur. What would you have me do?
D'ye think I'm the Dutch virgin that could live
By th' ſcent of flowers? Or that my family
Are all deſcended of cameleons,
And can be kept with air? Is this the way
To get a huſband, to be in danger to be
Shut up for houſe-rent, or to wear a gown
Out a whole faſhion, or the ſame jewels twice?
Shortly my neighbours will commend my clothes
For laſting well; give them ſtrange dates, and cry,
Since your laſt gorget and the blazing ſtar.

Plot. Prithee excuſe me, ſiſter, I can now
Rain ſhowers of ſilver into thy lap again.
My uncle's gone to ſea, and has left me
The key to th' golden fleece. Thou ſhalt be ſtill
A madam, Pen, and to maintain thy honour,
And to new-dub thee, take this. But ſiſter, I
[*Gives her a purſe.*
Expected you e'er this, out of the throng
Of ſuitors that frequent you, ſhould have been
Made a true lady; not one in type or ſhow.
I fear you are too ſcornful, look too high.

Aur. Faith, brother, 'tis no age to be put off
With empty education; few will make jointures
To wit or good parts. I may die a virgin,
When ſome old widow, which at every cough
Reſigns ſome of her teeth, and every night
Puts off her leg as duly as French hood,
Scarce wears her own noſe, hath no eyes but ſuch
As ſhe firſt bought in Broad-ſtreet, and every morning
Is put together like ſome inſtrument;
Having full coffers, ſhall be woo'd, and thought
A youthful bride.

Plot. Why, ſiſter, will you like
A match of my projection? You do know
How ruinous our father's fortunes are:
Before he broke, you know, there was a contract

Between you and young Seathrift. What if I
Make it a wedding?
Aur. Marry a fool, in hope to be a Lady Mayoreſs?
Plot. Why, ſiſter, I
Could name good ladies that are fain to find
Wit for themſelves, and knights too.
Aur. I have heard
Of one whoſe huſband was ſo meek, to be
For need her gentleman-uſher, and while ſhe
Made viſits above ſtairs, would patiently
Find himſelf buſineſs at tre-trip i'th' hall.
Plot. He's only city bred, one month of your
Sharp converſation will refine him; beſides,
How long will't be e'er your diſſembled ſtate
Meet ſuch another offer?
Aur. Well, brother, you ſhall diſpoſe of my affections.
Plot. Then ſome time
This afternoon I'll bring him hither; do you
Provide the prieſt; your dining-room will ſerve
As well as the church.
Aur. I will expect you. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

SCENA V.

Enter Captain Quartfield beating Roſeclap; Salewit and Millicent labouring to part them.

Quart. SIrrah, I'll beat you into air.
Roſe. Good captain.
Quart. I will, by Hector.
Roſe. Murder, murder, help!
Quart. You needy, ſhifting, cozening, breaking ſlave.
Mil. Nay, Mr. Salewit, help to part 'em.
Sale. Captain!
Quart. Aſk me for money, dog!
Roſe. Oh! I am kill'd!
Mil. Help, help!
Sale. Nay, Captain.
Quart. Men of my coat pay!
Mil. I'll call in neighbours. Murder, murder!
Quart. Raſcal,

I'll

I'll make you truſt, and offer me petitions
To go o'th' ſcore.
Roſe. Good; 'tis very good.
Mil. How does thy head, ſweet-heart?
Roſe. Away, be quiet, Millicent.
Sale. Roſeclap, you'll never leave this; I did tell you
Laſt time the Captain beat you what a lion
He is, being aſk'd for reckonings.
Mil. So you did,
Indeed, good Mr. *Salewit*; yet you muſt
Ever be fooliſh, huſband.
Sale. What if we
Do owe you money, Sir, is't fit for you
To aſk it?
Roſe. Well, Sir, there is law; I ſay no more, but there is law.
Quart. What law, you cur?
The law of nature, cuſtom, arms, and nations,
Frees men of war from payments.
Roſe. Yes, your arms, Captain; none elſe.
Quart. No ſoldiers ought to pay.
Sale. Nor poets:
All void of money are privileged.
Mil. What would you have?
Captains and poets, Mr. Salewit ſays,
Muſt never pay.
Sale. No; nor be aſk'd for money.
Roſe. Still I ſay, there is law.
Quart. Say that again,
And by Bellona I will cut thy throat.
Mil. You long to ſee your brains out.
Quart. Why you mungrel,
You John of all trades, have we been your gueſts
Since you firſt kept a tavern; when you had
The face and impudence to hang a buſh
Out to three pints of claret, two of ſack,
In all the world?
Sale. After that, when you broke,
Did we here find you out, cuſtom'd your houſe,
And help'd away your victuals, which had elſe
Lain mouldy on your hands?

Roſe. You did, indeed,
And never paid for't. I do not deny,
But you have been my cuſtomers theſe two years:
My jack went not, nor chimney ſmok'd without you.
I will go farther; your two mouths have been
Two as good eating mouths as need to come
Within my doors, as curious to be pleaſed
As if you ſtill had eaten with ready money;
Had ſtill the meats in ſeaſon; ſtill drank more
Than your ordinary came to.

Sale. And your conſcience now would have this paid for?

Roſe. Surely, ſo I take it.

Sale. Was ever the like heard?

Quart. 'Tis moſt unreaſonable,
He has a harden'd conſcience. Sirrah, cheater,
You would be queſtion'd for your reckonings, rogue.

Roſe. Do you inform.

Quart. I hear one o'th' ſheriffs
Paid for the boiling of a carp a mark.

Sale. Moſt unheard-of exactions!

Roſe. Yet ſurely, Captain,
No man had cheaper reckonings than your ſelf,
And Mr. Salewit here.

Quart. How cheap?

Roſe. I ſay
No more, good Captain; not to pay is cheap,
A man would think.

Quart. Sir, don't you reckon air,
And make it dear to breathe in your houſe, and put
The noſe to charges?

Roſe. Right, perfum'd air, captain.

Quart. Is not the ſtanding of the ſalt an item,
And placing of the bread?

Roſe. A new way, captain.

Quart. Is not the folding of your napkins brought
Into the bill?

Roſe. Pinch'd napkins, captain, and laid
Like fiſhes, fowls, or faces.

Sale. Then remember
How you rate ſallads, Roſeclap; one may buy
Gardens as cheap.

Roſe.

Roſe. Yes, Mr. Salewit, ſallads
Taken from Euclid, made in diagrams,
And to be eaten in figures.
Quart. And we muſt pay for your inventions, Sir?
Roſe. Or, you are damn'd:
Good captain, you have ſworn to pay this twelvemonth.
Quart. Peace! you loud bawling cur; do you diſgrace me
Before theſe gallants? See if I don't kill you.

SCENA VI.

To them Bright, Newcut, Timothy, Plotwell.

Bright. SAve you, Captain Quartfield, and my brave wit,
My man of Helicon, ſalute this gentleman,
He is a city wit.
New. A corporation went to the bringing of him forth.
Quart. I embrace him.
Sale. And ſo do I.
Tim. You are a poet, Sir; and can make verſes, I hear?
Sale. Sir, I am a ſervant to the muſes.
Tim. I have made.
Some ſpeeches, Sir, in verſe, which have been ſpoke
By a green Robin Goodfellow from Cheapſide-Conduit,
To my father's company; and mean this afternoon
To make an epithalamium upon my wedding.
A lady fell in love with me this morning:
Aſk Mr. Francis here.
Plot. 'Heart, you ſpoil all,
Did not I charge you to be ſilent?
Tim. That's true;
I had forgot. You are a captain, Sir?
Quart. I have ſeen ſervice, Sir.
Tim. Captain, I love
Men of the ſword, and buff; and if need were
I can roar too; and hope to ſwear in time,
Do you ſee, captain.
Plot. Nay, captain, we have brought you
A gentleman of valour, who has been
In Moorfields often; marry it has been

To ſquire his ſiſters, and demoliſh cuſtards
At Pimlico.

Quart. Afore me, Mr. Plotwell,
I never hop'd to ſee you in ſilk again.

Sale. I look'd the next Lord-Mayor's day to ſee you o'th' livery,
Or one o'th' batchelor whifflers.

Quart. What is your uncle dead?

Plot. He may in time; he's gone
To ſea this morning, captain; and I am come
Into your order again. But hark you, captain,
What think you of a fiſh now?

Quart. Mad wags, mad wags.

Bright. By heaven it's true; here we have brought one with us.

New. Rich Seathrift's ſon; he'll make a rare ſea-moniſter.

Quart. And ſhall 's be merry, i'-faith?

Bright. Salewit ſhall make a ſong upon him.

New. And Roſeclap's boy ſhall ſing it.

Sale. We have the properties of the laſt fiſh.

Quart. And if I
At dinner do not give him ſea enough,
And afterwards, if I and Salewit do not
Show him much better than he that ſhows the tombs,
Let me be turn'd into a ſword-fiſh my ſelf.

Plot. A natural change for a captain! How now, Roſeclap,
Penſive, and curſing the long vacation?
Thou look'ſt as if thou mean'ſt to break ſhortly.

Roſe. Aſk the captain, why I am ſad?

Quart. Faith, gentlemen,
I diſciplin'd him for his rudeneſs.

Plot. Why theſe
Are judgements, Roſeclap, for dear reckonings.

Tim. Art thou the half-crown fellow of the houſe?

Roſ. Sir, I do keep the ordinary.

Tim. Let's have wine enough;
I mean to drink a health to a lady.

Plot. Still
Will you betray your fortune? One of them

Will

Will go and tell her who you are, and ſpoil
The marriage.

Tim. No, Peace! Gentlemen, if you'll go in, we'll follow.

Roſe. Pleaſe you enter, dinner ſhall ſtraight be ſet upon the board.

Bright. We'll expect you. Come, gentlemen.

Tim. But, Mr. Francis, was that the buſineſs why ſhe call'd you back?

Plot. Believe it,
Your mother's ſmock ſhin'd at your birth, or elſe
You wear ſome charm about you.

Tim. Not I, truly.

Plot. It cannot be ſhe ſhould ſo ſtrangely doat
Upon you elſe: s'light, had you ſtay'd, I think
She would have woo'd you her ſelf.

Tim. Now, I remember,
One read my fortune once, and told my father
That I ſhould match a lady.

Plot. How things fall out!

Tim. And did ſhe aſk you who I was?

Plot. I told her you were a young knight.

Tim. Good.

Plot. Scarce come to th' years of your diſcretion yet.

Tim. Good ſtill.

Plot. And that a great man
Did mean to beg you—— for his daughter.

Tim. Moſt rare; this afternoon's the time.

Plot. Faith, ſhe
Looks you ſhould uſe a little courtſhip firſt;
That done, let me alone to have the prieſt
In readineſs.

Tim. But were I not beſt aſk my friends conſent?

Plot. How! Friends conſent? that's fit
For none but farmers ſons and milkmaids. You ſhall not
Debaſe your judgement. She takes you for a wit,
And you ſhall match her like one.

Tim. Then I will.

Plot. But no more words to th' gallants.

Tim. Do you think I am a ſieve, and cannot hold?

Enter Roſeclap.

Roſe. Gentlemen, the company are ſate.
Tim. It ſhall be your's.
Plot. Nay, Sir, your fortune claims precedency.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENA VII.

Warehouſe, Seathrift, Cypher.

Ware. FEtch'd abroad by two gallants, ſay you!
Cyph. Yes, Sir,
As ſoon as you were gone; he only ſtaid
To put on other clothes.
Sea. You ſay, my ſon went with 'em too?
Cyph. Yes, Sir.
Ware. And whither went they?
Cyph. I follow'd 'em to Roſeclap's ordinary.
Ware. And there you left 'em?
Cyph. Yes, Sir, juſt before I ſaw ſome captains enter.
Sea. Well; I give
My ſon for loſt, undone, paſt hope.
Ware. There is
No more but this; we'll thither ſtraight: you, Cypher,
Have your inſtructions.
Cyph. Sir, let me alone to make the ſtory doleful.
Ware. Go, make you ready then. [*Exit Cypher.*
Now, Mr. Seathrift, you may ſee, what theſe
Young men would do left to themſelves.
Sea. My ſon ſhall know he has a ſiſter.
Ware. And my nephew,
That once he had an uncle. To leave land
Unto an Unthrift, is to build on ſand.

Actus III. Scena I.

Bright, Newcut, Plotwell, Roſeclap, hanging out the picture of a ſtrange fiſh.

Bright. 'FOre Jove the captain fox'd him rarely.
Roſ. O, Sir,
He is uſed to it; this is the fifth fiſh now
That he hath ſhewn thus. One got him twenty pound.
New. How, Roſeclap?
Roſe. Why, the captain kept him, Sir,
A whole week drunk, and ſhew'd him twice a day.
New. It could not be like this.
Roſe. Faith, I do grant
This is the ſtrangeſt fiſh. Yonder I have hung
His other picture in the fields, where ſome
Say 'tis an o'ergrown porpoiſe; others ſay,
'Tis the fiſh caught in Cheſhire; one, to whom
The reſt agree, ſaid 'twas a mermaid.
Plot. 'S'light,
Roſeclap ſhall have a patent of him. The birds
Brought from Peru, the hairy wench, the camel,
The elephant, dromedaries, or Windſor-caſtle,
The woman with dead fleſh, or ſhe that waſhes,
Threads needles, writes, dreſſes her children, plays
O'th' virginals with her feet, could never draw
People like this.
New. O, that his father were at home to ſee him!
Plot. Or his mother come,
Who follows ſtrange ſights out of town, and went
To Brentford to a motion.
Bright. Bid the captain haſten, or he'll recover and ſpoil all.
Roſe. They're here!

SCENA II.

Enter Quartfield and Salewit dreſt like two trumpeters, keeping the door. Mrs. Seathrift and Mrs. Holland, with a 'prentice before 'em, as comers-in.

Quart. BEar back there!

Sale. Pray you, do not preſs ſo hard.

Quart. Make room for the two gentlewomen.

Mrs. Sea. What is't?

Sale. Twelvepence a-piece.

Mrs. Holl. We will not give't.

Quart. Make room for them that will then.

Plot. O fortune, here's his mother.

Bright. And who's the other?

Plot. One Mrs. Holland, the great ſeamſtreſs on the Exchange.

Mrs. Holl. We gave but a groat to ſee the laſt fiſh.

Quart. Gentlewoman, that was but an Iriſh Sturgeon.

Sale. This came from
The Indies, and eats five crowns a day in fry,
Ox-livers, and brown paſte.

Mrs. Sea. Well, there's three ſhillings;
Pray let us have good places now.

Quart. Bear back there!

Mrs. Holl. Look, Mrs. Seathrift, here be gentlemen. Sure 'tis a rare fiſh.

Mrs. Sea. I know one of 'em.

Mrs. Holl. And ſo do I, his ſiſter was my 'prentice.

Mrs. Sea. Let's take acquaintance with him.

Plot. Mrs. Seathrift, hath the ſight drawn you hither?

Mrs. Sea. Yes, Sir; I,
And Mrs. Holland here, my goſſip, paſs'd
This way, and ſo call'd in. Pray, Mr. Plotwell,
Is not my ſon here? I was told he went
With you this morning.

Plot. You ſhall ſee him ſtraight.

Mrs. Holl. When will the fiſh begin, Sir?

Bright. 'Heart, ſhe makes him a puppet-play.

Plot.

Plot. Why, now, they only ſtay
For company, 't has ſounded twice.
Mrs. Sea. Indeed
I long to ſee this fiſh; I wonder whether
They will cut up his belly, they ſay a tench
Will make him whole again.
Mrs. Holl. Look, Mrs. Seathrift, what claws he has!
Mrs. Sea. For all the world like crabs.
Mrs. Holl. Nay, mark his feet too.
Mrs. Sea. For all the world like plaice.
Bright. Was ever better ſport heard?
New. Pr'ythee, peace.
Mrs. Holl. Pray, can you read that? Sir, I warrant
That tells where it was caught, and what fiſh 'tis.

Plot. *Within this place is to be ſeen,*
A wondrous Fiſh. God ſave —— the Queen.

Mrs. Holl. Amen! ſhe is my cuſtomer, and I
Have ſold her bone-lace often.
Bright. Why the Queen? 'Tis writ the King.
Plot. That was to make the rhyme.
Bright. 'Slid, thou didſt read it as 'twere ſome picture of
An Elzabeth-fiſh.
Quart. Bear back, there!
Sale. Make room,
Friend, that was going to cut a purſe there! make you
Way, for the two old gentlemen to paſs.

Enter Warehouſe and Seathrift, diſguis'd.

Ware. What muſt we give?
Quart. We take a ſhilling, Sir.
Sale. It is no leſs.
Sea. Pray God your fiſh be worth it.
What is't a whale, you take ſo dear?
Quart. It is a fiſh taken in the Indies.
Ware. Pray, diſpatch then, and ſhow't us quickly.
Sale. Pray forbear, you'd have your head broke, cobler.
Ware. Yonder is my nephew, in his old gallantry.
Sea. Who's there too? my wife,
And Mrs. Holland? Nay, I look'd for them.
But where's my wiſe ſon?

Ware.

Ware. Maſs, I ſee not him.
Quart. Keep out, Sir.
Sale. Waterman, you muſt not enter.
[*Cypher preſſes in like a waterman.*
Quart. This is no place for ſcullers.
Cyph. I muſt needs ſpeak with one Mr. Plotwell—
Quart. You muſt ſtay.
Sale. Thruſt him out. [*They thruſt him out.*
Cyph. And one Mr. Seathrift, on urgent buſineſs.
Sale. They are yet imploy'd
In weightier affairs; make faſt the door.
Quart. There ſhall no more come in: Come in, boy.
Sea. Don't they ſpeak as if my ſon were in the room?
Ware. Yes, pray obſerve and mark them.
Quart. Gentlemen,
And gentlewomen, you now ſhall ſee a ſight,
Europe never ſhow'd the like; behold this fiſh! [*Draws a curtain; behind it, Timothy aſleep like a ſtrange fiſh.*
Mrs. Holl. O ſtrange, look how it ſleeps!
Bright. Juſt like a ſalmon upon a ſtall in Fiſh-ſtreet.
Mrs. Sea. How it ſnorts too! juſt like my huſband.
Ware. 'Tis very like a man.
Sea. 'T has ſuch a noſe and eyes.
Sal. Why, 'tis a man-fiſh;
An ocean centaur, begot between a Siren
And a he ſtock-fiſh.
Sea. Pray, where took ye him?
Quart. We took him ſtrangely in the Indies, near
The mouth of Rio de la Plata, aſleep
Upon the ſhore juſt as you ſee him now.
Mrs. Holl. How ſay ye? aſleep!
Ware. How! Would he come to land?
Sea. 'Tis ſtrange a fiſh ſhould leave his element!
Quart. Aſk him what things the country told us.
Sal. You
Will ſcarce believe it now. This fiſh would walk you
Two or three mile o'th' ſhore ſometimes; break houſes,
Raviſh a naked wench or two, (for there
Women go naked) then run to ſea again.
Quart. The country has been laid, and warrants granted to apprehend him.

Ware.

Ware. I do ſuſpect theſe fellows,
They lye as if they had patent for it.
Sea. The company,
Should every one believe his part, would ſcarce
Have faith enough among us.
Ware Mark again.
Sale. The States of Holland would have bought him of us,
Out of a great deſign.
Sea. Indeed!
Sale. They offer'd a thouſand dollars.
Quart. You cannot enter yet. [*Some knock.*
Ware. Indeed! ſo much? Pray, what to do?
Sale. Why, Sir,
They were in hope, in time, to make this fiſh
Of faction 'gainſt the Spaniard, and do ſervice
Unto the State.
Sea. As how?
Sal. Why, Sir, next plate-fleet
To dive, bore holes i'th' bottom of their ſhips,
And ſink them: You muſt think a fiſh like this
May be taught MACHIAVEL, and made a ſtate-fiſh.
Plot. As dogs are taught to fetch.
New. Or elephants to dance on ropes.
Bright. And, pray, what honour would
The States have given him for the ſervice?
Quart. That, Sir, is uncertain.
Sale. Ha' made him ſome ſea-count; o may be admiral.
Plot. Then, Sir, in time,
Dutch authors that writ *Mare Liberum*,
Might dedicate their books to him?
Sale. Yes, being
A fiſh advanc'd, and of great place. Sing, boy!
You now ſhall hear a ſong upon him.
Bright. Liſten.
New. Do they not act it rarely?
Plot. If 'twere their trade, they could not do it better.
Sea. Hear you that, Sir?
Ware. Still I ſuſpect.
Mrs. Holl. I warrant you, this fiſh

Will

Will ſhortly be in a ballad.

Sale. Begin, boy.

SONG.

We ſhow no monſtrous crocodile,
Nor any prodigy of Nile;
No Remora that ſtops your fleet,
Like ſergeants, gallants, in the ſtreet;
No ſea-horſe which can trot or pace,
Or ſwim falſe gallop, poſt, or race:
For crooked dolphins we not care,
Though on their back a fiddler were:
The like to this fiſh, which we ſhew,
Was ne'er in Fiſh-ſtreet, old, or new;
Nor ever ſerv'd to th' ſheriff's board,
Or kept in ſouſe for the Mayor Lord.
Had old aſtronomers but ſeen
This fiſh, none elſe in heaven had been.

Mrs. Holl. The ſong has waken'd him; look, he ſtirs!

Tim. Oh, captain, pox—take—you—captain.

Mrs. Sea. Hark, he ſpeaks!

Tim. Oh—my—ſtomach—

Ware. How's this?

Sea. I'll pawn my life, this is impoſture.

Tim. Oh—Oh—

Plot. 'Heart, the captain did not give him his full load.

Ware. Can your fiſh
Speak, friends? The proverb ſays they're mute.

Quart. I'll tell you,
You will admire how docile he is, and how
He'll imitate a man; tell him your name,
He will repeat it after you, he has heard me
Call'd captain, and my fellow curſe ſometimes;
And now you heard him ſay; Pox-take-you, captain.

Sale. And yeſterday, I but complain'd my ſtomach
Was overcharg'd, and how he minds it?

New. Strange!

Bright. Ay, is it not?

Plot. The towardneſs of a fiſh!

Sale. Would you think, when we caught him, he ſhould ſpeak, Drake, Drake.

Bright. And did he?

Quart.

Quart. Yes, and Hawkins;
A ſign he was a fiſh that ſwam there, when
Theſe two compaſs'd the world.
New. How ſhould he learn their names, I wonder?
Sale. From the ſailors.
New. That may be.
Quart. He'll call for drink, like me, or any thing he lacks.
Tim. O Gad, my head—
Quart. D' you hear him?
Tim. Oh, Hoſteſs, a baſon—
Plot. S'lid, he'll ſpew.
Bright. No matter,
Quart. Nay, I have ſeen him fox'd, and then maintain
A drunken dialogue.
Mrs. Holl. Lord, how I long
To hear a little! Pray, try him with ſome queſtions;
Will you, my Friend?
Quart. Sometimes he will be ſullen, and make no anſwers.
Sale. That is, when he's angred, or kept from drink long.
Quart. But I'll try him.
Mrs. Sea. To ſee what creatures may be brought to!
Quart. Tim, you are drunk.
Tim. Plague take you, captain. Oh—Lord, you made me—
Sea. S'death, my ſon's name! Tim, do you call him?
Sale. He'll anſwer to no name but that.
Quart. And, Tim. what think you of a wench now?
Tim. Oh, I'm ſick; where is ſhe? oh—
Sea. I'll lay my life, this fiſh is ſome confederate rogue.
Quart. I drink to you, Timothy, in ſack.
Tim. Oh, oh!
Quart. A health, Tim.
Tim. I can drink no more,—oh!
Sale. What, not pledge your miſtreſs?
Tim. Oh, let me alone.

Sale.

Sale. He is not in the mood now,
Sometimes you'd wonder at him.
Quart. He is tired
With talking all this day. That, and the heat
Of company about him, dull him.
Ware. Surely,
My friends, it is to me a miracle,
To hear a fiſh ſpeak thus.
Quart. So, Sirs, 't has been to thouſands more.
Sale. Come now next Michaelmas,
'Tis five year we have ſhown him in moſt courts
In Chriſtendom, and you will not believe,
How with mere travelling and obſervation,
He has improved himſelf, and brought away
The language of the country.
Sea. May not I aſk him ſome queſtions?
Quart. Sir, you may, but he
Will anſwer none but one of us.
Mrs. Sea. He's uſed, and knows their voices.
[*Knocking at door.*
Sale. He is ſo, Miſtreſs. Now we'll open door.
Ware. Well, my belief doth tell me,
There is a miſt before our eyes.
Sea. I mar'l, my wife ſon miſs'd this ſhow.
Quart. Good people, we
Do ſhow no more to-day; if you deſire [*They draw the curtain before him.*
To ſee, come to us in King's-ſtreet to-morrow.
Mrs. Holl. Come goſſip, let us go, the fiſh is done.
Mrs. Sea. By your leave, Gentlemen. Truly, 'tis a dainty fiſh.
[*Exit Mrs. Seath. Mrs. Holland, and 'prentice.*

SCENA III.

Enter to them Cypher, like a Waterman.

Cypher. PRay, which is Mr. Plotwell?
Plot. I'm he, friend, what is your buſineſs?
Cyph. Sir, I ſhould ſpeak with young Mr. Seathrift too.
Plot. Sir, at this time
Although

Although no crab like you, to ſwim backward, he is
Of your element.
Cyph. Upon the water?
Plot. No,
But ſomething that lives in't. If you but ſtay
Till he have ſlept himſelf a land-creature, you may
Chance ſee him come aſhore here.
Tim. Oh—my head—
Oh—Captain—Mr. Francis—Captain—Oh—
Plot. That is his voice, Sir.
Sea. Death o' my ſoul! my ſon!
Cyph. He is in drink, Sir, is he?
Plot. Surely, friend, you are a witch; he is ſo.
Cyph. Then I muſt tell the news to you, 'tis ſad.
Plot. I'll hear't as ſadly.
Cyph. Your uncle, Sir, and Mr. Seathrift are
Both drown'd, ſome eight miles below Greenwich.
Plot. Drown'd!
Cypher. They went i'th' tilt-boat, Sir, and I was one
O' th' oars that rowed 'em, a coal-ſhip did o'er-run us,
I 'ſcap'd by ſwimming; the two old gentlemen
Took hold of one another, and ſunk together.
Bright. How ſome men's prayers are heard! We did invoke
The ſea this morning, and ſee the Thames has took 'em.
Plot. It cannot be; ſuch good news, gentlemen,
Cannot be true.
Ware. 'Tis very certain, Sir,
'Twas talk'd upon th' Exchange.
Sea. We heard it too
In Paul's now as we came.
Plot. There, friend, there is
A fare for you; I'm glad you 'ſcap'd; I had
Not known the news ſo ſoon elſe. [*Gives him money.*
Cyph. Sir, excuſe me.
Plot. Sir, it is conſcience; I do believe you might
Sue me in chancery.
Cyph. Sir, you ſhow the virtues of an heir.
Ware. Are you rich Ware-houſe's heir, Sir?
Plot. Yes, Sir, his tranſitory pelf,
And ſome twelve hundred pound a year in earth,
Is caſt on me. Captain, the hour is come, You

You ſhall no more drink ale, of which one draught
Makes cowards, and ſpoils valour; nor take off
Your moderate quart-glaſs. I intend to have
A muſket for you, or glaſs-cannon, with
A moſt capacious barrel, which we'll charge,
And diſcharge with the rich valiant grape
Of my uncle's cellar, every charge ſhall fire
The glaſs, and burn itſelf i' th' filling, and look
Like a piece going off.

Quart. I ſhall be glad
To give thanks for you, Sir, in pottle-draughts,
And ſhall love Scotch-coal for this wreck the better,
As long as I know fewel.

Plot. Then my poet
No longer ſhall write catches, or thin ſonnets,
Nor preach in verſe, as if he were ſuborn'd
By him that wrote the *Whip*, to pen lean acts,
And ſo to overthrow the ſtage for want
Of ſalt or wit. Nor ſhall he need torment
Or perſecute his muſe; but I will be
His God of wine t'inſpire him. He ſhall no more
Converſe with the five-yard butler; who, like thunder,
Can turn beer with his voice, and roar it ſour:
But ſhall come forth a Sophocles, and write
Things for the buſkin. Inſtead of Pegaſus,
To ſtrike a ſpring with's hoof; we'll have a ſteel
Which ſhall but touch a butt, and ſtraight ſhall flow
A purer, higher, wealthier Helicon.

Sale. Frank, thou ſhalt be my Phœbus. My next poem
Shall be thy uncle's tragedy, or the life
And death of two rich merchants.

Plot. Gentlemen,
And now i'faith what think you of the fiſh?

Ware. Why as we ought, Sir, ſtrangely.

Bright. But d'you think it is a very fiſh?

Sea. Yes.

New. 'Tis a man.

Plot. This valiant captain and this man of wit
Firſt fox'd him, then transform'd him. We will wake him,
And tell him the news. Ho, Mr. Timothy!

Tim. Plague take you, captain.

Plot.

Plot. What does your ſack work ſtill?
Tim. Where am I?
Plot. Come, y'have ſlept enough.
Bright. Mr. Timothy!
How in the name of freſh cod came you chang'd
Into a ſea-calf thus?
New. S'light, Sir, here be
Two fiſhmongers to buy you; beat the price,
Now y'are awake, yourſelf.
Tim. How's this, my hands
Tranſmuted into claws? my feet made flounders?
Array'd in finns, and ſcales? Are n't you
Aſham'd to make me ſuch a monſter? Pray
Help to undreſs me.
Plot. We have rare news for you.
Tim. No letter from the lady, I hope.
Plot. Your father,
And my grave uncle, Sir, are caſt away.
Tim. How?
Plot. They by this have made a meal
For jacks and ſalmon: they are drown'd.
Bright. Fall down,
And worſhip ſea-coals, for a ſhip of them
Has made you, Sir, an heir.
Plot. This fellow here
Brings the auſpicious news: and theſe two friends
Of ours confirm it.
Cyph. 'Tis too true, Sir.
Tim. Well,
We are all mortal; but in what wet caſe
Had I been now, if I had gone with him!
Within this fortnight I had been converted
Into ſome pike, you might ha' cheapned me
In Fiſh-ſtreet; I had made an ordinary,
Perchance at the Mermaid. Now could I cry
Like any image in a fountain which
Runs lamentations. O my hard misfortune!
[*He feigns to weep.*
Sea. Fie, Sir! good truth, it is not manly in you,
To weep for ſuch a ſlight loſs as a father.
Tim. I do not cry for that.
Sea. No?

Tim.

Tim. No, but to think,
My mother is not drowned too.
Sea. I aſſure you,
And that a ſhrewd miſchance.
Tim. For then might I
Ha' gone to th' counting-houſe, and ſet at liberty
Thoſe harmleſs angels, which for many years
Have been condemn'd to darkneſs.
Plot. You'd not do
Like your penurious father, who was wont
To walk his dinner out in Paul's, whilſt you
Kept Lent at home, and had, like folk in ſieges,
Your meals weighed to you.
New. Indeed they ſay he was a monument of Paul's.
Tim. Yes, he was there
As conſtant as Duke Humphrey. I can ſhow
The prints where he ſate, holes i' th' logs.
Plot. He wore
More pavement out with walking than would make
A row of new ſtone-ſaints, and yet refuſed
To give to th' reparation.
Bright. I've heard
He'd make his jack go empty, to cozen neighbours.
Plot. Yes, when there was not fire enough to warm
A maſtich-patch t'apply to his wife's temples,
In great extremity of tooth-ach. This is
True, Mr. Timothy, is't not?
Tim. Yes: then linnen
To us was ſtranger than to Capuchins.
My fleſh is of an order with wearing ſhirts
Made of the ſacks that brought o'er cochineal,
Copperas, and indigo. My ſiſter wears
Smocks made of currant-bags.
Sea. I'll not endure it;
Let's ſhow ourſelves.
Ware. Stay, hear all firſt.
New. Thy uncle was ſuch another.
Plot. I have heard
He ſtill laſt left th' Exchange; and would commend
The wholeſomeneſs o' th' air in Moor-fields, when
The clock ſtruck three ſometimes.

Plot. Surely myſelf,
Cypher his factor, and an antient cat,
Did keep ſtrict diet, had our Spaniſh fare,
Four olives among three. My uncle would
Look fat with faſting; I ha' known him ſurfeit
Upon a bunch of raiſins; ſwoon at ſight
Of a whole joint, and riſe an Epicure [*They undiſguiſe.*
From half an orange.
Ware. Gentlemen, 'tis falſe.
Caſt off your cloud. D'you know me, Sir?
Plot. My uncle!
Sea. And do you know me, Sir?
Tim. My father!
Ware. Nay,
We'll open all the plot, reveal yourſelf.
Plot. Cypher the waterman!
Quart. Salewit, away! [*Ex. Quart. and Salewit.*
I feel a tempeſt coming.
Ware. Are you ſtruck
With a torpedo, nephew?
Sea. Ha' you ſeen too
A Gorgon's head, that you ſtand ſpeechleſs? or
Are you a fiſh in earneſt?
Bright. It begins to thunder.
New. We will make bold to take our leaves.
Ware. What, is your captain fled?
Sea. Nay, gentlemen, forſake your company!
Bright. Sir, we have buſineſs.
Sea. Troth, it is not kindly done.
Ware. Now, Mr. Seathrift, [*Ex. Bright, New.*
You ſee what mourners we had had, had we
Been wreck'd in earneſt. My griev'd nephew here
Had made my cellar flow with tears, my wines
Had charg'd glaſs-ord'nance, our funerals had been
Bewail'd in pottle-draughts.
Sea. And at our graves
Your nephew and my ſon had made a panegyrick,
And open'd all our virtues.
Ware. Ungrateful monſter!
Sea. Unnatural villain!
Ware. Thou enemy to my blood!

Sea.

Sea. Thou worſe than parricide!

Ware. Next my ſins, I do repent I am thy uncle.

Sea. And I thy father.

Ware. Death o' my ſoul! Did I when firſt thy father
Broke in eſtate, and then broke from the Counter,
Where Mr. Seathrift laid him in the hole
For debt, among the ruins of the city,
And trades like him blown up, take thee from duſt,
Give thee free education, put thee in
My own fair way of traffick; nay, decree
To leave thee jewels, land, my whole eſtate,
Pardon'd thy former wildneſs, and could'ſt thou ſort
Thyſelf with none but idle gallants, captains,
And poets, who muſt plot before they eat,
And make each meal a ſtratagem? Then could none
But I be ſubject of thy impious ſcoffs?
I ſwoon at ſight of meat; I riſe a glutton
From half an orange: Wretch, forgetful wretch;
'Fore heaven I count it treaſon in my blood
That gives thee a relation. But I'll take
A full revenge. Make thee my heir! I'll firſt
Adopt a ſlave, brought from ſome gally; one
Which laws do put into the inventory,
And men bequeath in wills with ſtools, and braſs-pots;
One who ſhall firſt be houſhold-ſtuff, then my heir.
Or to defeat all thy large aims, I'll marry.
Cypher, go find me Baneſwright; he ſhall ſtraight
Provide me a wife. I will not ſtay to let
My reſolution cool. Be ſhe a wench
That every day puts on her dowry, wears
Her fortunes, has no portion, ſo ſhe be
Young and likely to be fruitful, I'll have her:
By all that's good, I will; this afternoon!
I will about it ſtraight.

Sea. I follow you. [*Ex. Ware. Cypher.*

And as for you, Tim, mermaid, triton, haddock,
The wond'rous Indian fiſh caught near Peru,
Who can be of both elements, your ſight
Will keep you well. Here I do caſt thee off,
And in thy room pronounce to make thy ſiſter
My heir; it would be moſt unnatural

To leave a fiſh on land. 'Las! Sir, one of your
Bright finns and gills muſt ſwim in ſeas of ſack,
Spout rich canaries up like whales in maps;
I know you'll not endure to ſee my jack
Go empty, nor wear ſhirts of copperas-bags,
Nor faſt in Paul's, you. I do hate thee now,
Worſe than a tempeſt, quick-ſand, pyrate, rock,
Or fatal lake, ay, or a privy-ſeal.
Go let the captain make you drunk, and let
Your next change be into ſome ape, ('tis ſtale
To be a fiſh twice) or ſome active baboon.
And when you can find money out, betray
What wench i'th' room has loſt her maiden-head;
Can mount to th' king, and can do all your feats,
If your fine chain and yellow coat come near
Th' Exchange, I'll ſee you; ſo I leave you.
Plot. Now [*Ex. Sea.*
Were there a dext'rous beam and two-pence hemp,
Never had man ſuch cauſe to hang himſelf.
Tim. I have brought myſelf to a fine paſs too. Now
Am I fit only to be caught, and put
Into a pond to leap carps, or beget
A goodly race of pickrel.

SCENA IV.

To them Quartfield, Salewit, Roſeclap, and Baneſwright.

Quart. HOW now, mad lads, what! is the ſtorm broke up?
Sale. What ſad, like broken gameſters! Mr. Timothy,
S'light who would think your father ſhould lay wheels
To catch you thus?
Tim. If ever I be drunk with captains more—
Plot. Where's Bright and Newcut?
Sale. They were ſent to the Temple; but left word,
They would be here at ſupper.
Plot. They are ſure friends, to leave us in diſtreſs!
Quart. What a mad plot
Theſe two old merchants had contriv'd, to feign

A voyage, then to hunt you out diſguiſed,
And hear themſelves abuſed?

Sale. We heard all.

Quart. If I had ſtaid, they had paid me for a captain.

Sale. They had a fling at me. But do you think
Your uncle in this furious mood will marry?

Plot. He deeply ſwore it; if he do, the ſleight
Upon the cards, the hollow dye, Park-corner
And Shooter's-hill, are my revenue.

Tim. Yes: And as for me, my deſtiny will be
To fight by th' day, carry my kitchen, and
Collation at my back, wear orderly
My ſhirt in courſe, after 't has been the ſhift
Of a whole regiment in the Low-Countries;
And after all, return with half a leg,
One arm perchance, my noſe ſhot off, to move
Compaſſion in my father, who in pity
To ſo much ruin may be brought to buy
Some place for me in an hoſpital, to keep me
From bridges, hill-tops, and from ſelling ſwitches.

Enter Roſeclap.

Roſe. Yonder's your uncle at the field-door, talking
With Baneſwright, as hot and earneſt for a wench,
As a recover'd Monſieur.

Quart. What is this Baneſwright?

Sale. A fellow much employ'd about the town,
That contrives matches. One that brings together
Parties that never ſaw or never met,
Till 't be for good and all. Knows to a penny
Eſtates and jointures; I'll undertake he has
Now lying by him unprovided ſome twenty
Widows of all fortunes that want huſbands,
And men that want wives, and at an hour's warning
Can make things ready for the prieſt.

Quart. Let us
Deviſe to get him hither and croſs the match.

Plot. I have great intereſt in him, the fellow loves me,
Could I ſpeak with him and draw him to be
An actor in't, I have a ſtratagem,
That can redeem all, and turn theplot
Upon theſe ſage heads. *Enter*

Enter Baneſwright.

Sale. By Minerva, look! here's Baneſwright!
Plot. Mr. Baneſwright!
Baneſ. Save you, gallants.
Plot. You are employ'd, I hear, to find a wife out
For my young ſprightly uncle.
Baneſ. Sir, he has
Retain'd me to that purpoſe. I juſt now
Came from him.
Plot. And do you mean the match
Shall then proceed?
Baneſ. I have a leiger wench
In readineſs; he's gone to put himſelf
Into fit ornaments, for the ſolemnity,
I'm to provide the prieſt and licence; we go
Some two hours hence to church.
Quart. Death! you pander,
Forbid the banes, or I will cut your wizzel,
And ſpoil your 'ſquiring in the dark; I've heard
Of your lewd function, ſirrah! you prefer
Wenches to bawdy-houſes, raſcal!
Baneſ. Good Sir,
Threaten me not in my vocation.
Plot. Why, Baneſwright, you can be but paid; ſay I
Procure the wench, a friend of mine; and double
Your bargain: ſuch a fair reward methinks
Should make thee of my project. Thou doſt know
My fortunes are engaged, and thou may'ſt be
The happy inſtrument to recover 'em.
Be my good angel once! I have a plot
Shall make thee famous.
Quart. By Mars deny, and I
Will act a tragedy upon thee.
Baneſ. Gentlemen,
I am a friend to wit, but more to you, Sir,
Of whoſe misfortunes I will not be guilty.
Though, then, your uncle has employ'd me, and
Has deeply ſworn to wed this afternoon,
A wife of my providing; if you can
O'er-reach the angry burgeſs, Sir, and bring

His wiſdom to the ginn, ſhow me the way,
I'll help to lay the trap.
Quart. Now thou art
An honeſt-hearted pimp, thou ſhalt for this
Be drunk in Vine-dee, raſcal; I'll begin
A runlet to thee.
Plot. Gentlemen, let's in,
I'll tell you my deſign; you, Salewit, muſt
Transform yourſelf to a French deacon. I
Have parts for Bright and Newcut too. Miſchief
Upon their abſence!
Sale. We'll ſend for 'em.
Plot. And for Mr. Timothy. I have a project,
Shall make his father everlaſtingly
Admire his wit, and aſk him bleſſing.
Quart. Come, let's in and drink a health to our ſucceſs
Tim. I'm for no healths, unleſs the glaſs be leſs.
[*Exeunt*

Actus IV. Scena I.

Seathrift, Mrs. Seathrift, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Scruple

Sea. I Did commit her to your charge, that you
Might breed her, Mrs. Scruple, and do require
Her at your hand. Here be fine tricks indeed,
My daughter Suſan to be ſtoln a week,
And you conceal it; you were of the plot,
I do ſuſpect you
Mrs. Scruple. Sir, will you but hear me meekly?
Sea. No, I'll never truſt again
A woman with white eyes, that can take notes,
And write a comment on the catechiſm.
All your devotion's falſe; is't poſſible
She could be gone without your knowledge?
Mrs. Scruple. Will you attend me, Mrs. Seathrift? I
my huſband,

To wean her from love-courſes, did not take
More pains with her than with his Tueſday lectures,
And if I did not every day expound
Some good things to her 'gainſt the ſin o' th' fleſh,
For fear of ſuch temptations, to which frail girls
Are very ſubject, let me never more
Be thought fit t'inſtruct young gentlewomen,
Or deal in tent-ſtitch. Whoe'er 'twas that ſeduced her,
She took my daughter Emlin's gown and ruff,
And left her own clothes; and my ſcholars ſay
She often would write letters.

Sea. Why 'tis right,
Some ſilenc'd miniſter has got her. That I
Should breed my daughter in a conventicle!

Mrs. Sea. Pray huſband be appeas'd.

Sea. You are a fool.

Mrs. Sea. You hear her Miſtreſs could not help it.

Sea. Nor your ſon help being a fiſh.

Mrs. Holl. Why, Sir, was he the firſt that was abus'd by captains?

Sea. Go, you talk like prating goſſips.

Mrs. Holl. Goſſips! s'light, what goſſips, Sir!

Mrs. Sea. What goſſips are we? ſpeak.

Sea. I'll tell you, ſince you'd know: My wife and you,
Shrill Mrs. Holland, have two tongues, that when
They're in conjunction, are buſier, and make
More noiſe than country-fairs; and utter more tales
Than blind folks, midwives, nurſes. Then no ſhow,
Though't be a jugler, 'ſcapes you. You did follow
The Elephant ſo long, and King of Sweden,
That people at laſt came in to ſee you. Then
My ſon could not be made a fiſh, but who
Should I find there much taken with the ſight
But you two? I may now build hoſpitals,
Or give my money to plantations. [*Ex. Seathrift.*

Mrs. Sea. Let's follow him, come Mrs. Scruple.

Mrs. Holl. Juſt as your Sue left her ſchool-miſtreſs, My Pen left me.

Mrs. Scruple. They'll come again, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Plotwell, Aurelia.

Plot. SIſter, 'tis ſo projected, therefore make
No more demurs, the life of both our fortunes
Lies in your carriage of things well; think therefore
Whether you will reſtore me, and advance
Your own affairs; or elſe within this week
Fly this your lodging, like uncuſtom'd ſinners,
And have your coach-horſes transform'd to rent;
Have your apparel ſold for properties,
And you return to cut-work. By this hand,
If you refuſe, all this muſt happen.

Aur. Well, Sir,
Neceſſity which hath no law, for once
Shall make me o'th' conſpiracy; and ſince
We are left wholly to our wits, let's ſhow
The power and virtue of 'em: If your Baneſwright
Can but perſuade my uncle, I will fit
Him with a bride.

Plot. The ſcene is laid already;
I have transform'd an Engliſh poet into
A fine French teacher, who ſhall join your hands
With a moſt learned legend out of Rablais.

Aur. But for my true groom, who you ſay comes hither
For a diſguiſed Knight, I ſhall think I wed
His father's counting-houſe, and go to bed
To ſo much bullion of a man; faith, I've
No mind to him: Brother, he hath not wit enough
To make't a lawful marriage.

Plot. Y'are deceiv'd,
I'll undertake by one week's tutoring,
And carrying him to plays and ordinaries,
Engaging him in a quarrel or two, and making
Some captain beat him, to render him a moſt
Accompliſh'd gallant. Or ſay he be born, ſiſter,
Under the city-planet, pray what wiſe lady
Deſires to match a wiſe knight? You'd marry ſome
Philoſopher

Philoſopher now, that ſhould every night
Lie with you out of Ariſtotle, and loſe
Your maiden-head by demonſtration.
Or ſome great ſtateſman, before whom you muſt ſit
As ſilent and reſerv'd, as if your looks
Had plots on foreign princes, and muſt viſit
And dreſs yourſelf by Tacitus. What he wants
In naturals, his fortunes will make up
In honours, Pen; when he's once made a lord,
Who'll be ſo ſaucy as to think he can
Be impotent in wiſdom? She that marries
A fool, is an Hermaphrodite; the man
And wife too, ſiſter. Beſides, 'tis now too late,
He'll be here preſently, and comes prepar'd
For Hymen. I took up a footman for him,
And left him under three tiremen's hands, beſides
Two barbers.

Aur. Well, Sir, I muſt then accept him
With all his imperfections; I have
Procured a Sir John yonder.

Plot. Who is't?

Aur. One that preaches the next pariſh once a week
Aſleep, for thirty pounds a year.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Here is a Knight deſires your Ladyſhip will give him audience.

Aur. 'Tis no Knight Ambaſſador?

Foot. He rather looks like a Knight o' th' Sun.

Plot. 'Tis he.

Aur. Let him come in.

Plot. If you be coy now, Pen, [*Exit Footman.*
You ſpoil all.

Aur. Well, Sir, I'll be affable.

SCENA III.

To them Timothy fantaſtically dreſt, and a Footman.

Plot. HEre he comes!

Tim. Sirrah, wait me in the hall,
And let your feet ſtink there; your air's not fit

To be endur'd by Ladies.

Plot. What! quarrel with your footman, Sir?

Tim. Hang him, he caſts a ſcent
That drowns my perfumes, and is ſtrong enough
To cure the mother or palſy. Do I act
A knight well?

Plot. This imperiouſneſs becomes you,
Like a knight newly dubb'd, Sir.

Tim. What ſays the Lady?

Plot. Speak lower; I have prepar'd her, ſhow yourſelf
A courtier; now ſhe's yours!

Tim. If that be all,
I'll court her, as if ſome courtier had begot me
I'th' gallery at a maſque.

Plot. Madam, this gentleman deſires to kiſs your hands.

Tim. And lips too, Lady.

Aur. Sir, you much honour both.

Tim. Ay, I know that,
Elſe I'd not kiſs you. Yeſterday I was
In company with Ladies, and they all
Long'd to be touch'd by me.

Aur. You cannot cure
The Evil, Sir; nor have your lips the virtue
To reſtore ruins, or make old Ladies young.

Tim. Faith, all the virtue that they have, is that
My lips are knighted. I am born, ſweet Lady,
To a poor fortune, that will keep myſelf,
And footman, as you ſee, to bear my ſword
In querpo after me. I can at court,
If I would ſhow my gilt i'th' preſence, look
After the rate of ſome five thouſand pound
Yearly in old rents; and were my father once
Well wrapt in ſear-cloth, I could ſine for ſheriff.

Plot. 'Heart! you ſpoil all.

Tim. Why?

Plot. She verily believ'd y'had ne'er a father.

Aur. Lives your father then, Sir?
That gentleman told me he was dead.

Tim. 'Tis true,
I had forgot myſelf; he was drown'd, Lady,

This

This morning, as he went to take poſſeſſion
Of a ſummer-houſe and land in the Canaries.
Plot. Now y'have recovered all.
Tim. D'you think I have not wit enough to lye?
Plot. Break your mind to her; ſhe does expect it.
Tim. But, Lady, this is not
The buſineſs which I came for.
Aur. I'm at leiſure to hear your buſineſs, Sir.
Plot. Mark that!
Tim. Indeed,
Sweet Lady, I've a motion which was once
Or twice this morning in my mouth, and then
Slipt back again for fear.
Aur. Cowards ne'er won ladies or forts, Sir.
Tim. Say then I ſhould feel
Some motions, Lady, of affection; might
A man repair Paul's with his heart, or put it
Into a tinder-box?
Aur. How mean you, Sir?
Tim. Why, is your heart a ſtone or flint?
Aur. Be plain, Sir, I underſtand you not.
Tim. Not underſtand me!
Y'are the firſt Lady that e'er put a man
To ſpeak plain Engliſh; ſome would underſtand
Riddles and ſigns: ſay, I ſhould love you, Lady?
Aur. There ſhould be no love loſt, Sir.
Tim. Say you ſo?
Then by this air my teeth e'en water at you;
I long to have ſome offspring by you; we
Shall have an excellent breed of Wits;
I mean my youngeſt ſon ſhall be a poet; and
My daughters, like their mother, every one
A wench o'th' game. And for my eldeſt ſon,
He ſhall be like me, and inherit. Therefore
Let's not defer our joys, but go to bed
And multiply.
Aur. Soft, Sir, the prieſt muſt firſt
Diſcharge his office. I do not mean to marry
[*Enter Dorcas out of her Puritan dreſs.*
Like Ladies in New-England, where they couple
With no more ceremony than birds chooſe their mate

Upon St. Valentine's day.

Dor. Madam, the preacher
Is ſent for to a churching, and doth aſk
If you be ready; he ſhall loſe, he ſays,
His chryſom elſe.

Aur. O miracle! out of
Your little ruff, Dorcas, and in the faſhion?
Doſt thou hope to be ſaved?

Dor. Pray, Madam, do not
Abuſe me; I will tell you more anon.

Plot. Tell him ſhe's coming.

Aur. Sir, pleaſe you partake of a ſlight banquet?

Plot. Juſt as you are ſate [*Exit Dorcas.*
I'll ſteal the Prieſt in.

Tim. Do.

Plot. When you are join'd,
Be ſure you do not overſee, but ſtraight
Retire to bed, ſhe'll follow.

Tim. 'Tis not three o'clock i'th' afternoon.

Plot. 'Tis but drawing
Your curtains, and you do create your night.
All times to lovers and new-married folks
May be made dark.

Tim. I will then. By this room
She's a rare Lady; I do almoſt wiſh
I could change ſex, and that ſhe might beget
Children on me.

Plot. Nay, will you enter?

Tim. Lady, pray will you ſhow the way?

Plot. Moſt city-like!
S'lid, take her by the arm, and lead her in.

Tim. Your arm, ſweet Lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

Bright, Newcut.

Bright. BUT are you ſure they're they?

New. I'll not believe
My treacherous eyes again, but truſt ſome dog

To

To guide me, if I did not ſee his uncle
Coming this way, and Baneſwright with him.
Bright. Who?
The fellow that brings love to banes, and banes
To bare thighs 'bout the town.
New. The very ſame, Sir;
The City-Cupid, that ſhoots arrows betwixt
Party and party. All the difference is,
He has his eyes, but they he brings together
Sometimes do not ſee one another till
They meet i'th' church.
Bright. What ſay you now, if Warehouſe
Should in diſpleaſure marry?
New. 'Tis ſo, this fellow
In's company confirms me. 'Tis the very buſineſs
Why Plotwell has ſent for us.
Bright. Here they come;
Pr'ythee let's ſtand and overhear 'em.
New. Stand cloſe then.

SCENA V.

Enter Warehouſe, Baneſwright.

Ware. MAdam Aurelia, is her name?
Baneſ. Her father
Was, Sir, an Iriſh Baron, that undid
Himſelf by houſe-keeping.
Ware. As for her birth,
I could wiſh it were meaner. As many Knights
And Juſtices of peace as have been of
The family are reckoned into the portion.
She'll ſtill be naming of her anceſtors,
Aſk jointure by the Heralds-book, and I
That have no *Coat*, nor can ſhow *azure Lions*,
In *Fields of Argent*, ſhall be ſcorn'd; ſhe'll think
Her honour wrong'd to match a man that hath
No 'ſcutcheons but them of his Company,
Which once a year do ſerve to trim a lighter
To Weſtminſter and back again.

Banſ. You are miſtaken, Sir. This Lady, as ſhe is
Deſcended of a great houſe, ſo ſhe hath
No dowry but her arms. She can bring only
Some leopards heads, or ſtrange beaſts, which you know
Being but beaſts, let them derive themſelves
From monſters in the globe, and lineally
Proceed from *Hercules'* labours, they will never
Advance her to a huſband equal to
Herſelf in birth, that can give beaſts too. She
Aims only to match one that can maintain
Her ſome way to her ſtate. She is poſſeſt
What ſtreams of gold you flow in, Sir.

Ware. But can ſhe affect my age?

Baneſ. I aſk'd her that, and told her
You were about ſome threeſcore, Sir, and ten;
But were as luſty as one of twenty, (or
An aged Eunuch.) [*Aſide.*

Ware. And what replied ſhe?

Baneſ. She, like a true Lucrece, anſwer'd it was fit
For them to marry by the church-book, who
Came there to cool themſelves; but to a mind
Chaſte and endued with virtue, age did turn
Love into reverence.

Bright. Or ſir-reverence.

New. Pr'ythee obſerve.

Ware. Is ſhe ſo virtuous then?

Baneſ. 'Tis all the fault ſhe has; ſhe will out-pray
A preacher at St. Ant'lin's; and divides
The day in exerciſe; I did commend
A great Preciſian to her for her woman,
Who tells me that her Lady makes her quilt
Her ſmocks before for kneeling.

Ware. Excellent creature!

Baneſ. Then, Sir, ſhe is modeſt too, the leaſt
Obſcene word ſhames her; a laſcivious figure
Makes her do penance; and ſhe maintains the law,
Which forbids fornication, doth extend
To kiſſing too.

Ware. I think the time an age till the ſolemnity be paſt.

Baneſ. I have prepar'd her, Sir, and have ſo ſet you out!

Beſides

Beſides, I told her how you had caſt off
Your nephew, and to leave no doubt that you
Would e'er be reconcil'd, before ſhe went
To church, would ſettle your eſtate on her,
And on the heirs of her begotten.

Ware. To make all ſure,
We'll call upon my lawyer by the way,
And take him with us.

Baneſ. You muſt be married, Sir,
At the French church; I have beſpoke the prieſt;
One that will join you i'th' right Geneva form,
Without a licence.

Ware. But may a man wed in a ſtrange tongue?

Baneſ. I have brought together
Some in Italian, Sir; the language doth
Not change the ſubſtance of the match; you know,
No licence will be granted, all the offices
Are before-hand bribed by your nephew.

Ware. Well,
Let's to the Lady ſtraight, to croſs him; I
Would marry an Arabian, and be at charge
To keep one t'interpret, or be married
In China language, or the tongue that's ſpoke
By the Great Cham. [*Ex. Ware and Baneſ.*

Bright. Now, Newcut, you perceive
My divination's true; this fellow did
Portend a wedding.

New. Plague o'th' prognoſtication,
Who'd think that Madam were the party?

Bright. Oh, Sir,
She'll call this wit to wed his bags, and lie
With ſome Platonick ſervant.

New. What if we
Before we go to Plotwell, went to her,
And ſtrived to diſſuade her?

Bright. Let's make haſte, they'll be before us elſe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA

SCENA VI.

Enter Timothy unbuttoning himſelf, Aurelia, Plotwell, Dorcas, Footmen.

Tim. BY this hand, Lady, you ſhall not deny me :
Since we are coupled, I ſhall think the prieſt
Has not done all, as long as I'm a virgin.
Aur. Will you not ſtay till night, Sir ?
Tim. Night ! No faith ;
I've ſworn to get my firſt child by day, you may
Be quick by night.
Plot. Madam, your knight ſpeaks reaſon.
Tim. I will both ſpeak, and do it.
Aur. Well, Sir ; ſince
There is no remedy, your bed's prepared ;
By that time you are laid, I'll come. Mean time,
I'll pray that gentleman to conduct you. There's
My footman to pluck off your ſtockings.
Plot. Come, Sir.
Tim. Sweet lady, ſtay not long.
Plot. I'll promiſe for her. [*Ex. Tim, Plot. & Footman.*
Dor. Faith, I admire your temperance, to let
Your bridegroom go to bed, and you not follow.
Were I in your caſe, I ſhould ha' gone firſt,
And warm'd his place.
Aur. Well, wench ; but that thou haſt
Reveal'd thyſelf unto me, I'd admire
To hear a ſaint talk thus. To one that knows not
The myſtery of thy ſtrange converſion, thou
Would'ſt ſeem a legend.
Dor. Faith, I've told you all,
Both why I left my ſchool-miſtreſs, who taught me
To confute curling-irons, and why I put
Myſelf on this adventure.
Aur. Well, wench, my brother
Has had his plots on me, and I'll contribute
My help to work thy honeſt ones on him :
Do but perform thy taſk well, and thou winn'ſt him.

Dor.

Dor. Let me alone; never was a man ſo fitted
With a chaſte bride, as I will fit his uncle. [*Exit.*

Enter Footman.

Foot. Madam, your knight doth call moſt fiercely for you.

Aur. Prithee, go tell him ſome buſineſs keeps me yet,
And bid him ſtay himſelf with this kiſs.

SCENA VII.

As they kiſs, Enter to them Bright, Newcut.

Bright. BY your leave, Madam, what for practice ſake
Kiſſing your woman? Lord, how a lady's lips
Hate idleneſs, and will be buſied, when
The reſt lies fallow; and rather than want action
Be kind within themſelves, an't be t' enjoy
But the poor pleaſure of contemplation!

New. And how do you find her, Madam?

Aur. Stay, wench.

New. Lord!
Does it not grieve you now, and make you ſigh,
And very paſſionately accuſe nature,
And ſay ſhe was too hard to make your woman
Able to kiſs you only, and do no more?

Bright. Is it not pity, but beſides the gift
Of making cawdles, and uſing of her pencil,
She had the trick o'th' other ſex?

Aur. Methinks
Your own good breeding might inſtruct you that
My houſe is not a new foundation, where
You might, paying the rate, approach, be rude,
Give freedom to your unwaſh'd mouths.

Dor. My lady
Keeps no poor nuns that ſin for victuals, for you,
With whom this dead vacation you may trade
For old ſilk ſtockings and half-ſhirts. They ſay
You do offend o'th' ſcore, and ſin in chalk,
And the dumb walls complain you are behind
In penſion; ſo that your diſtreſſed veſtals
Are fain to foot their ſtockings, pay the brewer,

And

And landlord's rent in woman-kind, and long
More earneſtly for the term than Norfolk lawyers.

Bright. Why, you have got a ſecond, Lady; your woman doth ſpeak good country language.

New. Offers at wit, and ſhews teeth for a jeſt.

Bright. We hear you are to marry an old citizen.

Aur. Then ſurely you were not deaf.

New. And do you mean his age,
Which hath ſeen all the kingdom buried thrice,
To whom the heat of Auguſt is December; [*Ex. Dorcas.*
Who, were he but in Italy, would ſave
The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air
Better than ventiducts, ſhall freeze between
Your melting arms? Do but conſider, he
But marries you as he would do his furs,
To keep him warm.

Aur. But he is rich, Sir.

Bright. Then,
In wedding him, you wed more infirmities
Than ever Galen wrote of: He has pains
That put the doctors to new experiments.
Half his diſeaſes in the city bill
Kill hundreds weekly. A lone hoſpital
Were but enough for him.

New. Beſides,
He has a cough that nightly drowns the bell-man;
Calls up his family; all his neighbours riſe,
And go by it, as by the chimes and clock.
Not four loam walls, nor ſaw-duſt put between,
Can dead it.

Aur. Yet he is ſtill rich.

Bright. If this
Cannot affright you, but that you will needs
Be blind to wholeſome counſel, and will marry
One who by th' courſe of nature ought t'have been
Rotten before the Queen's time, and in juſtice
Should now have been ſome threeſcore years a ghoſt,
Let pity move you. In this match you quite
Deſtroy the hopes and fortunes of a gentleman,
For whom had his penurious uncle ſtarv'd
And pin'd himſelf his whole life, to increaſe

The

The riches he deſerves t'inherit, it
Had been his duty.

Aur. You mean his nephew Plotwell,
A prodigal young man; one whom the good
Old man, his uncle, kept to th' inns of court,
And would in time ha' made him barriſter;
And rais'd him to his ſattin cap and biggon,
In which he might ha' ſold his breath far dearer,
And let his tongue out at a greater price,
Than ſome their mannors. But he did neglect
Theſe thriving means, followed his looſe companions;
His Brights and Newcuts; two, they ſay, that live
By the new hereſy, Platonic love;
Can take up ſilks upon their ſtrengths, and pay
Their mercer with an infant.

Bright. Newcut!

New. Ay, I do obſerve her character. Well, then,
You are reſolved to marry?

Aur. Were the man
A ſtatue, ſo it were a golden one,
I'd have him.

Bright. Pray then, take along to church
Theſe few good wiſhes. May your huſband prove
So jealous, to ſuſpect that when you drink
To any man, you kiſs the place where his
Lips were before, and ſo pledge meetings. Let him
Think you do cuckold him by looks; and let him
Each night before you go to reſt, adminiſter
A ſolemn oath, that all your thoughts were chaſte
That day, and that you ſleep with all your hairs.

New. And, which is worſe; let him forget he lay
With you himſelf; before ſome magiſtrate
Swear 'twas ſome other; and have it believ'd
Upon record.

Enter Plotwell.

Plot. Siſter, I've left your bridegroom
Under this key lock'd in, t' embrace your pillow.
Sure he has eat Eringoes, he's as hot——
He was about to ſetch you in his ſhirt.

Bright.

Bright. How's this? His ſiſter!
New. I conceive not this.
Plot. My noble friends, you wonder now to hear
Me call her ſiſter?
Bright. Faith, Sir, we wonder more ſhe ſhould be married?
New. If 't be your ſiſter, we
Have labour'd her ſhe ſhould not match her uncle,
And bring forth riddles; children that ſhould be
Nephews to their father; and to their uncle, ſons.
Plot. I laugh now at your ignorance; why theſe
Are projects, gentlemen; fine ginns, and projects.
Did Roſeclap's boy come to you?
Bright. Yes.
Plot. I have a rare ſcene for you.
New. The boy told us you were upon a ſtratagem.
Plot. I've ſent for Roſeclap,
And Captain Quartfield to be here. I have
Put Salewit into orders; he's inducted
Into the French Church; you muſt all have parts.
Bright. Prithee ſpeak out of clouds.
Plot. By this good light
'Twere juſtice now to let you both die ſimple,
For leaving us ſo ſcurvily.
New. We were
Sent for in haſte by th' Benchers, to contribute
To one of 'em that's reader.
Plot. Come with me,
I'll tell you then. But firſt I'll ſhow you a ſight
Much ſtranger than the fiſh.

Enter Dorcas.

Dorc. Madam, here's Baneſwright,
And an old merchant, do deſire acceſs.
Aur. Bid 'em come in. [*Exit Dorcas.*
Plot. Gentlemen, fall off:
If we be ſeen, the plot is ſpoil'd. Siſter,
Now, look you do your part well.
Aur. I am perfect. [*Ex. Plot. Bright, Newcut.*

SCENA

SCENA VIII.

To her Baneſwright, Warehouſe, Dorcas.

Baneſ. MAdam, this is the gentleman I mention'd,
I've brought him here, according to my function,
To give you both an interview; if you
Be ready, the church and prieſt are.
Aur. Is this, Sir, the wealthy merchant?
Baneſ. Madam, this is he,
That if you'll wear the price of baronies,
Or live at Cleopatra's rate, can keep you.
Aur. Come you a ſuitor, Sir, to me?
Ware. Yes, lady,
I did imploy my ſpeaker there, who hath,
I hope, inform'd you with my purpoſe.
Aur. Surely,
Your ſpeaker then hath err'd; I underſtood
Him for my woman; if you can like her, Sir:
It being, for aught I hear, all one to you,
I've woo'd her for you. But for my ſelf, could you
Endow me with the ſtream that ebbs and flows
In waves of gold, I hope you do not think
I'd ſo much ſtain my birth, as to be bought
To match into a company. Sir, plainly,
I'm match'd already.
Ware. Baneſwright, did not you tell me ſhe'd have me?
Baneſ. Faith, Sir, I have ears
That might deceive me; but I did dream waking,
If ſhe were not the party. Madam, pray you
One word in private.
Aur. I'll prevent you: 'Tis true,
My brother laid the ſcene for me; but ſince
We've chang'd the plot, and 'tis contriv'd, my woman
Shall undertake my part.
Baneſ. I am inſtructed.
I was miſtaken, Sir, indeed the lady
Spoke to me for her gentlewoman. How
Do you affect her, Sir? You ſee ſhe is

As

As handſome as her lady; and her birth
Not being ſo high, ſhe will more ſize with you.
Ware. I ſay, I like her beſt. Her lady has
Too much great houſe in her.
Baneſ. 'Tis right; this you
May govern as you liſt. I'll motion't: Lady,
Pray pardon our miſtake; indeed our errand
Was chiefly to your gentlewoman.
Aur. Sir,
She's one, whoſe fortune I ſo much intend;
And your's, Sir, are ſo fair, that though there be
Much diſproportion in your age, yet I
Will over-rule her, and ſhe ſhall refer
Herſelf to be diſpoſed by me.
Ware. You much oblige me, Madam.
Aur. Dorcas, this is the merchant
I have provided for you; he is old;
But he has that will make him young, much gold.
Dor. Madam, but that I ſhould offend againſt
Your care, as well as my preferment, I'd
Have more experience of the man I mean
To make my huſband. At firſt ſight to marry,
Muſt argue me of lightneſs.
Aur. Princes, Dorcas,
Do woo by pictures and ambaſſadors,
And match in abſent ceremonies.
Dor. But you look for ſome great portion, Sir?
Ware. Fair Miſtreſs,
Your virtues are to me a wealthy dowry:
And if you love me, I ſhall think you bring
More than the Indies.
Dor. But, Sir, 't may be
You'll be againſt my courſe of life. I love
Retirement, muſt have times for my devotion,
Am little us'd to company, and hate
The vanity of viſits.
Ware. This makes me love you the more.
Dorc. Then I ſhall never truſt you
To go to ſea, and leave me; I ſhall dream
Of nought but ſtorms and pyrates. Every wind
Will break my ſleep.

Ware.

Ware. I'll ſtay at home.
Dorc. Sir, there
Is one thing more; I hear you have a nephew,
You mean to make your heir. I hope you will
Settle ſome jointure on me.
Ware. He's ſo loſt
In my intents, that to revenge my ſelf,
I take this courſe. But to remove your doubts,
I've brought my lawyer with blank deeds:
He ſhall put in your name; and I, before
We go to church, will ſeal 'em.
Dorc. On theſe terms, where is your prieſt, Sir?
Ware. He expects me at the French church, miſtreſs.
Aur. Come, when you have ſeal'd, Sir; I'll bear a part
In the ſolemnity. [*Exeunt.*

Actus V. Scena I.

Plotwell, Aurelia, Bright, Newcut, Quartfield, Salewit, Roſeclap, two Footmen, Cypher.

Plot. WELL, ſiſter, by this hand I was afraid
You had marr'd all; but I am well content
You have outreach'd me: If ſhe do act it well now,
By Jove I'll have her.
Aur. She hath ſtudied all her cues already.
Plot. Gentlemen, how do you like the project?
Bright. Theirs was dull and cold, compar'd to ours.
New. Some poet will ſteal from us, and bring't into a Comedy.
Quart. The jeſt will more inſpire than ſack.
Plot. I have got Cypher
Over to our ſide too; he has been up and down
To invite gueſts to th' wedding.

Enter Salewit like a Curate.

How now, Salewit, are they gone home?

Sale.

Sale. Yes, faith, for better for worſe;
I've read a fiction out of Rablais to 'em,
In a religious tone, which he believes
For good French liturgy. When I had done,
There came a chriſtening.

Plot. And didſt thou baptize out of thy Rablais too?

Sale. No, faith; I left 'em in expectation of their paſtor.

Bright. Newcut, who does he look like in that dreſs?

New. Hum! why
Like a Geneva weaver, in black, who left
The loom, and entred into th' miniſtry
For conſcience ſake.

Plot. Well, gentlemen, you all
Do know your parts; you Captain, and Baneſwright,
Go get your properties. For you two, theſe two
Mules ſhall carry you in greater ſtate,
And more eaſe than the Fiſtula. You, ſiſter,
We'll leave unto your knight, to come anon.
Roſeclap and I will thither ſtraight. You, Cypher,
Know what you have to do.

Sale. And as for me,
I'm an invited gueſt, and am to bleſs
The veniſon in French, or in a grace
Of broken Engliſh.

Quart. Before we do divide
Our army, let us dip our roſemaries
In one rich bowl of ſack to this brave girl,
And to the gentleman that was my fiſh.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Plot. Captain, you ſhall dip firſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Warehouſe, Dorcas.

Ware. MY deareſt Dorcas, welcome. Here you ſee
The houſe you muſt be miſtreſs of, which with
This kiſs I do confirm unto you.

Dor. Forbear, Sir.

Ware. How! wife, refuſe to kiſs me?

Dor.

Dor. Yes, unleſs
A ſweeter air came from you; y'have turn'd my ſtomach.
I wonder you can be ſo rude to aſk me,
Knowing your lungs are periſh'd.
Ware. This is rare,
That I ſhould live to this great age, and never
Till now know I was rotten!
Dor. I ſhall never
Endure your converſation; I hope you have
Contriv'd two beds, two chambers, and two tables:
'Tis an article that I ſhould live
Retir'd; that is, a-part.
Ware. But pray you, wife, are you in earneſt?
Dor. D'you think I'll jeſt with age?
Ware. Will you not lie with me then?
Dor. Did ever man
Of your hairs aſk ſuch queſtions? I do bluſh
At your unreaſonableneſs.
Ware. Nay, then——
Dor. Is't fit I ſhould be buried?
Ware. I reach you not.
Dor. Why, to lie with you were a direct emblem of going to my grave.
Ware. I underſtand you.
Dor. I'll have your picture ſet in my wedding-ring for a death's head.
Ware. I do conceive you.
Dor. I'd rather lie with an ancient tomb, or embrace
An anceſtor than you. D'you think I'll come
Between your winding-ſheets? For what? To hear you
Depart all night, and fetch your laſt groan; and
Th' morning find a deluge on the floor,
Your entrails floating, and half my huſband ſpit
Upon the arras.
Ware. I am married ———
Dor. Then,
For your abilities, ſhould twelve good women
On theſe reverend locks, and on your heat,
And natural appetite, they would juſt find you
As youthful as a coffin, and as hot
Th' ſultry winter that froze o'er the Thames;

They

They ſay the hard time did begin from you.

Ware. Good, I am made the curſe of watermen.

Dor. Your humours come froſt from you, and your noſe hath icicles in June.

Ware. Aſſiſt me, patience!
Why, hear you, Miſtreſs, you that have a fever,
And dog-days in your blood, if you knew this,
Why did you marry me?

Dor. Ha, ha, ha!

Ware. She laughs.

Dor. That your experienc'd age, that hath felt ſpring
And falls this forty years, ſhould be ſo dull
To think I have not them that ſhall ſupply
Your cold defects.

Ware. You have your ſervants then, and I am fork'd hum!

Dor. Do you think a woman young, high in her blood———

Ware. And hot as goats, or marmoſites———

Dor. Apt to take flame at every temptation———

Ware. And to kindle at the picture of a man———

Dor. Would wed duſt, aſhes, a monument, unleſs it were———

Ware. Crack'd, tried, and broken up?———

Dor. Right, Sir, or lack'd a cloak?

Ware. Miſchief, and hell! and was there none to make your cloak but I?

Dor. Not ſo well lin'd.

Ware. O you ſtaid for a wealthy cuckold, your tame beaſt muſt have his gilded horns?

Dor. Yes, Sir, beſides
Your age being impotent, you would, I knew,
In conſcience wink at my ſtol'n helps, if I
Took comfort from abroad.

Ware. Yes, yes, yes, yes!
You ſhall be comforted; I will maintain
A ſtallion for you.

Dor. I will have friends come to me; ſo you'll conceal———

Ware. Alas! I'll be your pander,
Deliver letters for you, and keep the door.

D

Dor. I'll have a woman ſhall do that.
Ware. O impudence! unheard-of impudence!
Dor. Then, Sir, I'll look
Your coffers ſhall maintain me at my rate.
Ware. How's that?
Dor. Why, like a lady? For I do mean to have you knighted.
Ware. I ſhall riſe to honour!
Dor. D'you think I'll have your factor move before me,
Like a device ſtirr'd by a wire, or like
Some grave clock wound up to a regular pace?
Ware. No, you ſhall have your uſher, Dame, to ſtalk
Before you like a buſkin'd prologue, in
A ſtately, high, majeſtick motion, bare.
Dor. I do expect it; yes, Sir, and my coach,
Six horſes, and poſtillion; four are fit
For them that have a charge of children; you
And I ſhall never have any.
Ware. If we have, all Middleſex is father.
Dor. Then I'll have
My footman, to run by me when I viſit,
Or take the air ſometimes in Hyde-park.
Ware. You,
Beſides being chaſte, are good at races too:
You can be a jockey for a need?
Dor. Y'are pleaſant, Sir.
Ware. Why, hark you, hark you, Miſtreſs, you told me
You lov'd retirement, loved not viſits, and bargain'd
I ſhould not carry you abroad.
Dor. You! no;
Is't fit I ſhould be ſeen at court with you?
Such an odd ſight as you would make the ladies
Have melancholy thoughts.
Ware. You bound me too
I ſhould not go to ſea; you lov'd me ſo,
You could not be without me.
Dor. Not if you ſtaid
Above a year; for ſhould I, in a long voyage,
Prove fruitful, I ſhould want a father to
The infant.
Ware. Moſt politickly kind,

And like a whore perfect i'th' myſtery.
It is beyond my ſufferance.
Dor. Pray, Sir, vex;
I'll in, and ſee your jewels, and make choice
Of ſome for every day, and ſome to wear
At maſques. [*Exit.*
Ware. 'Tis very good. Two days
Of this I ſhall grow mad; or, to redeem
My ſelf, commit ſome outrage——O—O—O!

SCENA III.

To him Plotwell, and Roſeclap.

Plot. SIR, I am ſorry ſuch a light offence
Should make ſuch deep impreſſions in you; but that
Which more afflicts me than the loſs of my
Great hopes, is that y'are likely to be abuſed, Sir.
Strangely abus'd, Sir, by one Baneſwright. I hear
You are to marry——
Ware. Did you hear ſo?
Plot. Madam Aurelia's woman.
Ware. What of her, Sir?
Plot. Why, Sir, I thought it duty to inform you,
That you were better match a ruin'd bawd;
One ten times cured by ſweating, and the tub,
Or pain'd now with her fiftieth ach, whom not
The power of uſquebaugh, or heat of fevers
Quickens enough to wiſh; one of ſuch looks
The judges of aſſize, without more proof,
Suſpect, arraign, and burn for witchcraft.
Ware. Why, pray?
Plot. For ſhe being paſt all motions, impotence
Will be a kind of chaſtity, and you
Might have her to your ſelf; but here is one
Knows this to be——
Ware. An arrant whore.
Roſe. I ſee you have heard of her, Sir; indeed ſhe has
Done penance thrice.
Ware. How ſay you, penance?
Roſe. Yes, Sir; and ſhould have ſuffer'd—

Ware

Ware. Carting, ſhould ſhe not?
Roſe. The marſhal had her, Sir.
Ware. I ſweat, I ſweat!
Roſe. She's of known practice, Sir; the clothes ſhe wears
Are but her quarter's ſins; ſhe has no linnen,
But what ſhe firſt offends for.
Ware. O bleſs'd heaven! look down upon me.
Plot. Nay, Sir, which is more,
She has three children living; has had four.
Ware. How! Children! Children, ſay you?
Plot. Aſk him, Sir; one by a Frenchman.
Roſe. Another by a Dutch.
Plot. A third by a Moor, Sir, born of two colours,
Juſt like a ſerjeant's man.
Ware. Why ſhe has known then all tongues and nations?
Roſe. She has been lain with farther
Than ever Coryat travel'd, and lain in
By two parts of the map, Africque and Europe.
As if the State maintain'd her to allay
The heat of foreigners.
Ware. O, O, O, O!
Plot. What ail you, Sir?
Ware. O nephew, I am not well, I am not well.
Plot. I hope you are not married.
Ware. It is too true.
Roſe. God help you then.
Ware. Amen. Nephew, forgive me.
Roſe. Alas! good gentleman!
Plot. Would you truſt Baneſwright, Sir?
Ware. In hell, nephew,
There's not a torment for him. O that I could
But ſee that cheating rogue upon the rack now;
I'd give a thouſand pound for every ſtretch,
That ſhould enlarge the rogue through all his joints,
And but juſt ſhew him hell, and then recall
His broking ſoul, and give him ſtrength to ſuffer
His torture often; I would have the raſcal
Think hanging a relief, and be as long
A dying as a chopt eel, that the devil
Might have his ſoul by pieces. Who's here, a ſailor?

[*Enter Cypher like a ſailor.*

SCENA IV.

To them Cypher.

Cypher. ARE you, Sir, Warehouſe, the rich merchant?

Ware. Sir, my name is Warehouſe.

Cyph. Then you are not, Sir, ſo rich by two ſhips as you were.

Ware. How mean you?

Cyph. Your two ſhips, Sir, that were now coming home
From Ormus, are both caſt away; the wreck
And burden on the place was valued at
Some forty thouſand pound. All the men periſh'd
By th' violence of the ſtorm, only my ſelf
Preſerv'd my life by ſwimming, till a ſhip
Of Briſtol took me up, and brought me home
To be the ſad reporter.

Ware. Was nothing ſav'd?

Cyph. Two ſmall caſks, one of blue figs, the other
Of pickled muſhrooms; which ſerv'd me for bladders,
And kept me up from ſinking. 'Twas a ſtorm,
Which, Sir, I will deſcribe to you. The winds
Roſe of a ſudden with that tempeſtuous force——

Ware. Prithee no more, I've heard too much. Would
I had been i'th' tempeſt.

Cyph. Good your Worſhip, give
A poor ſea-faring man your charity
To carry me back again. I'm come above
A hundred mile to tell you this.

Ware. Go in,
And let my factor, if he be come in,
Reward thee; ſtay and ſup too.

Cyph. Thank your Worſhip. [*Ex. Cypher.*

Ware. Why ſhould I not now hang myſelf? Or if
It be a fate that will more hide it ſelf,
And keep me from diſcredit, tie ſome weight
About my neck, to ſink me to the bottom
O'th' Thames, not to be found, to keep my body
From riſing up and telling tales. Two wrecks,
And both worth forty thouſand pound there! Why,

That landed here, were worth an hundred. I
Will drown myſelf, I nothing have to do
Now in this world but drown my ſelf.
Plot. Fie, theſe
Are deſperate reſolutions. Take heart, Sir,
There may be ways yet to relieve you.
Ware. How?
Plot. Why, for your loſt ſhips, ſay, Sir, I ſhould bring
Two o'th' Aſſurance-Office that ſhould warrant
Their ſafe return? 'tis not known yet. Would you
Give three parts, to ſecure the fourth?
Ware. I'd give ten to ſecure one.
Plot. Well, Sir, and for your wife,
Say I ſhould prove it were no lawful match;
And that ſhe is another man's; you'd take
The piece of ſervice well.
Ware. Yes, and repent
That when I had ſo good an heir begot
Unto my hand, I was ſo raſh to aim
At one of my own dotage.
Plot. Say no more, Sir;
But keep the ſailor that he ſtir not. We'll
About it ſtraight. [*Exeunt Plotwell & Roſeclap.*
Ware. How much I was deceiv'd,
To think ill of my nephew! In whoſe revenge
I ſee the heavens frown on me; ſeas and winds
Swell and rage for him againſt me; but I will
Appeaſe their furies, and be reconciled.

SCENA V.

To him Seathrift, Mrs. Seathrift, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Scruple.

Mrs. Sea. MUCH joy to you, Sir; you have made quick diſpatch.
I like a man that can love, woo, and wed,
All in an hour. My huſband was ſo long
A getting me, ſo many friends conſents
Were to be aſk'd, that when we came to church

'Twas not a marriage, but our times were out,
And we were there made free of one another.
Mrs. Hol. I look'd to find you a-bed, and a young
sheriff
Begot by this. My husband, when I came
From church, by this time had his cawdle; I
Had not a garter left, nor he a point.
Mrs. Scru. Surely, all that my husband did the first
Night we were married, was to call for one
Of his wrought caps more, to allay his rheum.
Mrs. Hol. We hear y' have match'd a courtier, Sir, a
gallant;
One that can spring fire in your blood, and dart
Fresh flames into you.
Mrs. Sea. Sir, you are not merry,
Methinks you do not look as you were married.
Mrs. Hol. You rather look as you had lost your love.
Mrs. Scru. Or else, as if your spouse, Sir, had new
buk'd you.
Sea. How is it, Sir? You see I have brought along
My fidlers with me; my wife, and Mrs. Holland
Are good wind-instruments. 'Tis enough for me
To put on sadness.
Ware. You, Sir, have no cause.
Sea. Not I! Ask Mrs. Scruple. I have lost
My daughter, Sir, she's stol'n. Then, Sir, I have
A spendthrift to my son.
Ware. These are felicities
Compar'd to me. You have not match'd a whore, Sir,
Nor lost two ships at sea
Sea. Nor you, I hope.
Ware. Truth is, you are my friends. I am abus'd,
Grossly fetch'd over. I have match'd a stews;
The noted'st woman o'th' town.
Mrs. Sea. Indeed I heard she was a chambermaid.
Mrs. Hol. And they by their place
Do wait upon the lady, but belong
Unto the lord.
Sea. But is this true?
Ware. Here was
My nephew just now, and one Rosedap, who tell me

She has three children living; one dapple-grey,
Half Moor, half Engliſh. Knows as many men
As ſhe that ſinned by th' kalendar, and divided
The nights o'th' year with ſeveral men.

Sea. Bleſs me, goodneſs!

Ware. Then, like a man condemn'd to all misfortunes,
I have eſtated her in all I have.

Sea. How!

Ware. Under hand and ſeal, Sir, irrecoverably.

[*Enter Salewit.*

SCENA VI.

To them Salewit.

Mrs Holl. LOOK, Mrs. Scruple, here's your huſband.

Sale. Be the leave of the fair companée.

Mrs. Scrup. My huſband!
His cold keeps him at home. Surely I take
This to be ſome Dutch Elder.

Sale. Where is
The breed an breedgroom? Oh, Monſieur, I'm com't
To give you zhoy, and bleſs your capòn; where
Is your fair breed?

Ware. O, Monſieur, you have join'd me
To a chaſte virgin. Would when I came to you
Y'had uſed your ceremonies about my funeral.

Sale. Fooneral? Is your breed dead?

Ware. Would ſhe were,
I'd double your fee, Monſieur, to bury her.

Sale. Ee can but leetle Engliſh.

Ware. No, I ſee you are but new come over.

Sale. Dover! Tere Ee landed.

Ware. Ay, Sir, pray walk in; that door
Will land you in my dining-room.

Sale. Ee tank you. [*Exit.*

Ware. This is the prieſt that married us.

Sea. This is a Frenchman, is't not?

Ware. 'Twas at the French church.

SCENA VII.

Enter to them two Footmen bearing the frame of a great picture. Curtains drawn.

1 *Foot.* SET 'em down gently; ſo.
2 *Foot.* They make me ſweat.
Pictures, quoth you, 'ſlight they have weight enough
To be the parties.
1 *Foot.* My lady, Sir, has ſent a preſent to your wife.
Ware. What lady, pray?
1 *Foot.* Madam Aurelia, Sir.
Ware. Oh———
2 *Foot.* Sir, they are
A brace of pictures, with which my lady prays
She will adorn her chamber.
Ware. Male pictures, pray; or female?
1 *Foot.* Why d'you aſk?
Ware. Becauſe, methinks,
It ſhould be Mars and Venus in a net,
Aretine's poſtures, or a naked nymph
Lying aſleep, and ſome laſcivious ſatyr
Taking her lineaments. Theſe are pictures which
Delight my wife.
2 *Foot.* Theſe are night-pieces, Sir.
Mrs. Hol. Lord, how I long to ſee 'em! I have at home
The fineſt raviſh'd Lucrece!
Mrs. Scru. So have I
The fineſt fall of Babylon! There is
A fat monk ſpewing churches; ſave your preſence.
Mrs. Holl. Pray, will you open 'em?
1 *Foot.* My lady charged us
None ſhould have ſight of 'em, Sir, but your wife.
Ware. Becauſe you make ſo dainty, I will ſee 'em.
[*Draws the curtain, within are diſcovered Bright and Newcut.*
2 *Foot.* 'Tis out of our commiſſion.
Ware. But not of mine. Hell and damnation!
1 *Foot.* How d'you like 'em, Sir?
Mrs. Hol. Look, they are pictur'd in their clothes.

Mrs. Scr.

Mrs. Sea. They ſtir too.

2 *Foot.* Sir, they are drawn to life; a maſter's hand
Went to 'em, I aſſure you.

Ware. Out varlets, bawds,
Panders, avoid my houſe! O devil! are you
My wife's night-pieces? [*They come out.*

Bright. Sir, you are rude, uncivil, and would be beaten.

New. We cannot come in private
On buſineſs to your wife, but you muſt be
Inquiſitive, Sir? Thank God 'tis in your own houſe,
The place protects you.

Bright. If ſuch an inſolence
'Scape unreveng'd, henceforth no ladies ſhall
Have ſecret ſervants.

New. Here ſhe comes, we'll aſk
If ſhe gave you commiſſion to be ſo bold.

Ware. Why this is far beyond example rare.
Now I conceive what is Platonick love;
'Tis to have men like pictures brought diſguiſed,
To cuckold us with virtue. [*They whiſper.*

SCENA VIII.

To them Dorcas.

Dor. HE would not offer't, would he?

Bright. We have been
In danger to be ſearch'd; hereafter we
Muſt firſt be queſtion'd by an officer,
And bring it under hands we are no men;
Or have nought dangerous about us, before
We ſhall obtain acceſs.

New. We do expect
In time, your huſband to preſerve you chaſte,
Should keep you with a guard of eunuchs; or
Confine you, like Italians, to a room
Where no male beaſt is pictur'd, leſt the ſight
Of aught that can beget, ſhould ſtir deſires.

Dor. I mar'l, Sir; who did licenſe you to pry,
Or ſpy out any friends that come to me?
It ſhews an unbred curioſity,

Which I'll correct hereafter; you will dare
To break up letters ſhortly, and examine
My taylor, leſt when he brings home my gown,
There be a man in't. I'll have whom I liſt,
In what diſguiſe I liſt, and when I liſt;
And not have your four eyes ſo ſaucy, to peep,
As if you, by prevention, meant to kill
A baſiliſk.

Ware. Miſtreſs, do what you liſt,
Send for your couch out, lie with your gallants there
Before us all. Or if you have a mind
To fellows that can lift weights, I can call
Two footmen too.

Sea. You are too patient, Sir;
Send for the Marſhal, and diſcharge your houſe.

Mrs. Sea. Truly, a handſome woman! what pity 'tis
She is not honeſt?

Mrs. Hol. Two proper gentlemen, too.
Lord, that ſuch pictures might be ſent to me!

SCENA ULTIMA.

Enter to them Plotwell and Roſeclap, with Baneſwright and Quartfield diſguiſed.

Ware. O Nephew, welcome to my ranſom; here
My houſe is made a new erection; gallants
Are brought in varied forms. Had I not look'd
By providence into that frame, theſe two
Had been convey'd for night-pieces and landſkips
Into my chaſte bride's chamber. Till now ſhe took
And lett herſelf out; now ſhe will be able,
To hire, and buy offenders.

Plot. I'll eaſe you, Sir,
We two have made a full diſcovery of her.

Roſe. She's married to another man, Sir.

Ware. Good nephew, thou art my bleſſed angel.
Who are theſe two?

Plot. Two that will ſecure your ſhips,
Sent by the office. Seal you, Sir: Th' have brought
Th' aſſurance with 'em.

Ware

Ware. Nephew, thou wer't born to be my dear preſerver.

Plot. It is duty, Sir,
To help you out with your misfortunes. Gentlemen,
Produce your inſtruments. Uncle, put your ſeal,
[*They ſubſcribe, ſeal and deliver interchangeably.*
And write your name here; they will do the like
To the other parchment. So, now deliver.

Ware. I do deliver this as my act and deed.

Baneſ. Quart. And we this, as our act and deed.

Plot. Pray, gentlemen,
Be witneſs here. Upon a doubtful rumour
Of two ſhips wreck'd as they return'd from Ormus,
My uncle covenants to give three parts
To have the fourth ſecured. And theſe two here,
[*Seathrift, Roſeclap, Bright, and Newcut ſubſcribe as witneſſes.*
As delegates of the office, undertake
At that rate to aſſure them. Uncle, now
Call forth the ſailor, and ſend for the prieſt
That married you.

Enter Salewit and Cypher.

Ware. Look, here they come.

Plot. Firſt then,
Not to afflict you longer, uncle, ſince
We now are quiet; know, all this was my project.

Ware. How!

Plot. Your two ſhips are richly landed; if
You'll not believe me, here's the ſailor, who
[*Cypher undiſguiſes.*
Transform'd to Cypher, can tell you.

Cyph. 'Tis very true, Sir.
I hired this travelling caſe of one o'th' ſailors
That came in one of 'em. They lie at Blackwall.
Troth, I in pity, Sir, to Mr. Plotwell,
Thought it my duty to deceive you.

Ware. Very well, Sir; what are theſe maſkers too?

Plot. Faith, Sir, theſe [*Ex. Cypher.*
Can change their forms too. They are two friends
[*They undiſguiſe.*
Worth threeſcore thouſand pounds, Sir, to my uſe.

Ware. Banefwright, and Captain Quartfield!
Quart. Nay, old boy,
Th' haft a good penny-worth on't. The jeft is worth
Three parts of four.
Banef. Faith, Sir, we hope you'll pay
Tonnage and poundage into th' bargain.
Ware. O you are a precious rogue, you ha' prefer'd me
To a chafte Lucrece, firrah!
Banef. Your nephew, Sir,
Hath married her with all her faults. They are
New come from church.
Ware. How!
Plot. Wonder not, Sir, you
Were married but in jeft. 'Twas no church-form,
But a fine legend out of Rablais.
Sale. 'Troth this reverend weed caft off, I'm a late poet,
[*Salewit undifguifes.*
And cannot marry, unleſs 't be in a play,
In the fifth act or ſo; and that's almoſt
Worn out of faſhion too.
Mrs. Sea. Theſe are the two that ſhow'd my ſon.
Mrs. Hol. Let's have our money back.
Plot. But, uncle, for the join ure, you have made her,
I hope you'll not retract. That, and three parts
Of your two ſhips, beſides what you will leave
Us at your death, will make a pretty ſtock
For young beginners.
Ware. Am I o'er-reach'd ſo finely!
Sea. But are you married, Sir, in earneſt?
Plot. Troth, we have not been a-bed yet, but may go,
And no law broken.
Sea. Then I muſt tell you, Sir,
Y' have wrong'd me; and I look for ſatisfaction.
Plot. Why, I beſeech you, Sir?
Sea. Sir, were not you betroth'd once to my daughter?
Mrs. Sea. And did not I,
And Mrs. Holland help to make you ſure?
Plot. I do confeſs it.
Sea. Bear witneſs, gentlemen, he doth confeſs it.
Plot. I'll ſwear it too, Sir.
Sea. Why, then, have you match'd this woman?

Plot.

Plot. Why! becauſe
This is your daughter, Sir? I'm her's by conqueſt
For this day's ſervice.
Sea. Is't poſſible I ſhould be out in my own child ſo?
Mrs. Sea. I told you, huſband.
Mrs. Scru. Surely, my ſpirit gave me it was ſhe;
And yet to ſee, now you have not your wire,
Nor city-ruff on, Miſtreſs Sue, how theſe
Clothes do beguile! In truth, I took you for
A gentlewoman.
Sea. Here be rare plots, indeed!
Why, how now, Sir, theſe young heads have outgone us!
Was my ſon o'th' plot too?
Plot. Faith, Sir, he
Is married too. I did ſtrike up a wedding
Between him and my ſiſter.

Enter Timothy and Aurelia.

Pen. Look, Sir!
They come without their maidenheads.
Sea. Why, this
Is better ſtill. Now, Sir, you might have aſk'd
Conſent of parents.
Tim. Pray, forgive me, Sir.
I thought I had match'd a lady, but ſhe proves——
Sea. Much better, Sir: I'd chide you as a fiſh,
But that your choice pleads for you.
Tim. Mother, pray
Salute my wife, and tell me if one may not
Lie with her lips; nay, you too, Mrs. Holland,
You taught her to make ſhirts and bone-lace; ſhe's
Out of her time now.
Mrs. Hol. I releaſe her, Sir.
Ware. I took your ſiſter for a lady, nephew.
Plot. I kept her like one, Sir; my Temple ſcores
Went to maintain the title, out of hope
To gain ſome great match for her, which you ſee
Is come to paſs.
Ware. Well, Mr. Seathrift,
Things are juſt fallen out as we contriv'd 'em;
I grieve not I'm deceiv'd. Believe me, gentlemen,

You

You all did your parts well; 'twas carried cleanly,
And though I could take ſome things ill of you,
Fair Miſtreſs, yet 'twas plot, and I forget it.
Let's in, and make 'em portions.

Sea. Lead the way, Sir.

Baneſ. Pray, ſtay a little, Sir.

Ware. More revelations yet!

Baneſ. I all this while have ſtood behind the curtain;
You have a brother, Sir; and you a father.

Plot. If he do live, I have.

Baneſ. He in his time
Was held the wealthieſt merchant on th' Exchange.

Ware. 'Tis true, but that his ſhipwrecks broke him.

Baneſ. And the debt for which he broke, I hear you have compounded.

Sea. I am paid it.

Baneſ. Then I thank you. [*Baneſw. undiſguiſes.*

Ware. My brother Plotwell!

Baneſ. Son, I wiſh you joy.

Plot. O my bleſs'd ſtars! my father!

Baneſ. And to you, fair miſtreſs,
Let it not breed repentance that I have,
For my ſecurity to 'ſcape your father,
A while deſcended from my ſelf to this
Unworthy ſhape. Now I can caſt it off,
And be my true ſelf. I have a ſhip, which fame
Gave out for loſt, but juſt now landed too,
Worth twenty thouſand pound towards your match.

Sea. Better, and better ſtill.

Ware. Well; what was wanting
Unto your joys, and made theſe nuptials
Imperfect, brother, you by your diſcovery
Have fully added.

Enter Cypher.

Cyph. Sir, the two ſheriffs are
Within, and have both brought their wives.

Ware. The feaſt intended for my wedding ſhall be yours.
To which, I add, may you ſo love, to ſay
When old, your time was but one marriage-day.

The EPILOGUE at WHITE-HALL.

THE Author was deceiv'd, for ſhould the Parts
And Play, which you have ſeen, plead Rules and Arts,
Such as ſtrict Criticks write by, who refuſe
To allow the Buſkin to the Comic Muſe;
Whoſe Region is the People, every Strain
Of Royalty being Tragic, though none ſlain:
He'd now, Great Sir, hold all his Rules untrue,
And think his beſt Rules are the Queen and You.
He ſhould have ſearch'd the Stories of each Age,
And brought five Acts of Princes on the Stage.
He ſhould have taken Meaſure, and rais'd Sport
From Perſons bright, and glorious as your Court;
And ſhould have made his Argument to be
Fully as high, and great, as they that ſee.
Here, he confeſſeth, you did nothing meet
But what was firſt a Comedy i'th' Street:
Cheapſide brought into Verſe, no Paſſage ſtrange
If any here, that hath been at th' Exchange.
But he hopes, none doth value it ſo low,
As to compare it with my Lord-Mayor's Show.
This ſo unlike, that ſome, he fears, did ſit,
Too, miſſing Pageants, did o'erſee the Wit.
Since then his Scene no Pomp or Highneſs boaſts,
And low things graced, ſhew Princes Princes moſt;
Your Royal Smiles will raiſe't, and make him ſay,
He only wrote; your liking made the Play.

The EPILOGUE at BLACK-FRIERS.

ONCE more the Author, e'er you riſe, doth ſay,
Though he have publick Warrant for his Play;
Yet he to the King's Command needs the King's Writ
To keep him ſafe, not to be arraign'd for Wit.
Not that he fears his Name can ſuffer Wrack
From them who Six-pence pay and Six-pence crack.
To ſuch he wrote not; though ſome Parts have been
So like here, that themſelves came in.
To them who call't Reproof to make a Face,
Who think they judge when they frown i'th' wrong Place;
Who, if they ſpeak not ill o'th' Poet, doubt
They loſe by the Play, nor have their two Shillings out:
He ſays, he hopes they'll not expect he'd woo,
The Play being done, their ſower Looks too.
But, before you, who did true Hearers ſit,
Who ſingly make a Box, and fill the Pit,
Who to his Comedy read, and unſeen,
Had thronged Theaters, and Black-Friers *been,*
He for his Doom ſtands; your Hands are his Bays,
Since they can only clap, who know to praiſe.

THE LOST LADY: A Tragi-Comedy.

By Sir WILLIAM BARCLAY.

I Can give no more Account of this Play, than that it was written by Sir William Barclay, *and printed in the Year* 1639; *but whether it was ever acted or not, the Title-Page does not inform us.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
Lyſicles.	*Mileſia.*
Eugenio.	*Hermione.*
Agenor.	*Irene.*
Cledn.	*Phillida.*
Ergaſto.	*Acanthe.*
Phormio.	
Pindarus.	
Phyſician.	

THE LOST LADY: A Tragi-Comedy.

ACT I.

Enter Agenor, Physician.

Age. SIR, I hope Lord Lysicles is not yet retir'd.

Phys. No Sir, he commanded immediate notice
Should be given of your coming.

Age. I fear my stay at the castle hath made my
Duty seem unmannerly; but till this minute I had not
My dispatches from the governor.

Phys. Let it not trouble you, he never shuts his eyes
Till all this other world opens theirs; nor does he
Sleep then, but with distracted thoughts
Labours his fancy, to present him objects that may
Advance his grief.

Age.

Age. What may the monſtrous cauſe be?
Phyſ. 'Twas monſtrous indeed; he loſt his miſtreſs,
Barbarouſly murdered by her perfidious uncle:
Her urn is in Cirrha, which my lord nightly
Viſits, and preſents it all his contracted
Sighs of the fled day; but at his parting
Re-aſſumeth more, by thinking ſhe is not: to
Whoſe dear memory his tears and griefs are
Offered. He's now alone, and the religious awe
Which makes our prieſts retire, before they
Do adore the incenſed powers, is ſeen in him,
Who never dares approach her honoured tomb,
Till a juſt contemplation of his loſs, hath
Made his ſorrow eloquent.
See! he comes. If when he parts, your haſte will
Licenſe you, I will relate the ſtory of his
Unequal'd ſufferings.

Enter Lyſicles.

Lyſ. Do you depart to-night?
Age. This hour, my Lord.
Lyſ. I will not wrong you to intreat your care in ſudden
Delivering theſe ſmall packets; but leſt you
Should believe they are meerly ceremonious,
And ſo bear any date, I now inform you,
I am concern'd in nothing nearer, my griefs excepted.
Age. I wiſh your Lordſhip's happineſs.
Lyſ. Firſt, wiſh me a captivity, for as I am
I'th'inſtant, if heaven ſhould pour his bleſſings
On me, their quality would alter. Sir, good night. [*Exit.*
Phyſ. Sir, you are ſad.
Age. He has no heart to joy that can be otherwiſe,
That ſees this glorious youth groan under his harſh fate.
Phyſ. What a ſad accent had each word he uttered?
Age. I could not mark them much, but his whole
Frame is of ſuch making, as if deſpair had been the
architect.
We may wiſh, not hope, a long life in him.
Phyſ. Sir, will you now take horſe?
Age. I ſhould, had you not promis'd the original of
This misfortune, and truſt me 'tis a bold

Curioſi

Curioſity, that makes me ſearch into it; for if
The ſilent preſentation hath ſtrook amazement
In me, how ſhall I guard my heart, when ſad
Diſaſters violence my paſſions?
Phyſ. Thus then, in ſhort.
Theſe noble kingdoms, Theſſaly and Sparta,
Have from the time two Kings commanded all,
Under both titles, ſtill been emulous,
And jealous of th' advantages which each
Suſpected might be in the adverſe party:
This caus'd a laſting war, but the fierce ſtorm
Threatned not till the reign of theſe two Kings,
Both crowned young, both of an equal age,
Both having all the paſſions of their ſubjects,
Their fears excepted. The embaſſadors
That ſhould congratulate the new-made Kings,
As if one ſpirit had inſpired both,
Came with this meſſage little varied ——
"That each were joy'd in ſuch an enemy;
"No more the fearful wiſdom of old men
"Should ruſt their ſwords, that fate had given to one
"Command of all." In ſhort, their forces met,
And in ten bloody days none could decide
Which had the better cauſe;
The virtues of each prince ſo prevalent,
Fortune was but ſpectator. To conclude,
Urgent affairs at home compell'd each King
To leave their armies; ours committed his
To Strimon, father of prince Lyſicles;
The duke of Argos did command the Spartan,
Who ſwoln with the great name of general,
Before his King had hardly left the ſight
Of this great army, draws his forces out,
And fac'd us in our trenches. 'Tis not yet
Unqueſtion'd, whether fear or policy
Made Strimon keep in his: but certainly this,
That virtue ſharpen'd by neceſſity,
Procur'd our triumph. Here Lyſicles
Anticipated years unto his fame,
And on the wounds of his brave enemy,

Did

Did write his ſtory, which our virgins ſing.
But from this conqueſt did begin the cauſe of all his miſery.
Age. How from this? unleſs the King ſhould judge
It too dangerous an honour to be given to one.
Phyſ. He's lord of ſo much virtue,
He cannot fear it in a ſubject.
Age. And as the common voice reach'd him in Athos,
There's none he looks on with greater
Demonſtration of his love.
Phyſ. I know not that, but this I am perfect in,
His judgment is directed by the King's ſo powerfully,
He cannot think his virtues injured,
Though many ſhould be nearer in his graces,
It would afflict him ſtrangely if any ſhould be thought,
To love his Prince better than he.
Age. Pardon my interruption, pray proceed.
Phyſ. The duke defeated, poſts unto the court,
Where he deſign'd, unto his dire revenge,
Th'obſcureſt path that ever time reveal'd
Since her firſt glaſs. Procures his King to throw
Neglects upon him, and to ſeem in doubt
Of his obliged faith. A ſevere ſearch
Is made on his papers, his treaſure valued
By the publick officer, and himſelf,
Twice deprehended in a ſeeming flight,
Calumniated, libel'd, and diſgrac'd,
By his own ſeeking, and belief of others;
Who judging him to be their honour's ruin,
Firſt raze his houſe, and then demand his life
As ſacrifice unto their brothers, ſons,
Nephews, and publick loſs. Sedition
Had now the face of piety, which once
Receiv'd as juſt, can hardly be repell'd.
The King with difficulty doth aſſure his life,
With promiſe of his baniſhment.
This he fore-ſaw and ſought, and did diſguiſe
Himſelf, in fear of the incenſed people.
Parts in the night, and partner of his fate
Hath his fair neice, who is ſo innocent,
She cannot think there is a greater crime,

Practi

actis'd by men than error, which does make
s ſeem more vicious, than in act we are.
Age. I want a perſpective for this dark myſtery;
nd but your knowledge doth diſſolve my doubts,
would ſeem a riddle, that a gentleman
f his known valour, reputation,
ould ſtrive to loſe both for ſome ſecret end,
annot yet arrive to.
Phyſ. Sir, you know
evenge doth maſter all our paſſions,
at are not ſervants to her rage.
Age. But how, unfriended, baniſh'd, the reproach
f traytor fix'd upon him, he could find
he way unto't more eaſy, I am ignorant.
Phyſ. This ſtory will reſolve you. To this court he comes,
brought to the King; then with a modeſt freedom
elates his ſufferings, hopes that fame hath taught
is ſtory ere his coming, elſe he ſhould
ontinue miſerable, as believ'd,
th by his friends and enemies a traytor.
livers, that he ſought protection
om him, becauſe none elſe could vindicate
s innocence, which many mothers here,
th he, have wept that day when fortune
nſulted fate, who ſhould be conqueror,
u brave lords (ſaith he) that were preſent, did my
ſword
rley? Did you receive wounds on condition?
ere theſe by compact? All my blood is loſt
ce 'tis diſcredited, what before was ſpent,
n in my name, and made that live: but now
eat King, you only repeal my honour's fall,
giving death unto your enemy.
r prince reſents his fate, confirms him his
a large penſion, and too ſoon intruſts
th all his ſecrets; gives him means to view
forts, which he deſigns, and learns the ſtrength
each particular province; and inform'd
all, makes his eſcape, and is received
the Spartana king, with all remonſtrances
love, and confeſs'd ſervice; but before

He

He parted, did that horrid act which
Lyſicles muſt die for.

Age. Indeed this ſtory doth not much concern
Him, if I miſtake not.

Phyſ. At his arrival here, he left his niece,
With this deſign, that when his plots were ripe,
Without ſuſpect he might come to the borders.
Hither he comes, and at his entrance, is
By a baſe traitorous ſervant certified,
Of the great love 'twixt her and Lyſicles,
The compact of their vows, with divers letters
The lovers had exchang'd. He ſtorms, and cries,
If thou doſt love, young Lyſicles, my hate
Shall ſtrike thee dead; thy hand pluck'd back my hon
When it was mounting, be conſtant, and this hand
Shall by her death give thee a lingring one,
And my revenge in thy own houſe begin.
Then with a barbarous unheard-of cruelty
Murthers his niece, and the ſame inſtant flies.
Fame had the next ſun blown this through the city,
His houſe was ſearch'd, the trunk of the dead lady
Found in the hall, the head he carried with him,
In honour of his cruelty.

Age. Sure he was mad!

Phyſ. I would ſay ſo too, but that I would not mak
Him leſs guilty of this inhumanity.

Age. What furies govern man! We hazard all
Our lives and fortunes to gain hated memories;
And in the ſearch of virtue, tremble at ſhadows.
But how are you aſcertain'd that he did
This horrid act?

Phyſ. He ſent the ſummons of her death,
By her that had betray'd her; the report
Did make her ſpirits throng unto her heart,
And ſure had kill'd it, had not heaven decreed
His hand ſhould be as black as his intent.
She begg'd ſome time for prayer, and retir'd;
In her own blood did write her tragedy,
And parting wiſhes, to her dear betroth'd.
Now hear the ſtrangeſt miſtook piety,
That ever entered in a virgin's breaſt.

She ſo much loved this barbarous homicide,
She would not have him guilty of her death;
And therefore with her own hand wounds herſelf,
And as ſhe bled, ſhe writ unto her Lord:
At laſt concludes,
They will not let me make them innocent;
I'm call'd unto my death, and I repent
My wound, becauſe I would not hurt
That which I hope you lov'd. This bloody note
Was found the next day in her pocket.

Age. And came it to the Lord Lyſicles?

Phyſ. It did; and if you e'er had ſeen
A hundred parents at one time deplore
The unexpected deaths of their loſt children,
The father's ſorrow, and the mother's tears
Would emblemize, but not expreſs his grief.
Sometimes he ſhriek'd, as if h'ad ſent his ſoul
Out in his voice; ſometimes ſtood fix'd, and gaz'd
As if he had no ſenſe of what he ſaw:
Sometimes he'd ſwoon; and if the memory
Of his dear miſtreſs, even i'th' gates of death,
Had not purſu'd him, he had certain died.
Torment did now give life; at laſt he drew
His ſword, and e'er he could be ſtay'd, did fall
Upon the point. This I think did preſerve him;
For not being mortal, and he fainting with
The loſs of blood, had not then ſtrength enough
To end himſelf, until he was perſuaded
To live, to celebrate her memory;
Which nightly he doth do upon her tomb,
Whither he now is gone.

Age. I have not heard of ſuch a love as this!

Phyſ. Nor ever ſhall of ſuch a beauty as did cauſe it.
'Tis late, and I'll not trouble you with her ſtory:
When you're at court, all tongues will ſpeak
Her merit to your wonder. I'll bring you to your horſe.

The Tomb diſcovered. [*Exit.*

Enter Ergaſto and Cleon.

Cle. And will you marry now?

Er. Indeed will I.

Cle. And what ſhall be done with all thoſe locks of hair you have?

Er. Why I'll make buttons of 'em, and had they half
The value that I ſwore they had, when I did beg 'em,
Rich orient diamonds could not equal them:
Some came eaſily, and ſome I was forc'd to dig for in the mine.

Cle. And your priz'd liberty, what ſhall become of that?
You ſwore you would not marry till there were
A law eſtabliſhed, that married men
Might be redeemed, as ſlaves are.

Er. I was an aſs when I talk'd ſo:
Thoſe damn'd books of chaſtity I read
In my minority, corrupted me; but ſince
I'm practis'd in the world, I find there are
No greater libertines than married men.
'Tis true, 'twas dangerous, this knot, in the
Firſt age, when it was a crime to break vows:
But thanks to Venus, the ſcene is alter'd,
And we act other parts. I'll tell thee
The privileges we enjoy when we are married.
Firſt, our ſecrecy is held authentick,
Which is aſſurance will take up any woman at
Intereſt, that is not peeviſh; then th' acquaintance
Which our wives bring us, to whom at times I carry
My wife's commendations; and if their huſbands be
Not at home, I do commend myſelf.

Cle. For what, I pr'ythee?

Er. For a good dancer,
A good rider, a good——any thing
That I think will pleaſe 'em.

Cle. Thou'lt have a damnable conceit of thy wife,
By thy knowledge and opinion of all other
Women, unleſs you think her a phœnix.

Er. 'Twill be my beſt reſolution. But hark in thy
Ear, rogue, I could be content to think, and
Wiſh mine and all——for the publick good,
And wear my horns with as much confidence,
As the beſt velvet-head of 'em all, and paint
Them in my creſt, with this inſcription,
Theſe he deſerv'd for his love to the Commonwealth.

Cle. A rare fame you would purchaſe!
Er. A more laſting one than any monument you can
Repeat the epitaph of; and would it not be
Glorious to be commemorated as the firſt founder
Of the commonalty of undiſparag'd cuckolds?
Cle. Yes, and pray'd for by baſtards that got better
Fathers than they were deſtin'd to by their mothers
marriages.
Er. And curs'd by ſurgeons that were undone by
Honeſt women's practices.
Cle. And this done voluntarily, which you will
Hardly avoid, though you have a thouſand
Guards to prevent it. I that have been your
Play-fellow, ſhall be firſt ſuſpected,
And firſt baniſh'd.
Er. By Jupiter, never! no, though 't would preſerve
A thouſand ſmooth fore-heads. If ſhe be honeſt,
Your arts cannot alter her; and if otherwiſe,
Had I not rather adopt a ſon of thine
Than a ſtranger's: And confeſs truly, Cleon,
Would you not for this publick benefit be
Content to ſacrifice a ſiſter, that we might
Love no longer by obligations, but affection; and
Seeing, liking, and enjoying, finiſh'd in a meeting.
Cle. Unleſs I had means to appropriate one, you
Cannot ſuſpect but I ſhould wiſh a title unto all.
But what hopes have you of your Miſtreſs?
Er. No airy ones of liking and affection, but mine
Are built on *terra firma* already, which her father
Looks on greedily, and proportions
This to that grand-child, to the ſecond this.
Cle. Is he not ſomewhat ſtartled at the report of
Thy debauchery? For though your thick-ſet woods,
And ſpreading vineyards, make excellent ſhades
To keep away the ſun; I mean the piercing eye
Of cenſure; yet ſome ſuſpicions common fame will raiſe.
Er. Indeed it was my enemy, whilſt my elder brother
liv'd.
Cle. But ſince his death you are altered. I muſt
Confeſs it, for then the ſlenderneſs of your
Annuity allowed you but the election of ſome

One ſin: I mean a cheriſh'd ſin, whilſt
The others repin'd, that thought themſelves
Of equal dignity; in time they had their turns,
Yet ſingly ſtill: but ſince your brother's death
You have ſhewn yourſelf a grateful
Gentleman, and recompenc'd thoſe that have
Suffer'd for you to the full.

Er. A pretty ſatire this, to whip boys of nine!
Yet ſtill I tell thee, I am another in the opinion of the world.

Cle. Another Heliogabalus thou wouldſt be,
Hadſt thou his power; but by what conjuration can
You bring me to think it?

Er. By reaſon, which is a ſpirit will hardly be
Rais'd in you; but thus it is: Whilſt my brother
Liv'd, my wildneſs was obſerved by——

Cle. But now you walk in ſhades, recluſe, and ſhut
Up in your coach; your painted liveries
Suppoſed fairies, and ſhe that you were wont to
Viſit by the name of Madam Ruffiana, is now
Your aunt: All this I am perfect in; yet cannot
Reach the myſtery of your ſuppos'd diſguiſe,
You ſay doth maſk you.

Er. Hear me, and be converted. I ſay, I was
Obſerved by thoſe that were neareſt in blood to me;
And with fear too, leſt the ruin of my
Fortune might force them to ſupply my wants.
This caus'd the ague; this the admonitions, and
Frequent counſels; ſometimes ſevere reproofs,
Every one curling himſelf from any hopes of mine
That would aſſiſt me; and thoſe gave largeſt counſels
That would give nothing elſe.

Cl. Of this I am yet a ſad party, and a witneſs too.

Er. Since my brother's death, the names of things
Are changed; my riots are the bounties of my nature
Careleſſneſs the freedom of my ſoul?
My prodigality an eaſineſs of mind proportion'd
To my fortune: Believe me, Cleon, this poverty
Is that which puts a multiplying-glaſs upon our
Faults, and makes 'em ſwell, and fill the eye;
Our crimes cry higheſt then, when they have brought
us low.

Cle. I have not known any condemn'd for playing,
But for loſing.

Er. True, and let it be thy rule for all things elſe.

Cle. If this be certain, 'twill be long e'er I be reputed virtuous.

Er. Thou'lt never be, unleſs it be this way,
I propheſy, good Cleon.

Cle. 'Tis a ſad ſtory, pray let us leave it. Have you no rivals?

Er. None preſent that I can fear, having her
Father's firm conſent.

Cle. Eugenio, your rival, ſtill continues baniſh'd.

Er. And I hope will, till I am full poſſeſſed of Hermione.

Cle. Did you give him cauſe to draw upon you in th' garriſon?

Er. Nor knew then of any offence, or his pretences,
Which his folly look'd I ſhould divine; he met me on the guard,
And drew upon me: We had a little ſcuffle,
Were parted, and he baniſh'd for the inſolence.

Cle. Prince Lyſicles labours to recall him.

Er. By all means; he was by in the nois'd battle, ſaw the
Prince cleave this man to the twiſt, divide a ſecond,
Overthrow a third; he is his trumpet.

Cle. His actions need none.

Er. Wilt thou be happy, Cleon, believe not fame
So far, as to make thyſelf leſs than another man.
There were thouſands that ſerved for ſix ſeſterce,
That did more than both; yet ſleep forgotten. 'Tis
Now time to meet the Ladies on the walk. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lyſicles, kneels to the Tomb, and then ſpeaks.

Ly. I do prophane this place, for were my griefs
As great as I would boaſt 'em, I could not live
To tell them to the world.
Or is the paſſage which my ſoul ſhould make,
Shut up with ſorrow? 'Tis ſo, and a joy,
A hopeful joy, to meet her, muſt give freedom
To my ſad priſoner, when my hand ſhall lead

This dagger to his heart, that parted ours.
And heaven that hears this vow, pour on my head
Dire thunder, if I ſhrink in what I promiſe.
And ſacred'ſt Saint, if from thy place of reſt,
Thou turn'ſt thy eyes upon thy holy relicks,
Accept my vows, and pardon me the life
Of the curſt homicide, a full revenge
Of thy death, and my life's miſery,
Shall make him pay the time he has out-liv'd
My happineſs; and when he is fall'n,
Preſent thyſelf in all thy glories to me,
That my freed ſoul may owe her liberty
To no force, but impatient longing
Of re-enjoying thee: And, holy tomb,
The altar where my heart is nightly offered,
Let my wing'd love have paſſage through thy marble,
And fan the ſacred aſhes, knowing no heat,
But what he takes from them. So peace and reſt
Dwell ever with thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Hermione, Irene, Phillida; all veiled.

Ire. Dear Hermione, pinch me, or I ſhall ſink with
laughter.

Her. What ſaid the ſtranger, Phillida? I did not hear it.

Phil. Nothing, Madam.

Her. Then he did talk by ſigns, he was long about it.
What was't, Irene?

Ire. He long importun'd her to ſhew her face, which
After many urgings ſhe conſented to; and he in
Recompence made a low rev'rence to her, and
Then thanks her for the great favour, and
Concludes he never did receive ſo great a one
From any woman, ſince all elſe have done them with
A reference to themſelves; but her's was merely
Goodneſs: for before he ſaw her, he might
Have ſuſpected her face, handſomely hid, for a
Piece of beauty, if her virtue would have
Suffered him to be longer in that error.

Phil. I would I were a man for his ſake.

Ire. So you told him, and he ſtill courteous for
All your anger, promis'd to give you what you
Want

Wanted of a man, or teach you how to make one.

Her. Thou wilt never be old, wench, if thou ſtill
Keep'ſt this humour.

Enter Ergaſto and Cleon.

Ire. Not a ſigh older theſe ſeven years, if't
Pleaſe Sir Cupid; for he blows our bellows.
But look, yonder's your ſervant, there's no
Starting now; you muſt ſtand to't: But before
He comes to interrupt us, obſerve with me,
How in that deep band, ſhort cloak, and his
Great boots, he looks three ſtories high, and
His head is the garret, where he keeps nothing but lifts of
Horſe-matches, and ſome deſigns for his next clothes.

Phil. Where is his cellarage?

Ire. He'll ſhew it thee himſelf, dear Phillida, and
Thine too, if thou wilt have him! But they make to us!

Er. Madam, will you honour me, and this gentleman,
With a ſight of that which doth inrich the world?

Her. You will not take our excuſes, if we ſhould ſay
You find us now with more advantage to our beauties.

Er. So breaks the morning forth, but the ſun's
Rays are not ſo quick and piercing as your eyes,
For they deſcend even to our hearts.

Ire. Heaven defend! my heart would tremble if they ſhould.

Er. Why, Madam?

Ire. See ſuch impieties as are lodg'd there in a
Man, and not be ſtruck with horror! 'tis impoſſible.

Er. Your wit doth make you cruel: But, Madam, I
Have ſomething to deliver unto you, which your
Father commanded no ear ſhould hear but yours.

Ire. What have you there, Cleon?

Cle. Verſes, Madam.

Ire. Whoſe?

Cle. Of Lord Ergaſto's,
Written in celebration of the fair Hermione.

Ire. Did he buy them, or found them without a father,
And has adopted them for his own?

Cle. They are his own.

Ire. Here.

Cle. I pray read them.

Ire. What have I deſerv'd of you, good Cleon, that
You ſhould make me read his verſes in his own preſence?
If you think I have not already as ill an opinion
Of him, as I can have, you loſe your labour.

Cle. Read them, and I'll aſſure you, you'll find things
Well ſaid and ſeriouſly; and you will alter your opinion
of him.

Ire. Pray give them me, I long to be working wonders.
[*She reads ſingle words.*
Rubies,——*Pearls,*——*Roſes,*——*Heaven.*
Do you not think he has done my couſin a
Simple favour, comparing of her voice to that of heaven?

Cle. 'Tis his love makes him do it; not finding any
Thing on earth fit to expreſs her, he
Searcheth heaven for a ſimilitude.

Ire. Alas! good gentleman, 'tis the firſt time he
Ever thought on't; what frequent thunders
Should I hear, if 'twere as he would have it?
Let me counſel you: Lay them aſide till
They have contracted an inch of duſt, then with
Your finger write their epitaph, expreſſing
The mutual quiet they gave men, and receiv'd
From them; or, as all poiſons ſerve for ſome uſe,
Give them your phyſician, and let him
Apply them to his patient for a vomit;
This way they may be uſeful.

Cle. However you eſteem them, ſuch an elogy
Would make you think your glaſs had not yet flattered
you.

Ire. It cannot, I prevent it, and accuſe it, for
Not ſhewing the hills of ſnow, the rubies
And the roſes, they ſay, have being from me.
But ſtay, heaven opens, and I ſee a tempeſt coming;
Your poet is a prophet.

Her. I'll call an oath to be my witneſs.

Er. Madam!

Her. My own fears light upon me, if the night that
Eves the day of marriage, doth not ſhut me from the
world.

Er. Why, Madam, this intemperance?
Her. 'Tis a juſt anger.
Er. If you are angry, Madam, with all that love you,
There lives none that has more enemies,
Every eye that looks upon you, you muſt hate.
Ire. Sir Cleon, our friends are engaged, pray let
Us be o'th' party. What has call'd up this
Choler in my ſweet couſin? My Lord, you have
Been begging favours.
Er. Yes, of heaven, that it would furniſh me
With merits fit to deſerve your couſin.
Ire. When it has granted you, return to her, and
Renew your ſuit; but if you ſtay till then,
You muſt get ſpectacles to ſee her beauty with.
Her. Why ſhould you hinder your repoſe and mine?
You know I never lov'd you.
Ire. Then he has no reaſon to accuſe you of inconſtancy.
Er. Why are you fair? or why has my ſtars
Enforc'd me to love nothing elſe?
Ire. If your love were conſiderable, what an
Obligation had your couſin to your ſtars?
Then theſe remonſtrances of yours are
Impulſive, and not voluntary.
Er. I cannot tell, but when I ſeriouſly direct them to you,
I'll ſwear I am bewitch'd.
Cle. Madam, this is repugnant to your other virtues,
That you ſhould hate a man for loving you.
Before he did profeſs himſelf your ſervant,
I know you did receive him with indifferency,
At leaſt: Whence then proceeds your hate?
Her. From his expreſſion of his love.
Cle. A cruel ſon ſprung from ſo mild a father, if he did
Urge you to any thing, might blaſt your honour.
Ire. She would not hear him; and as it is, how
Much does he oblige her? He's now her ſervant,
And would intreat her to let him be her maſter;
A requeſt ſtrangely modeſt!
Cle. If I were he, I'd take an honourable compoſition,

Let her chuſe whom ſhe pleas'd for huſband,
And continue her ſecret ſervant ſtill.

Her. You are uncivil.

Enter Pindarus.

Cle. Pardon me, Madam, this mirth's a liberty;
Your couſin doth allow me.——Here comes your father.

Pindarus whiſpers with Ergaſto, he ſpeaks to Hermia.

Pin. How long is't you have undertaken to be your
Own diſpoſer?

Her. Sir!

Pin. After my cares had ſought you out a man that
brings
All bleſſings that the world calls happy, you muſt refuſe
him?

Her. Sir, I have taken an oath.

Pin. I know the prieſt that gave it. Do you not bluſh,
Being ſo young, to know how to diſtinguiſh the difference
Of deſires? And this ſo wildly, that you will put off your
Obedience rather than loſe one that you dare not ſay
Hath int'reſt in you; but by my hopes of reſt,
I'll uſe the power cuſtom and nature give me,
To force you to your happineſs.

Enter Lyſicles.

Ly. How now, my Lord? What miracle can raiſe
A tempeſt here, where ſo much beauty reigns?

Pin. My Lord, you are not practis'd in the cares of
Fathers; I thought to have ſeen this gentleman
My ſon to-morrow; and ſhe does refuſe him. But——

Ly. It muſt not be; pardon me, Virtue, that I begin
An act, will ſet a ſtain upon my bluſhing brow:
Yet I muſt thorough. Lord Pindarus, my
Fortunes carry a pardon with them, when
They make me err in acts of ceremonial
Decencies, they have been ſo heavy and ſo mighty,
They have bent me ſo low to th' earth,
I could not caſt my face upwards to hope a bleſſing;
The cauſe you are perfect in.

Pin.

Pin. 'Tis a noble ſorrow; but your deep melancholy
Gives it too large a growth.
Ly. Thus all do preſs it; yet had my grief relation
Only to myſelf, I would not part them from
My heart and memory they juſtly do poſſeſs:
But my father hath no more iſſue ſave myſelf,
For to confer his name and fortunes on.
Pin. Our Greece would mourn, if ſuch a glorious
Stock ſhould end in the moſt flouriſhing branch.
Ly. If you do wiſh it a continuance, 'tis in your
Power to make it laſt to ages. Since my
Miſeſia's death, I have not lov'd a lady equal
With your Hermione; in her I hope to loſe
My ſwol'n misfortunes, and find out a joy
That may extinguiſh them. 'Tis now no time
To tell her how much I am her ſervant; for
This Lord here, that does pretend to her fair
Graces, before I had declar'd myſelf his
Rival, perchance you would believe me, if
I had ſaid, he no way doth deſerve her.
Pin. Where you pretend, who can? But heaven,
That deſign'd a bleſſing to my child, it had
Been pride to hope for, hath made her ſtill
Averſe to his pretences; but giving her the
Liberty of refuſing, I know he is remov'd.
Ly. Thus then to-morrow I'll wait on you.
Ladies, I am your ſervant. [*Exit.*
Pin. My Lord Ergaſto, you ſee with how much candour
I have embrac'd your love; yet though I do
Put on a father's ſtrictneſs in my daughter's preſence,
I cannot force her to an act, whereon
For ever will depend her happineſs.
My houſe ſhall ſtill be open to you as my heart.
My buſineſs calls me, get you home; your ſervant.
[*Exit Pindarus.*
Cle. Ergaſto, my Lord Ergaſto, what have you left
Your tongue with your heart?
Er. Is ſhe not ſtrangely fair?
Cle. You'll not believe me, if I ſhould ſay the contrary.
Er. D'ye think that there are ſuch faces in Elyſium?

Cle. I'm ſure many better go t'other way, if they
Be not marr'd in the voyage. But do you
Remember where you are to meet with Phormio?
Er. Nor any thing elſe; her beauty makes me forget
All things that has no reference to it.
Cle. Hey-day! if within theſe two hours you do
Not forget the cauſe of this forgetfulneſs, I'll
Be an eunuch. What if the Prince ſhould be your
Rival? I cannot tell, but my Lord Pindarus on a
Sudden fell from his anger to his daughter, to a
Ceremony to you, might be ſuſpected.
Er. 'Tis a fear that makes me tremble.
Cle. Courage, man! If you have not loſt your
Memory, your remedy is certain: There
Are more handſome faces will recompence this loſs.
Let us meet Phormio. [*Exeunt.*

Actus II. Scena I.

Enter Hermione, Irene, and Phillida.

Ire. HAVE you ſent for th' Egyptian Lady?
Her. I have; and ſhe'll be here within this half hour.
Ire. She ſpeaks our language.
Her. Her father was of Greece, a wealthy merchant,
And his buſineſs enforcing him to leave his
Country, he married a lady of that place where he liv'd,
Who excellent in the myſtery of divination,
Hath left that knowledge to her daughter,
Enrich'd with thouſand other modeſt virtues,
As is deliver'd to me by thoſe are frequent with her.
Ire. Do you believe what Phillida ſaith
Is the voice of all your friends?
Her. What is't?
Ire. That you ſhall marry with Prince Lyſicles.

Phil.

Phil. I heard your uncle ſay, the governor did
eceive it with all appearances of joy, in hope
his match will free him from this deep melancholy:
nd 'tis determin'd the next feaſt joins your hands.
Her. The grave muſt be my bed then.
ith what harſh fate doth heaven afflict me,
hat all thoſe bleſſings which make others happy,
uſt be my ruin! But if this lady's knowledge
all inform me, that I ſhall ne'er enjoy Eugenio,
arkneſs ſhall ſeize me, ere tapers light
y bluſhes to the forſworn Hymen's rites.
Ire. Why ſhould you labour your diſquiet, couſin?
nticipating thus your knowledge, you will make
our future ſufferings preſent; and ſo call
aſting griefs upon you, which your hopes
ight diſſipate, till heaven had made your mind
rong enough to encounter them.
Her. Dear Irene, our ſtars, whoſe influence doth govern us,
e not malignant to us, but whilſt we
emain in this falſe earth. He that hath courage
o diveſt himſelf of that, removes with it
heir powers to hurt him; and injur'd Love,
ho ſees that fortune would uſurp his power,
know will not be wanting.

Enter Acanthe the Moor.

e, the Lady comes!
adam, the excuſe that juſtifies ſick men, that
nd for their phyſician, muſt beg my pardon,
hat did not viſit you to have this honour. Here you ſee
virgin that hath long ſtood the mark of fortune,
d now's ſo full of miſery, that though the Gods
ſented what I ſuffer, yet I fear
hat they have plung'd me to extremes exceed
heir own aſſiſtance.
Moor. Fear not their power.
Her. I do not; but their will to help me I muſt doubt;
r thoſe that know no reaſon of their hate,
uſt fear it is perpetual.
d let the enſigns of their wrath fall on me,

If e'er by any willing act I have
Provok'd their juſtice. To you now, in whom
'Tis ſaid, as in their oracle they ſpeak, I come to
Know what mighty growth of dangers are decreed me.
Moor. Firſt, deareſt Lady, do not think my power
Great as my will to ſerve you; 'tis ſo weak
That if you ſhould rely on't, I ſhall ſeem
Cold in your ſervice, when it does not anſwer
What is expected from it. All I know,
Is but conjectured; for our ſtars incline,
Not force us in our actions. Let me obſerve your face.
Her. Do, and if yet you are not perfect in your myſteries,
Obſerve mine well; and when you meet a face
Branded with ſuch a line, conclude it miſerable:
When an eye that doth reſemble this,
Teach it to weep betimes, that ſo being loſt,
It may not ſee thoſe miſeries muſt be its only object.
[*The Moor ſtarts*
Are my misfortunes of that horrid ſhape,
That the mere ſpeculation doth affright
Thoſe whoſe compaſſion only it concerns?
I that muſt ſtand the ſtrokes then, what defence
Shall I prepare againſt them? Yet a hope
That they be ripen'd now to fall on me,
Lightens a deſperate joy to my dark ſoul:
For the laſt dart ſhall be embrac'd
As remedy, to cure my former wounds.
Moor. 'Tis not that; I was ſurpriz'd in conſidering muſt
Partake of all your fortunes; for our aſcendants
Threaten like danger to us both.
Her. Are then my miſeries grown infectious too?
Muſt that be added? Pardon me, gentle Lady; this crime
I muſt account amongſt my ſecret faults:
I meant no more but to communicate,
Not part my ſorrows with you.
Moor. Would you could; with what great willingneſs
Should I embrace a ſhare of what afflicts you?

I'd haſte to meet and eaſe you of your fears.
Now if to one whoſe intereſt does force her
To advance your hopes, you dare deliver
The cauſe of your diſquiet, you ſhall find
A cloſet, if not a fort, to vindicate your fears.
Her. You ſhall know all. I have exchang'd my heart
With a young gentleman's, now baniſhed
His country and my hopes; his rival labours
To make me his; my father reſolute
I ſhould conſent, till fortune chang'd, but
Leſſen'd not my ſufferings; for our Prince
Lyſicles ruins me with the honour of his ſearch.
Moor. Does Eugenio know you love him?
Her. No.
Moor. Why does he doubt it?
Her. A womaniſh ſcorn to have my love reveal'd,
Made me receive his declaration of it
As an affront unto my honour.
And when he came to take his leave,
I left him in the opinion I would obey my father.
Moor. I've heard as much; but contradictions
In the Prince's actions do amaze me:
They ſay he loves your friend, and labours now
For to recall him; and that every night
He courts his former flame, hid in the aſhes
Of his loſt miſtreſs.
Her. By this, judge how miſerable I am?
That my malignant ſtars force them to change
Nature and virtue too, that elſe would ſhine
Unmoved, like the ſtar that does direct
The wand'ring ſeamen. Muſt then nature change,
And will not fortune ceaſe to perſecute?
Good Gods! I will ſubmit to all but breach of faith.
Moor. They will not hear us, Madam, unleſs we
Contribute to their aid our beſt endeavours.
I have thought a way may for a time ſecure you;
You muſt diſſemble with the Prince, and ſeem
To love Ergaſto.
'Tis not impoſſible, but he ſeeing you
Prefer one ſo far beneath him, may provoke
A juſt neglect from him. Then for Ergaſto,

Beſides

Beſides the time you gain, there may ſucceed
A thouſand ways to hinder his pretence.

Her. Can my heart e'er conſent my tongue ſhould ſay,
I am for any other but Eugenio?
No, my dear love, though cruel fate hath ſever'd
My vow'd embraces, yet hath death ice enough
To fright all others from them.

Moor. I ſee Love is a child ſtill; what a trifle
Doth now diſturb him! You will not get your health
At the price of ſaying you are ſick. I know
There is another remedy more proportion'd for your diſeaſe,
But not for you that ſuffer, which is this:
Tell the Prince that you're engag'd, but he
That broke with vows and friendſhip, for your love,
Will not deſiſt for ſuch ſuppos'd ſlight letts;
And then your father will force you to his will.

Her. If the Prince leave me, it is moſt certain
He'll uſe his power to make me take Ergaſto.

Moor. Thoſe that in dangers that do preſs them nearly,
Will not reſolve,
Upon ſome hazard, and give leave to chance
To govern what our knowledge cannot hinder,
Muſt ſit ſtill, and wait their preſervation from a miracle.

Her. I am determin'd; for knives, fire, and ſeas ſhall
loſe
Their qualities e'er fate ſhall make me his:
And if death cannot be ſhun'd, I'll meet it boldly.

Enter Irene.

Ire. Couſin, the Prince is come to ſee you.

Moor. Good Madam, uſe ſome means that I may ſpeak
With him before he goes; my heart doth promiſe
I ſhall do ſomething in your ſervice; and
Be ſure when he firſt ſpeaks of love, ſeem not
To underſtand him. [*Exit*

Enter Lyſicles.

Ly. Madam, I have beg'd leave of your noble father,
To offer up myſelf a ſervant to your virtues.

Her. It is a grace our family muſt boaſt of,
That you deſcend to viſit thoſe that ſtile
Themſelves your creatures, made ſuch by your goodneſs
Whi

Which we can only pay by frequent prayers,
That your line may laſt, as glorious to
Poſterity, as your now living fame is.
Ly. Madam, you were not wont, by a feign'd praiſe,
To ſcorn thoſe that admire you; or would you thus
Inſinuate what I ſhould be, by telling
Me I am, what I muſt ever aim at.
Her. Were there proportion 'twixt our births, my Lord,
I would ill become a virgin's mouth to utter
How much you do deſerve; that will excuſe,
When I ſhall ſay our Greece ne'er ſaw your equal.
Ly. I did not think I ever could be mov'd
With my own praiſe, but now my happineſs
So much depends, that you ſhall truly think
That now you utter of me; that I glory
In my actions are thus favour'd by your judgment.
Her. We muſt forget our ſafeties, and the Gods,
Whoſe inſtrument you were of our deliverance,
When we are ſilent of the mighty debt
This kingdom owes your courage.
Ly. This declaration of your favouring me, will plead
My pardon, if I do omit the ceremonial circumſtance,
Which uſually makes way for this great truth
I now muſt utter. Madam, I do love
Your virtues with that adoration,
That the all ſeeing ſun does not behold
A lady that I love with equal ardour.
Your friends, who have moſt power over us, both
To ſecond my deſires of joining us
In the ſacred tye of marriage.
Her. My Lord, I thought at firſt how ill my words
Became a virgin; but give 'em the right ſenſe
They were deſign'd, which was to ſpeak you truly,
Not with a flatt'ring ambition
They might engage you to the love of one
So far unequal. If I have ever gain'd
Any thing on your goodneſs, I'll not loſe it
By fooliſhly aſpiring to that height,
You muſt in honour diſpoſſeſs me of
When I was ſeated. Marry you, my Lord!
The King, our neighbour Princes, all good men

Muſt

Muſt curſe me as a ſtain to thoſe great virtues
You're the ſingle Lord of. If you ſpeak this try
What eaſy conqueſt you can make of all
You faintly but pretend to, I'll confeſs
The weakneſs of our ſex, who would be prouder
Only to have the ſhews of your affection,
Than real loves of any they can hope
With juſtice to attain to

Ly. Whatever I deſerve,
The Gods have largely recompenc'd my intent
Of doing virtuouſly, if it hath gain'd ſo much
Upon your goodneſs, as to make a way for my affection.

Her. My Lord, I do not underſtand you.

Ly. Pardon me, deareſt lady, if my words
Too boldly do deliver what my actions
And frequent ſervices ſhould firſt have ſmooth'd
The way they are to take. My happineſs
So nearly is concern'd, you ſhall approve
Me for your ſervant, that I trembling haſte,
To know what rigours or what joys expect me.
But ere you do begin to ſpeak my fate,
Know whom you do condemn, or whom make happy:
One, that when miſery had made ſo wretched,
That it raviſhed his deſires to change,
Whoſe eyes were turned inward on his grief,
Pleas'd with no object but what caus'd their tears,
Your beauty only rais'd from his dark ſeat
Of circling ſorrows, lighting me a hope
By you I might receive all happineſs,
The Gods have made my heart capacious of.

Her. Good my Lord, give me leave again to ſay,
I dare not underſtand you; you are too noble
To glory in the conqueſt of a heart
That ever hath admir'd you; and to think
You can ſo far forget your birth and virtue,
As to believe me fit to be your wife,
Were a preſumption, that ſwelling pride
Muſt be the father of, which never yet
My heart could be ally'd to; continue, Prince,
Be the example of a conſtant love,
And let not your Mileſia's aſhes ſhrink

With a new-piercing cold, which they will feel
th'inſtant, that your heart ſhall be conſenting
o any new affection; and give me leave to ſay,
our mind can ne'er admit a noble love,
it hath baniſh'd hers your memory.
Ly. Muſt that be argument of cruelty,
Which ſhould be cauſe of pity? And will you
ſſume the patronage of envious fortune,
adding torments unto her affliction?
uſt I be miſerable in loſing you,
ecauſe the Gods thought me unworthy her?
id I ſo eaſily digeſt her death,
hat I want pity, and am thought unworthy
f all ſucceeding love?
Witneſs my loſs of joys, if ſorrow could
ave kill'd me, I had not liv'd to ſhew your mercy.
Her. Protect me, Virtue!
ardon me, my Lord! I know your griefs
ow great and juſt they are, and only meant
y mentioning Mileſia, to confeſs
ow much unworthy I am to ſucceed her
your affection; which though you bent
s low as I durſt raiſe myſelf to reach,
Twere now impiety for me to graſp,
being no more my own diſpoſer.
Ly. Ha! what fate hath ta'en you from your ſelf?
Her. The Lord Ergaſto's importunity;
Who, though at firſt no inclination
f mine made me affect his vows,
ath vanquiſh'd my determination.
finding nothing in my ſelf deſerving
he conſtancy of his affection to me,
ſides my father's often urging me
o make my choice obeying his commands,
nd threatning miſery, if I declin'd the leaſt,
nowing his violent nature, I conſented
o a contract 'twixt me and the Lord Ergaſto.
Ly. Oh the prophecies of my juſt fears, how true
y heart fore-told you!
adam, it cannot be you ſhould affect
ne that hath no deſert, but what you give,

By

By making him a part of you. My hopes,
Though always blaſted, could not apprehend
A fear from him. I ſhould be happy yet,
If any worthy love ſhadowed my ſhame
Of being refus'd by you.

Her. Give not my want of power to ſerve your Grace
The cruel title of refuſing you.
Your merits are ſo great, you may aſſure
Your ſelf of all you can deſire that's poſſible
To grant, whom thouſands worthier than my ſelf
Would kneel to.
By my life, if my faith were not given, I would
Here offer up my ſelf to be diſpos'd by you.
Though no ambitious pride could flatter me,
You could deſcend to raiſe me to your height.

Ly. Muſt this be added to my former griefs?
That in the inſtant you profeſs to pity
What I muſt ſuffer in your loſs; your virtue,
For which I admire you, muſt exclude
My hopes of ever changing your reſolves:
Yet let my vows gain thus much of you,
That for a month you will not marry him;
I know your father will not force you to't,
For he not knowing what hath paſs'd between you,
Conſented to this viſit.

Her. By all things holy this I ſwear to do,
Though violent diſeaſes ſhould incloſe me
Till the prieſt join'd our hands; yet, if you pleaſe,
Let not my father know but he's the cauſe,
I dare not look upon the mighty bleſſing
Your love doth promiſe.

Ly. May I not know the reaſon?

Her. That he may know that his unqueſtion'd power
Hath forc'd me to that error, which himſelf,
And I, muſt ever mourn unquitted.

Ly. Now you throw oil upon the wound you make:
I may be ignorant of all things elſe,
But of my want of merit to deſerve,
I am moſt perfect in: be happy, Lady,
He that enjoys you ſhall not need that prayer,
My father's buſineſs calls me.

H

Her. Let me intreat you, that you'll ſee a Lady,
Whoſe virtue does deſerve the honour of your know-
ledge.
Ly. What is ſhe?
Her. An Egyptian Lady, lately come to Cirrha.
Ly. I have heard of her; they ſay ſhe knows our
Actions paſt, and future.
Her. When you her know, you will believe,
That virtue choſe that dark inhabitation,
To hide her treaſure from the envious world.
I'll call her to your Grace.

Enter Acanthe.

Her. Madam, this is the Prince. [*He ſalutes her.*
Moor. You need not tell me it, though this be the firſt
time that I ſaw him ſince I came to Cirrha,
His fame doth make him known to all that are
Remoteſt from him.
Ly. My miſeries indeed have made it great;
For all things elſe I ſhould be more
Beholden unto ſilence, than the voice
Of my moſt partial friends: Why do you gaze upon me ſo?
Moor. Have you not lately loſt a lady that did love you
dearly?
Ly. If you do meaſure time by what I ſuffer,
My undiminiſh'd grief tells me but now,
But now I loſt her; if the ſad minutes
That have oppreſs'd me ſince the fatal ſtroke,
It is an age of torments I have felt.
Moor. Good Sir, withdraw a little, I ſhall deliver
[*They whiſper.*
That you believe none knows beſides your ſelf.
Ly. Moſt true it is, what God that heard our Vows
Hath told it you?
But if your eyes pierce farther in their ſecrets
Than our weak fancies can give credit to,
Tell me if where ſhe is, ſhe can diſcern and know my
actions?
Moor. Moſt perfectly ſhe does, and mourns your loſs
of faith,
That now begin, after ſo many vows,

So

So many oaths you would be only hers,
To think of a new choice.

Ly. This may be conſpiracy; I'll try it further. [*Aſide.*

Moor. Had you been ſnatch'd from her, and for her ſake
Murder'd, as ſhe for you; your urn's cold aſhes
Should have hid her fire of faithful love.
Pardon me, my Lord,
Her injur'd ſpirit inſpires me with this boldneſs.

Ly. I am certain this is no inſpiration of the Gods;
It cannot be, ſhe ſhould conſent my faith
Should be the ruin of my name and memory:
Which neceſſarily muſt follow, if virtuous love
Did not continue it to future ages.

Moor. Fame of a conſtant lover will eternize it
More than a numerous iſſue; would you hear
Her ſelf expreſs her ſorrow?

Ly. If I ſhould deſire it, it were impoſſible.

Moor. You conclude too faſt: if this night you'll come
Unto her tomb, you there ſhall ſee her.

Ly. Though ſhe bring thunder in her hand, I will not fail to come,
And though I cannot credit that your power can procure it,
My hopes it ſhould be ſo, will overcome my reaſon.
Ladies, I am your ſervant. [*Exit.*

Moor. Madam, I cannot ſtay, to know particulars
Of what hath paſs'd betwixt you and the prince:
Only tell me, how he reliſh'd your ſaying, you
Were promis'd to Ergaſto?

Her. Reſpects to one I ſeem'd to have made choice of
Made him forbear his character:
But ſhall not I be puniſh'd, ſeeming to prefer
One ſo unworthy, both to Eugenio, and this noble prince.

Moor. The Gods give us permiſſion to be falſe,
When they exclude us from all other ways,
Which may preſerve our faith.
Longer I dare not ſtay; I am your ſervant. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ergaſto, Cleon, Phormio.

Er. Now we are met, what ſhall we do to keep together?

Ph.

Phor. Let's take ſome argument may laſt an hour of mirth.

Cle. If you'll have Ergaſto be of the parley, it muſt of the ladies; for he is deſperately in love.

Phor. If the diſeaſe grow old in him, I'll pay the phyſician;
t be it ſo, and let it be lawful to change as often as we will.

Er. What, the ladies?

Phor. The diſcourſe of them, and themſelves too, if we ould arrive to it: But what is ſhe you love?

Er. One, that I would ſacrifice half my life,
o have but a week's enjoying of.

Phor. At theſe games of love we ſet all; but the beſt is, e cannot ſtake, and there's no loſs of credit in the breaking.
on, haſt thou ſeen him with his miſtreſs?

Cle. Yes; and he ſtands gazing on her, as if he were gging of an alms.

Phor. 'Tis not ill done; but does he not ſpeak to her?

Cle. Never but in hyperboles; tells her, her eyes are ſtars,
hich aſtronomers ſhould only ſtudy to know our fate by.

Phor. 'Tis not amiſs, if ſhe have neither of the extremes.

Cle. What do you intend?

Phor. I mean, neither ſo ill-favoured, as to have o ground for what we ſay, for there belief ill hardly enter; nor ſo handſome, as to have often ſpoke to her: For your indifferent beauties e thoſe whom flattery ſurprizeth, there being natural a love and opinion of ourſelves, at we are adapted to believe that men are rather ceived in us, than abuſe us.

Er. Your limitation takes away much of my anſwer; t grant all that you ſay, I have no hope of taining my miſtreſs.

Phor. Then thou haſt yet a year of happineſs: t why, I prithee?

Er. She is ſo deſerving, ſhe thinks none worthy her affections, and ſo can love none.

Phor. You have more cauſe to doubt, that ſhe will never

Affect

Affect you, than that already ſhe is not in love:
What a young handſome lady, that carries the flame of
her heart
In her cheeks, not have yet ſeen any one to deſire? 'T
impoſſible.
Er. I was of your mind, till I had experience
Of the contrary.
Phor. Conceits of your ſelf, makes you of the opini
I mention'd: You think 'tis impoſſible for all men,
What you cannot attain to; what arts
Have you us'd to gain her?
Cle. He knows none but diſtilling ſighs
At the altar of her beauty.
Phor. If he be ſubject to that frenzy, I will
Counſel him to take any trade upon him
Rather than that of love.
Er. And do you think there is any thing fitter
To call down affection, than ſubmiſſion?
Phor. Nothing more oppoſite; for languiſhing tranſpor
Whinings and melancholy, make us more laugh'd at,
Than belov'd of our miſtreſſes; and with reaſon:
For why ſhould we hope to deſerve their favours,
When we confeſs we merit not a lawful eſteem of
ſelves?
Cle. I have known ſome their miſtreſſes have forſak
Only becauſe they were certain the world took notice
They were deeply in love with them.
Phor. And they did wiſely; for the victory being g
They were to prepare for a new triumph; and
Not like your city officers, ride ſtill with the
Same liveries. Some, I confeſs, have miſcarried
In it, but 'twas becauſe their proviſion of
Beauty was ſpent before they came to compoſition.
Er. Thou wer't an excellent fool in a chamber; if
Continue, you'll be ſo in a comedy: Do'ſt believe
Thou can'ſt ſwagger them out of their loves?
Phor. Sooner than ſoften their hearts by my tears;
And though a river ſhould run through me,
I would ſeal up my eyes, before a drop ſhould
Come that way: for our unmanly ſubmiſſions
Raiſe them to that height, that they think

We are largely favour'd, if they hearken to us with contempt.

Er. 'Tis ſafer they ſhould do ſo, than hate us for our inſolence.

Phor. If thou had'ſt ever been us'd to talk ſenſe, I ſhould wonder at thee now; why, I ſhould ſooner hope to gain a lady after the murder Of her family, than after ſhe had an opinion I deſerv'd to be ſlighted by her.

Cle. 'Fore Venus, he talks with authority: I know Not well what he has ſaid; but methinks There is ſomething in it: prithee let's hearken to him.

Phor. Do; and if I do not diſpoſſeſs you of all your Opinions, let me be———

Er. You muſt deal by inchantment then; for I am Reſolv'd to ſtick to my concluſions.

Phor. 'Tis the beſt holdfaſt your fooliſh devil has; But ſtrong reaſons ſhall be your exorciſm. Tell me firſt, what is ſhe you love?

Er. Would I could.

Phor. Then for all thy jeſting, there's ſome hope Thou art yet in thy wits.

Er. You miſtake me; I mean I could not tell, becauſe No tongue can ſpeak her to her merit.

Phor. Hey-day! if the ballad of the roſe and honey-comb Do not do it more than ſhe deſerves, or almoſt any woman, Let me be condemn'd to ſing the funerals of parrots.

Cle. Would the ladies heard you.

Phor. They would believe me, though they would be Sorry your honours ſhould: But what, this love Has it transform'd us all? Cleon, you can tell Who 'tis he thus admires?

Cle. Yes, and will; 'tis Hermione, Pindarus his heir.

Phor. What, Epictetus in a petticoat! She that diſputes Love into nothing, or what's worſe, a friendſhip with a woman?

Cle. The ſame; and I know you'll confeſs ſhe's deſerving.

Phor. Yes; but the miſchief is, ſhe'll ne'er think ſo Of him: If polygamy were in faſhion, I would

Perſuade him to marry her, to be governeſs to the reſt;
But not till then. Would'ſt thou be content
To lie with a ſtatue, that will never confeſs more of love,
Than ſuffering the effects of thine?

Cle. And have his liberties in the diſcourſe of her friends,
That her retiredneſs may be more magnified.

Phor. Believe me, Ergaſto, theſe ſevere beauties, that
Are to be look'd on with the eyes of reſpect,
Are not for us: we muſt have them that love to
Be prais'd more for fair ladies, than judicious.

Er. You miſtake me, gentlemen; I chuſe for my ſelf, not for you.

Phor. Faith, for that, who ever marries, muſt ſacrifice
To fortune; and ſhe, whoſe wiſdom makes her
Snow to you, may be fire to another. Some odd
Wrinkled fellow, that conquers her with wit,
May throw her on her back with reaſon. Take
This from the oracle, that for the general
Calamity of huſbands, all women are reputed
Vicious, and for the quiet of particulars,
Every one thinks his wife the phœnix.

Er. You have met with rare fortunes.

Phor. Calumny is ſo general, that truth has loſt
Her credit: But to th' purpoſe, what rivals? What hopes?

Cle. A potent rival takes away all: Lyſicles does woo her.

Phor. Good-night. I will diſpute it no more, whether thou ſhould'ſt have her, or no; for I now conclude, it is impoſſible.

Er. I had her father's firm conſent before he declar'd himſelf.

Phor. Though thou had'ſt her's too, be wiſe, and deſpair
Betimes: In this point women are commonwealths,
And are oblig'd to their faiths no farther
Than the ſafety and honour of the ſtate is
Concern'd. If thou wer't the firſt example, I
Would excuſe thee for being the firſt cozen'd.
But ſtay, who's here!

Enter

Enter Phillida veil'd, beckons to Ergaſto.

my conſcience, an embaſſage from ſome of
ur kind miſtreſſes, that would fain take their
aves, before you go to captivity.
Er. Is't poſſible?
Phil. She deſires you to ſee her, and believe that ambition
nnot gain more upon her than your affection.
Er. Take this ring, and this.
Phil. I dare not, Sir.
Er. I'll pay thy dowry then within this half hour:
wait on her. [*Exit Phillida.*
Cle. From what part of the town came this fair day
cloud, that makes you look ſo cheerfully?
Er. Alas! Gentlemen, I was born to know nothing
love, but ſighs and deſpairs.
n be ſervant to none that have the election of two.
Cle. Unriddle, unriddle.
Er. 'Twas the ſervant of Hermione, that came to
e me wait upon her lady.
Cle. Phormio, what do you think of this?
Phor. I won't think at all, for fear I judge amiſs.
mazes of a woman are ſo intricate, no
ept can ſecure us: Yet this I'm reſolv'd on,
will not love you.
Cle. Why ſent ſhe for him then?
Phor. The devil that advis'd her can tell you, they
not loſe a ſervant whilſt he lives,
ugh they command him to be murder'd: 'tis the
nan art, if they perceive a lover to deſiſt
ough fear, diſtruſt, or harſher uſage, they
him the heaven of their beauty, in ſmiles,
yielding looks, and with their eyes do melt
ice of doubts their fears contracted: perhaps
e Lyſicles ſpurs coldly, whilſt he rides
e, and you muſt ſtrain to make him go
faſter: Eugenio too was ſervant to your
eſs, and Lyſicles and he parted good friends.
d I think all the ways they have to cozen

Us, 'twere endleſs. But I'll along with you,
And gueſs at more. [*Exeunt.*

Act III. Scene I.

Enter Hermione, Irene, Pindarus following.

Pind. TELL my Lord Lyſicles, I will attend him in the walks.
Where's this ungrateful child, whom the juſt Gods
Have curs'd ſo much, they will not let her take
The bleſſings they do offer?

Her. Here, Sir, on her knees, begging your pardon, and your pity.

Pind. Can'ſt thou hope either from my injur'd patience
Vex'd by thy folly into rage and madneſs?
What colour now to cover diſobedience?
Is Lyſicles unworthy? Or your knowledge,
Does it pierce farther than the eyes of all
Into Eugenio's virtues? I tremble
When I think thou may'ſt have cauſe
To know him to thy ſhame: Do not confeſs it!
By the juſt Gods, if I do come to know it,
I'll ſacrifice thee on thy mother's tomb.

Her. What ſecret ſin calls down this puniſhment?
That I ſhould be accuſed of a fault
I dare not hear the ſound of. Add not, Sir,
Suſpicions of new crimes unto your rage;
The faults I have committed are enough to arm
Your juſtice. Bring me to the tomb,
And kill me there, my mother's ghoſt will ſmile
To ſee my blood ſhed to preſerve my faith.

Pind. Your faith!

Her. Yes, Sir.
Nor is my diſobedience ſo ſwol'n,
As you eſteem it by your paſſion:

I now obey your general commands,
Of doing virtuouſly in loving him
You did applaud, whilſt my poor brother liv'd.
Pind. But you are not the ſame; 'twas never meant
He ſhould enjoy you if your brother died.
Her. I was not made acquainted with ſo much;
But ſtrengthen'd by your approbation,
Gave up my will to his, and vows to heaven,
To know no other man for huſband.
Pind. Nor I no child, if you continue thus:
Nor will I argue more to make you doubt,
I am not reſolute in my intents:
Alive or dead, I'll give thee to the hands of Lyſicles.
[*Exit Pindarus.*
Her. Good Gods! if you are mov'd with tears, grant
This a trial only of the weak proportion
Of virtue you have lent me, not the overthrow.
Ire. How is it, deareſt couſin?
Her. As with a martyr, almoſt as much pleaſed with
Knowledge what I dare to ſuffer for Eugenio,
As griev'd with my affliction: Fortune in her
Malice has given me yet a field to exerciſe
My faith and love to him I do adore.
Ire. Whilſt you believe you have ſuch cauſe to grieve,
All comforts ſeem importunate; but yet Prince Lyſicles—
Her. But what! Forbear; I fear thy thoughts
Are poiſon, which thou would'ſt fain infuſe
To wound my conſtancy.
Ire. Sure there is magic in that myſtic name,
It could not elſe divide us from our reaſon:
What law, what faith can bind us to remove
Love of our ſelves, and reverence to our parents?
You muſt forgive this; your Eugenio,
If he were here, muſt ſpeak as I do now,
Granting his love be great as his profeſſion,
Or that muſt have reflection on your peace,
Not bargaining for his own happineſs
With the price of the intire deſtruction
Of yours: What is't you fear? Report?
It will reproach your being obſtinate.
Or breach of faith, d'you fear?

The Gods for you have made it not a fault,
Propoſing ſuch an object as Prince Lyſicles.
Her. Who ever had a miſery like mine?
All that are griev'd have yet the liberty
And eaſe of their complaints, or pitying friends;
I am excluded both; for my misfortune
Is maſk'd with happineſs, and if I grieve,
Such comforts as we give to thoſe complain
Of being too rich, have I, ſmiles of contempt.
Ire. If it be thus, retire into your reaſon,
And for a time forget your paſſion.
D'you think that all the names of virtue ſhrink
Into the ſound of conſtancy? Muſt this
Make you forget the debt that you do owe
Unto your father, friends, and to your ſelf;
Their houſe's honour, and your happineſs?
Is Lyſicles leſs worthy than his rival?
Her. No more, their virtues that exceed all other men
In them are equal.
Ire. But yet their fortune is not.
Her. 'Tis confeſs'd: Nor ever any man had juſter cha
Than he againſt her; rich in all virtues,
That make men deſir'd: her narrow hand
Excludes him, unwonted to beſtow
Her treaſure there, where an exceſs of merit
Would make her gifts but ſeem the pay of virtue,
Not favours of her partial love.

Enter Acanthe the Moor.

Oh, you are welcome. Here behold a rock
That ſtands the ſhake of the impetuous winds,
And the ſwol'n ſeas.
Moor. Have there been any new ſtorms ſince I went
Her. O, yes; and more endangering ſongs of Sirens
A flouriſhing land propos'd, on which I might
Have ſhipwreck'd with delight.
Moor. I think I underſtand you.
Her. You muſt needs:
It was Prince Lyſicles, preſented in his luſtre,
'Gainſt whom I arm'd the virtues of my friend,
And my own faith, irreſolute to whom

The victory ſhould yield: At laſt I left
My heart, the prize to both divided.

Moor. To both divided!

Her. Yes, the Prince hath the adoration of my heart, Eugenio the love.

Moor. What fires, what ſeas, muſt your Eugenio paſs, To make him worthy you? Methinks I feel His ſoul ſigh for a trial of his faith.

Her. We both have had ſatiety of that: But can you bring no comfort? Have the Gods Shut up their oracles, as well as mercy? Though they will give no eaſe, they might adviſe, That we may put off miſery by death.

Moor. They ſeldom let us know what is to come, That we may ſtill implore their aid to help us: Yet ſomething I can tell; if hope or force Shall make you deviate from your reſolve, You are the ſubject of their hate: or if You meaſure your or their affection By merit, or advantages of fortune, You are the mark of all diſaſters.

Her. I have complained unjuſtly of the Gods, They favour me ſo much, they do applaud My reſolution for Eugenio. Merit in others! I will cloſe my eyes From the bleſs'd ſun, before they ſhall take in An object that may ſtartle my firm faith.

Moor. Be conſtant, and be happy; when you meet With oppoſition that may ſhake your judgment, Remember what affliction 'tis to weep A fault irreparable; and think not Reaſon can pacify your father's rage; You muſt oppoſe your paſſion unto his, And love will be victorious, being the nobleſt. To-morrow I will bring more certain counſel. [*Exit.*

Her. Where cannot virtue dwell? What a ſtill ſhade Hath ſhe found out to live ſecurely in, From the attempts of men? Come, my Irene, Though thou haſt ſpoken treaſon 'gainſt my love, Cauſe thine did produce it, I muſt thank thee. Let's in, and fortify our ſelves with ſome ſad tale

Of thoſe, whoſe perjur'd loves have made them live
Hated, and die moſt miſerable. [*Exit Herm.*

Enter Phillida.

Phil. If I ſhould weep, as my Lady does, for all the
Servants I have loſt!

Ire. Thou wouldſt weep in thy grave, Phillida; yet
The worſt is, thou wilt loſe more within this ſeven
Years, than thou haſt got in ten; for men are
Changeable, ſweet Phillida.

Phil. And our faces were not, 'twere no matter;
They ſhould make haſte, or we ſhould overtake them,
Or prevent them: A commodity of beauty that
Would laſt forty years, would bear a good price, Madam.

Ire. By Venus, would it, Phillida! as high as that of
honour.

Phil. But is not my Lady a ſtrange woman to weep
Thus for one ſervant, when ſhe has another in
His place? For my part, I could never find ſuch
Differences in men, to be ſad when I had any.

Ire. And thy word may be taken as ſoon as any wench's
In Greece, or there be ſlanderers in the world.
But ſhe affects conſtancy.

Phil. Some ill-favour'd woman, that meant to preſerve
Her laſt purchaſe, which her want of beauty
Forfeited, invented that name.

Ire. Thou'rt in the right, Phillida; this inconſtancy is
A monſter without teeth; for it devours none;
Makes no ſon wear happy mourning, nor
Mother childleſs: And for my part, I am of
Opinion that the Gods give a bleſſing to it; for
None live happier than thoſe that have greateſt
Abundance of it.

Phil. What is got by this whining conſtancy, but the
loſs
Of that beauty for one ſervant, which would procure us
The vows, ſacrifice, and ſervice of a thouſand?

Ire. Enough of this; wer't thou with Ergaſto?

Phil. Yes, and told him that my Lady ſent for him:
But to what intent did you make me lye?

Ire

Ire. Thou art ſo good-natur'd, that thou wilt pardon
Such a triſle for one reaſon; but I have two:
The firſt is, I would fain ſpeak with him;
The other, knowing my couſin to be in an ill humour,
If he preſs to ſee her, I hope ſhe will give him ſuch an anſwer,
That he ſhall never dare to ſpeak to her more.

Phil. Theſe men have leſs reaſon than mice, they would
Know elſe how to ſhift places, and ſhelter themſelves
From a ſtorm. If I were a man, and loſt the happineſs
Of ſeeing my miſtreſs two days, I ſhould
Loſe the deſire the third. Do you ſigh,
Madam? You are in love too.

Ire. As far as goes to ſighing, but no dying for their breeches.

Phil. I'll be your compurgator for the handle of a fan;
I know love has brought many into the world,
But let out none. Has he pierc'd you, ha?

Ire. Oh no, my ſkin was always proof againſt his dart;
But he once found me laughing, and ſo thruſt it
Down to my heart

Phil. Look to it, though 'tis but a little weapon, yet
I have known it make greater ſwellings than
The ſting of a bee. Do you long for a man?

Ire. Yes, a huſbandman, and let the Gods after take care
For my children.

Phil. You'll find enow to do it: Is the Moor ſtill with
my Lady?

Ire. I left her with her.

Phil. 'Tis a ſhame ſuch people ſhould be ſuffered
Near the court.

Ire. Why pr'ythee?

Phil. As 'tis, there be ſo many inquiſitive raſcals,
That we have much ado to keep matters ſecret;
But if in deſpite of our care they be divulg'd,
We ſhall be defamed on the Exchanges.

Ire. Thou haſt reaſon, but ſhe is ſecret as the night ſhe reſembles.

Phil. Is ſhe? I would fain aſk her one queſtion:
But 'tis no matter, 'tis but taking phyſick at the worſt.
Ire. If thou talk'ſt a little longer, I ſhall gueſs as much
As ſhe knows. But who's here?
[*Ergaſto, Phormio, Cleon, talking at the door.*
Phor. Ne'er fright me with the light'ning of her eyes
On me ſhe may open or ſhut her eyes as ſhe pleaſe,
But my happineſs is not at her diſpoſing.
Cle. If thou prov'ſt a lover, my next ſong is begun.
Phor. I will not deny but I may love her, if ſhe pleaſe.
But if ſhe be not pleas'd with my love, if it continue
Two hours, I'll give her leave to tie me to her monkey.
Cle. Look, Ergaſto has found two of the Ladies,
And has ſet his face to begin to them.
Phor. In verſe or proſe?
Cle. We ſhall hear, if we draw nearer. A good even-
ing, Ladies!
Ire. We thank you, my Lords; but if we were ſuper-
ſtitious,
Your company were no good omen.
Phor. Why, I beſeech you?
Ire. Nay, I am no expoſitor; you come, my Lord,
To ſee my couſin Hermione.
Er. I do, Madam,
And ſhould be proud to hear I live in her memory.
Ire. Can you doubt it? I'll aſſure you, you do; ſhe
Never troubled with any thing, but you preſently
Are call'd into the compariſon with it; her teeth
Cannot ake, but ſhe ſwears it is almoſt as great a vexa-
tion
As your love: If any die, out of her pity to ſave the
tears
Of a few mourners, ſhe wiſhes it were you.
Er. If I heard her deſire it, ſhe ſhould quickly have
her wiſh.
Ire. She would be glad on't, o'my conſcience, though
The ſcruple of having you do any thing for her ſake
Would trouble her a little, yet I can teach you
To make advantage of all this.
Phor. What advantage, my delicate ſweet Lady?

Ire. A very great one; for, firſt, I believe
He deſires nothing more, than to be aſſured
She eſteems him for her ſervant.
Phor. Right; but does this uſage ſhew it?
Ire. Moſt evidently; for being thus ſevere to none elſe,
'Tis manifeſt ſhe confeſſeth a power over him, and pays
His ſervices with this coin of ſcorn and contempt,
And having her ſtamp upon't, he is bound to accept it.
Cle. What think you of this, Phormio?
Phor. A moſt excellent girl! would ſhe were poor.
Cle. Why poor?
Phor. She would live rarely by her——
Cle. What!
Phor. Wit; I would be a good cuſtomer.
Ire. 'Twould pleaſe you to hear with what arguments
She juſtifies this cruelty, and ſwears it is not
Revenge enough for ſpoiling her good-nature.
Er. I ſpoil her good-nature!
Phor. Nay, let her go on; I'll hearken an age.
Ire. Yes, you, by ſuff'ring her undeſerved ſcorn, have bred
Such a delight and habit of it in her, that ſhe
Can hardly forbear it, when ſhe ſtrives to be
Complaiſant to her beſt friends; and to ſay truth,
We are all endangered by ſuch as you, when we ſee
That frowns procure us knees, and kind uſage
Scarce gets us two good-morrows.
Phor. If ever there were a Sibyl at ſixteen, this Lady is one.
By this day you have a high place in my heart.
Ire. In your heart!
Phor. Nay, deſpiſe it not, you'll find good company there.
Ire. But I love to be alone.
Phor. And I would fain meet you when you are ſo.
Will you give me leave to ſpeak with your ſcholar?
[*Hermione and Acanthe above.*
Ire. If you be his friend, teach him to be wiſe.
Phor. For your ſake I will do all I can: Ergaſto,
Wilt thou be happy? Marry this Lady: Wilt thou be

Reveng'd on thy proud miſtreſs? Marry her:
Wilt thou be ſure to father wiſe children? Do as I bid thee.

Er. I will deal truly with thee; ſhe has taken
My heart out of Hermione's keeping.

Phor. Be thankful, and beſtow it upon her in recompence;
She will accept it, doubt not; ſhe has taken ſuch pains
To redeem it: Look how ſhe caſts her eyes upon thee!
She's thine own for ever, and has been long.

Er. I am deſperately in love.

Phor. Marry, and get out of it; there may be ſome little ſtraining
At the firſt offer of the preſent; but if ſhe ſend not for it
Before you get home, I'll ne'er truſt my eyes more.

[*Phillida ſteals away, Cleon follows.*

Er. I'll attempt it, let what will follow.

Phor. Be confident, and proſper.

Er. Madam, what would you expect from him
You had redeem'd from captivity?

Ire. The diſpoſing of his liberty.

Er. 'Tis juſt; but this may be no great favour to the ſlave,
If his miſery be only alter'd, not leſſen'd.

Phor. You are little curious: Why do you not aſk who
This concerns? Well, I'll tell you; you have redeem'd
Ergaſto, and he kneels to know your commands.

[*Whilſt he kneels, Hermione and the Moor look down from the window.*

Moor. You may believe her, Madam, ſhe loves him
Now you may revenge her, perſuading you to leave
Eugenio, by ſmiling on Ergaſto; 'twill advance
Your couſin's ends too, if you do as I'll adviſe you, while we deſcend.

Ire. 'Tis feſtival to-day, my Lords, and ſo I admit
This mirth: But to-morrow I will tell you, I am no more
Inclin'd to love than my couſin Hermione.

Er. But you can ſuffer yourſelf to be belov'd?

Ire. I think I can.

Phor

Phor. He'll aſk no more,
But leave the reſt to his reſpects and ſervices.

Ire. But you conſider not whom you may offend in this mirth.

Er. I'll ne'er conſider whom I offend in loving you: I wiſh her beauty centupled, that my firſt obligation To you might be, leaving her. By this fair hand, I'll never name any but you for miſtreſs.

Ire. I may believe you, when time and your actions Shall tell it me as well as your words.

Phor. You wrong your beauty, to expect an aſſurance From time; ordinary faces require it, to perfect The impreſſions they make; yours ſtrikes like lightning, In an inſtant: If he did not adore you till now, You muſt attribute it to ſome faſcination; But his judgment clear'd, he will be forc'd To continue the adoration he has begun.

Enter Hermione, Moor, Phillida, Cleon; they find Ergaſto kneeling.

Phor. Who's that?

Er. The Moor you heard of.

Phor. I have a ſtrange capricio of love enter'd me; I muſt court that ſhade.

Her. How now, my Lord!
Courting another Miſtreſs! I ſee I muſt lock up my winds,
Or you will ſeek the neareſt harbour.

Er. Excluded by your rigour, Madam, I was intreating Your fair couſin to preſent my vows.

Her. Was it no more?

Er. No more! you cannot doubt it, Madam; turn in Your eyes upon your beauties and perfections, and they Will tell you, how impoſſible it is to loſe the empire They have gain'd upon our hearts and wills. Fortune and want of merit may make me loſe The hope of your fair graces, but never ſo much traitor, As to pay homage to any other beauty, or change The reſolution I have fix'd to be your ſervant only.

Her. I thank you, Sir; my ſex will be my pardon, If I return not equal thanks; we think if any

Manumit before we licenſe them to part,
They do uſurp a power is ours by nature. The poſture
I found you in, was more than ordinary courtſhip gives.
Er. You might condemn it, had not you been the
Cauſe on't: I ne'er think of your name, but with
A reverence great as I pay the Gods; and they
Allow us bending to their images, when we
Transfer our vows. The fair Irene is worthy all,
Have not the hope of you; but whilſt you give me leave
To cheriſh that ambition, I muſt not own
So great an injury, as to admit the profer'd love of thoſe,
Who are ſo diſtant from your merit.
Her. 'Twas unkindly done to undermine me.
Er. In her preſence I will confirm this to you.
Her. You ſhall oblige me, ſince ſhe has wrong'd me:
Irene, heark you. [*They talk in private.*

[*After a long whiſper, the Moor ſtrives to go from Phormio; he holds her.*

Phor. In the name of darkneſs, d'ye think I am not
In earneſt, that you coy it thus?
Moor. Forbear, uncivil Lord. [*She goes from him.*
Cle. Do'ſt thou not ſee that all the fire is out of the coal?
If thou would'ſt have it burn, lay thy lips
To the ſpark that's left, and blow it into flame.
Phor. What wouldſt thou have me do?
Cle. Kiſs her.
Phor. Not for five hundred crowns.
Cle. Wouldſt lie with her, and not kiſs her?
Phor. Yes, and can give reaſons for't, beſides experience,
And when this act is known, this reſolute
Encounter, rich widows of threeſcore will
Not doubt my proweſs.
[*Hermione, Irene, Ergaſto, break off their private talk.*
Ire. As I live, he ſwore all this to me.
Her. Hide thee, inconſtant man, thou art ſo falſe,
Thy oaths do ſerve thee for no other uſe
But to condemn thee, not to get belief:
Be gone, and leave to love, till thou haſt found

The

The way to truth, and let not vanity cozen you
To believe that I am mov'd, becauſe you change:
A thouſand other imperfections
Have made me hate thee; yet I choſe this way
To let thee know't, that deprehended with the
Black mark upon thee, thou may'ſt not dare
To trouble me again.

Er. Madam!

Her. There may be ſome, that for their ſecret ſins
The Gods will puniſh, making them love you:
Chuſe amongſt them. Irene, I will hope, though ſhe
Be credulous, will learn by this, how far 'tis ſafe to truſt you.

Moor. This was well manag'd.

Phor. What mountain have you pierc'd, that hath ſent forth this wind ſince I left you?

Er. I have undone myſelf for ever.

Phor. As how?

Er. I told Hermione, I never lov'd Irene.

Cle. Did ſhe hear it?

Er. O yes! it might have been forſworn elſe.

Cle. The devil thou haſt!

Er. Aſk him; he made me do't.

Cle. What courſe will you take to redeem your fault?

Er. A precipice; as being aſham'd to live any longer.

Phor. A halter you ſhall as ſoon! Come, come, I'll intercede,
And be your ſurety. Look, ſhe ſtays to pardon you;
Down on your knees.

[*She goes away; Phormio pulls her back; Ergaſto kneels, holds up his hands, his cloak over his face.*

Phor. O my ſweet Lady, be merciful like the Gods you reſemble! They have as often pardon in their hands as thunder. And the truth is, if they will not forgive this fault of inconſtancy, they muſt live alone, or at leaſt without men. This was the laſt gaſp of his dying friendſhip to her;
And now he is entirely yours.

Ire. He has not wrong'd me.

Phor.

Phor. Fie, ſay not ſo; that's as great an injury as not
Pardoning him: he has, and ſhall come naked
To receive his puniſhment. See, he dares not look
For comfort; let him take it in at his ears.

Ire. Pray content yourſelf with the time you have
Made me loſe, and let me go.

Phor. Never till you pardon him.

Ire. I will do any thing for my releaſe, if he has
Offended me, let him learn hereafter to
Speak truer than he ſwears; and in time
He may get credit.

Phor. 'Tis enough.

Er. Is ſhe gone?

Phor. Yes.

Er. How did ſhe look?

Phor. Faith, aſham'd; ſhe lov'd you ſo well, and ſorry
She had no reaſon to love you better.

Er. 'Tis an excellent Lady.

Phor. If I could make jointures, I would not take this
Pains for your honour. Cleon, whither ſlip you?

Cle. After Phillida.

Phor. And what ſucceſs?

Cle. Pox on't, theſe waiting-women will not deal unleſs
They have earneſt in their hands, and I was unprovided.

Phor. Away, Unthrift. [*Exeunt.*

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter Lyſicles.

Lyſ. THIS is the hour powerful Acanthe promis'd
I ſhould once more behold my loſt Mileſia.
Pardon me, Reaſon, that my wither'd hopes
Rebel againſt thy force; a happineſs

So mighty is oppos'd unto thy doubts,
That I'll diveſt my ſelf for ever of thee,
Rather than not believe impoſſibles,
That bring ſuch comforts to my languiſh'd ſoul.
Hail holy treaſurer of all the wealth
Nature e'er lent the world, be ſtill the envy
Of the proud monuments that do incloſe
The glorious titles of great conquerors.
Let no prophane air pierce thee but my ſighs,
[*Mileſia riſeth like a Ghoſt.*
Let them have entrance whilſt my tears do warm
Thy colder marble.——Ha! what miracle!
Are the Gods pleas'd to work to eaſe affliction?
The phœnix is created from her aſhes,
Pure as the flames that made 'em: ſtill the ſame,
The ſame Mileſia! Heaven does confeſs in this,
That ſhe can only add unto thy beauty,
By making it immortal.
Let it be lawful for thy Lyſicles,
To touch thy ſacred hand, and with it guide
My wandering ſoul unto that part of heaven,
Thy beauty does enlighten.

Ghoſt. Forbear, and hear me: If you approach, I vaniſh——

Impious, inconſtant Lyſicles! Cannot
This miracle of my reaſſuming
A mortal ſhape, perſuade thee there are Gods
To puniſh falſhood, that thou ſtill perſiſteſt,
In thy diſſembling? Do not I know
Thy heart is ſwol'n with vows thou haſt laid up
For thy Hermione? whom thou would'ſt perſuade,
Thy narrow heart is capable of love,
By mocking of my aſhes, and erecting tombs to me, which are
Indeed but trophies of thy dead conquer'd love and virtue.

Lyſ. No more, bleſs'd ſhape!
I ſhall not think that thou deſcend'ſt from heaven,
If thou continueſt thus in doubt of me;
Nor can there be a hell where ſuch forms are.
The knowledge how thou com'ſt here, doth diſturb me;
Yet ſuch a reverence I do owe thy image,

That

That I will lay before thee all my thoughts,
Spotleſs as truth; then thou ſhalt tell the ſhades,
How fortune, though it made my love unhappy,
Could not diminiſh it, nor preſs it one degree
From the proud height it was arrived to.
How I did nightly pray to this ſad tomb,
Bringing and taking fire of conſtant love
From the cold aſhes. How, when incompaſs'd
With thouſand horrors, death had been a reſt from,
I did prefer a loath'd life, to revenge my ſelf
And her, upon the murderer.

Ghoſt. I ſhall deſire to live, if this be true;
Nothing can add a comfort where I am,
But the aſſurance of your love. I know
Faith is not tied to paſs the confines
Of this life; yet Hermione's happineſs
Does trouble me: You'll think I lov'd
You living, when dead, I am jealous of you.

Lyſ. Mileſia, bleſt ſaint, now I am ſure thou art
What thou reſembleſt, and doſt know my ſecret'ſt thought
But as the Gods, of which thou art a part,
Are not content with our hearts ſacrifice,
Unleſs our words confeſs it; hear me then:
If my thoughts e'er conſented to replant
My love, may your dire thunder light
Upon my head, and ſink it down ſo low,
I may not ſee thy glories. I confeſs
My words have ſacrificed to deities
I ne'er ador'd. Thoſe ſtrains of love,
My tears and friendſhip to the beſt of men,
I hope have cancell'd. For my Eugenio
I did pretend a love unto Hermione,
Who elſe had ſold herſelf unto the rage
Of her offended father. Had you liv'd,
You would have pardon'd, when infidelity
But perſonated, did preſerve a faith
So holy as their's was; this is my fault.

Ghoſt. My glory, and my happineſs!

Lyſ. Yet this, as oft I wept as I was forc'd
(For his dear cauſe) to injure ſacred love;
Yet durſt not but decline his ſevere laws,

Whe

When my friend's life excus'd the pious error.

Ghoſt. Did you ſuſpect her, that you conceal'd this from her?

Lyſ. There is but one Mileſia; beſides,
If true, I meant her fears ſhould aid
My falſe diſguiſe, which her quick-ſighted father
Would elſe have pierc'd, who hates Eugenio,
And loves no virtue but what ſhines through wealth.

Ghoſt. My beſt, beſt Lyſicles, I am again in love,
Thy holy flame doth lend me light to ſee
My cloſed fires. Why did not fate give me
So large a field to exerciſe my faith?
I envy thee this trial, and would be
Expos'd to dangers, that have yet no name,
That I might meet thy love with equal merit.

Lyſ. The cauſe takes all away, and want of power
Excuſeth what I cannot yet expreſs.
But how our loves came to ſo ſad a period,
As yet in clouds I have only ſeen.

Ghoſt. My uncle's cruelty and hate of you, procur'd our ſeparation.

Lyſ. But how knew he our loves? Though torment ſince
Have wrung it from me, my joys ever flow'd ſilent and calm.

Ghoſt. I know it, but we were betray'd
By one that ſerv'd me, and the doubt's confirm'd
By the Moor you ſpake with yeſterday.

Lyſ. Ha! How came ſhe to know it? She was not here?

Ghoſt. All that I ever did, ſhe's conſcious of;
And jealous of your love unto Hermione,
Did place me here, to ſearch into your thoughts;
And now is prouder of this diſcovery,
Than if a crown were added to her.

Lyſ. To what ſtrange laws does heaven confine itſelf,
That it will ſuffer them that dare be damn'd,
To have power over thoſe it has ſelected?
My tears and ſacrifice could never gain
So much upon its mercy, as to lend
Thy happy ſight for one faint minute's comfort;
Yet thoſe that ſell themſelves to hell, can force

Thy

Thy quiet reſt for inquiſition on innocence.
Then to what purpoſe ſerves faith and religious ſecrecy
When magick mocks and fruſtrates all our vows?
This Moor then was confederate with your uncle's paſſion
Ghoſt. She is the cauſe that I do walk in ſhades.
Lyſ. And I will be, that ſhe ſhall walk in hell.
With her I will begin, then ſeek revenge
Under the ruins of thy uncle's houſe.
All men that dare to name him, and not curſe
His memory, ſhall feel the power
Of my deſpiſed hate and friendſhip.
Ghoſt. My deareſt Lyſicles, promiſe to be
But temperate in your anger, and I will
Diſcover more than you yet hop'd to know.
Lyſ. As juſtice, that's concern'd to puniſh crimes, I will.
Ghoſt. Then know I was betray'd.
Oh love, here's company, I muſt retire. [*Sink*

Enter Pindarus and Servants.

Pin. Talking to graves at night, and making love i'th' day?
My Lord, I, nor my daughter have deſerved this.
Lyſ. Pardon me, Sir, I could do no leſs,
Being to take an everlaſting farewell, but give this
Viſit to her memory: Reſerve your cenſure
Till ten days be over, and if I do not
Satisfy you, condemn me. [*Exeunt*

Enter Hermione and Phillida.

Her. Philly, take thy lute, and ſing the ſong
Was given thee laſt. [*Ex*

SONG.

WHere did you borrow that laſt ſigh,
And that relenting groan?
For thoſe that ſigh, and not for love,
Uſurp what's not their own.
Love's arrows ſooner armour pierce,
Than your ſoft ſnowy ſkin;
Your eyes can only teach us love,
But cannot take it in.

The Song being ended, enter Phillida.

Phil. Oh Madam, call all your ſorrows to you, you are
Not ſad enough to hear the news I bring.
Her. Would it were killing, that my death might end
My fears, as my life has my hopes.
Phil. You miſtake me, Madam, Eugenio is return'd.
Her. Eugenio return'd! thou haſt reaſon, Phillida, I
Should be dead with ſorrow: 'tis not fit we hear his name
Without a miracle. Where is he? ſend to bring him hither.
Phil. He waits on your commands without.
Her. Bring him in.
Good Gods! if you can ſuffer me one minute's joy,
Give it me now, and let exceſs of happineſs
Finiſh what ſorrow cannot. But where's this happineſs
I fain would dream of? Eugenio is return'd,
That I may look on him, and not be his,
And call our faiths in vain to aid our loves.

Enter Eugenio and Phillida.

Eug. May the Gods give you, Madam, a content
As high, as you have power to beſtow
On thoſe you favour, and then your happineſs
Will be as great as is your beauty.
Her. Oh my beſt Lord, you now behold a face
Too much acquainted with my ſad heart's grief,
Not to be ſtain'd with't: Sure, you cannot know it?
I pray, ſay you do not; you will wrong
Two things I am moſt proud of, my juſt grief,
And your young love, which could not grow,
Nouriſh'd with ſuch poor heat as now it gives.
I have a ſtory that will break your heart
When you have heard it, and mine, ere I
Deliver it. Prince Lyſicles to-morrow marries me,
Or I muſt leave my duty, or my life.
Forgive me, that I dare to utter this.
Eug. Madam, forbear your tears, they are a ranſom
Too mighty to redeem the greateſt faith
The Gods were ever witneſs to. I know

Whereto

Whereto you tend, you would have me untie
The knot that bound our loves, and I will do't,
Though it be faſten'd to my ſtrings of life.
Be happy in your choice, give to his merit,
What once you promis'd to my perfect love,
By which I only did pretend my claim.
I do releaſe you, as I know heaven has;
Who in his juſtice cannot have conſented
To a longer faith in you; you muſt not be
The conqueſt of a miſerable man,
O'er whom their cruel'ſt influences reign.

Her. Some ſaving power cloſe up my drowned eyes,
Which death had long ſince ſhut, had not the love
And hope of ſeeing you preſerv'd them open.
Have I been falſe for this to all my friends,
That you ſhould think I can be ſo to you?
Add not by your ſuſpicions a crime to our misfortune.

Eug. Of you I can have none, but what excuſe you:
You had made me miſerable, had not your faith
Yielded to thoſe aſſaults; as worth and greatneſs
Titles your father's rage, and your own judgment
Did ſhake and raze it, with what diſturbed mind
Should I have look'd on you my heart ador'd,
And love made miſerable? Still you weep;
But theſe are tears your fortune did lay up
To eaſe your miſery, had you continued mine:
And your ſuns, clear'd from their laſt clouds,
Will ſhine more freely on your Lyſicles.
For my ſelf, my love in his laſt act ſhall recompence
The injuries 't has done to your repoſe,
By killing me; then muſt injuſtice flie,
And hale inconſtancy along with her,
From your fair conquered ſoul they now poſſeſs.

Her. Oh my griefs!
Now I perceive the Gods decreed you endleſs,
Since they have made him add unto my torment,
Whoſe memory before did make the ſharpeſt, glorious.
Tears, and ſighs, and groans farewell:
They ne'er were ſpent but when I fear'd for you;
And you being loſt I have no uſe of them.
Here, take this paper, 'tis the laſt legacy

My

y love ſhall ever give you: 'twas deſign'd
hen I conceiv'd you worthy.
you believe her words, whoſe faith was never loſt,
ough you ungratefully have flung it off,
o you be not that you accuſe me for, you there ſhall find
ſtory that will puniſh your ſuſpicion.
[*He reads, and then kneels, and ſhe turns from him.*
Eug. You that by powerful prayers have diverted
imminent ruin, inſpire me with fit words
appeaſe my injured miſtreſs; hear me,
o not kneel for mercy, but to beg
ur leave to die: I muſt not live
en pardons make my offence moſt horrible,
l hell is here without them; take a middle way
you incline to mercy, and forget me.
Her. Riſe, this is worſe than your doubts were.
Eug. Turn not your face away; would you revenge,
n let my eyes dwell on't. What puniſhment
there be greater, than for me to ſee the beauty I have loſt
my own fault? Look then upon me.
Her. No, I muſt yet keep my anger to preſerve my honour,
l I dare not truſt that, and my eyes at once,
hey behold you.
Eug. Then hear a wretched man, that has out-liv'd
much his hopes, he knows not what to wiſh,
ether to live or die; yet life for this
ly ſeek, that you may find I ſhrink not,
puniſh him your juſtice has condemn'd.
Her. Riſe, I can hold out no longer, the bare ſounds
your death diſſolve my reſolutions;
get my anger, as I will the cauſe.
Eug. Never; it ſhall live here to honour me,
e pity of my love made you decline it:
muſt ——— ———
Her. Yes, the virtuous Lyſicles, for his reſpects to me,
ve'er unhappy, challenged that name,
your abſence labours to marry me: yet death ———

Eug.

Eug. Wretched Eugenio, did thy coward fate
Not dare to ſtrike thee, till thou turn'd'ſt thy back?
Muſt I return from baniſhment, to find
My hopes are baniſh'd? Did I for this love virtue,
Purſued her rugged paths, when danger made
Her horrid to the valiant, to be ruin'd
By him that is moſt virtuous? Ye Gods,
Was envy, malice, fortune impotent
To injure me, but you muſt raiſe up virtue
To ſuppreſs me?——— If I ſuffer it, I ſhall deſerve

Her. Oh my Eugenio, we are miſerable,
Yet muſt not quarrel, love, to take or give
A ſeeming comfort: go try all your power
Of hate or friendſhip to undo this match;
I'll give you leave to die firſt, any thing,
But let not me have ſo much leave to change,
As to believe you think it poſſible. [*Exeu*

Enter Lyſicles and Servant.

Ser. The phyſician you ſent for waits without.
Ly. Bring him in, and ſtay in the next room.

Enter Phyſician.

You are welcome: I muſt imploy your truſt and
Secrecy in ſomething that concerns me. You muſt
Procure me inſtantly a powerful poiſon.

Phyſ. My Lord!

Ly. Nay, no ceremonies of denial. I give you
My intents, not to be diſputed, but obeyed. I know
You walk not frequently in theſe rough ways;
But 'tis not want of knowledge, but your will,
Makes you decline them.

Phyſ. My Lord, I have obſerv'd you long, and ſee y
Wear your life like ſomething you would fain
Put off. I will not undertake to counſel you, in
That your neareſt friends have oft attempted,
Without ſucceſs: yet if my life ſhould iſſue
With the words I now will utter, I'll boldly tell
Your Grace, I will not be a means to cut your
Days off, to make mine happy ever.

Lyſ. I did expect this from you; and to inform you
Briefly, know, though I do loath my life, I will
Not part with't willingly, till it does ſerve
Me to revenge my wrongs: and to aſſure you more,
I will not uſe your art againſt myſelf. Let
Your compoſition procure the greateſt torture
Poiſon can force, for I muſt uſe it upon one
Our laws cannot condemn; becauſe the circumſtance
That makes him guilty cannot be produc'd, but
With expence of time; and my revenge will not admit it.
By my honour this is the cauſe.

Phyſ. If I were ſure your enemies ſhould only try
The effects of what I can do in your ſervice,
The horrid'ſt tortures treaſon e'er juſtified,
Should not exceed the ſufferings of thoſe
Should take the poiſon I can bring you.

Lyſ. Bring it me inſtantly; and if the pains of hell
Can be felt here, let your ingredients call them up.
If his life were only my aim and end, whilſt
I do wear this, I'd not implore your aid;
But I muſt ſet him on the rack, that there he
May confeſs my inquiſition juſtice.

Phyſ. An hour returns me with your commands
Perform'd——Yet I'll obſerve you farther. [*Aſide.*

Lyſ. So, this is the firſt degree to my revenge,
Which I will proſecute till I have made
All that were guilty of my loſs of peace,
Waſh their impiety in their guilty blood.
All places where I meet them ſhall be altars,
In which I'll ſacrifice the murderers,
To appeaſe the ſpirit of my injur'd miſtreſs:
And the laſt victim I will fall my ſelf
Upon her ſacred tomb, to expiate
The crimes I have committed in deferring
Juſtice thus long. This curs'd magician
Shall be the firſt, ſhe did reveal our loves;
Meliſſa ſaid ſhe did; and if it were
Her bleſſed ſpirit, nothing but truth dwells in't.
If it were a phantom rais'd by her foul ſpells;
She pays the fault of her abuſing me,

Inſidiating with my Mileſia's form,
To ſearch, and then betray my reſolution
Of ſerving my beſt friend. How now!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Lord Pindarus would ſpeak with you.
Lyſ. Where is he? [*Exeunt.*

Act V. Scene I.

Enter Servant and Lyſicles.

Ser. SIR, I have waited, as you commanded,
Near the houſe of the Ægyptian lady:
Something is done, that diſturbs them all,
Divers run in and out, phyſicians are ſent for:
At laſt, I went in my ſelf, and entered her
Chamber, found her on her bed almoſt diſtracted
With torture, cries ſhe is poiſon'd, curſes her
Jealouſy and curioſity, calls upon your name;
Deſires, and then forbids you ſhould be ſent for.
Lyſ. But I will come to her confeſſion. Courage, my ſoul
Let no faint pity hinder thee the joys
Thou art receiving, triumph in their ſufferings
That have attempted thine. Look down, Mileſia,
Applaud my piety, that ſnatch'd the ſword
From ſleeping juſtice to revenge thy death. [*Exit*
Serv. What means my Lord, to be pleas'd with this
Sad news? How can this ſtranger have offended him?
I'll follow, learn the iſſue, and the cauſe. [*Exit*

Enter the Moor on her bed, Hermione, Phillida, and Irene.
The bed thruſt out.

Moor. Oh, oh, oh Gods! if I have merited your hat
You might have laid it on until my name
Had been a word to expreſs full miſery,
And I had thank'd you, if you had forborn
To make his innocence the inſtrument

f your dire wrath. Hermione, Irene,
have conjur'd my ſervants not to tell you
hen I am dead, who I was: but if
heir weakneſs ſhall diſcover't, let it be hid
rom the beſt Lyſicles: I burn, I burn,
nd death dares not ſeize me, frighted
ith the furies that torment me.

Her. Myſterious powers! Inſtruct us in the way
ou would be ſerv'd, for we are ignorant;
our thunder elſe would not be aim'd at thoſe
hat follow virtue, as it is preſcrib'd,
hilſt thouſand others 'ſcape unpuniſhed,
hat violate the laws we are taught to keep.

Enter Lyſicles.

Lyſ. What mean theſe ſad expreſſions of ſorrow?

Her. Oh my Lord, nature had not made our hearts
apable of pity, if we forbear it here:
he virtuous Acanthe has been tormented
ith pains, nothing is able to expreſs
t her own groans: She fears ſhe's poiſon'd;
alks of you, of tombs, and of Mileſia,
nd in the midſt of all her torture
ys, her diſtruſt and jealouſy deſerve a greater puniſhment.

Lyſ. And I believe 't, nor ſhould you pity her:
hoſe that do trace forbidden paths of knowledge,
he Gods reſerve unto themſelves, do never do't,
t with intent to ruin the believers,
nd venturers on their art. Something I know
'th' curs'd effects of her commanding magick,
nd ſhe (no doubt) is conſcious to her ſelf
f infinite more miſchiefs than are yet reveal'd.
am confident ſhe is fled her country
r the ills ſhe has done there, and now
he puniſhment has o'erta'en her here.
nd for her ſhews of virtue, they are maſks
o hide the rottenneſs that lies within,
nd gain her credit, with ſome diſſembled acts
f piety, which levels her a paſſage
o thoſe important miſchiefs, hell
s imploy'd her here to execute.

Moor. Oh Gods! deny me not a death, ſince you
Have given me the tortures that advance it:
If I deſerve this, your inflicting hands
Do reach unto the ſhades, lay it on there.
Hermione, Irene, is Lyſicles yet come?

Lyſ. Yes, to counſel you to pacify
The Gods you have offended by your curſed arts:
The bleſſed ghoſt you ſent me to, has told me
Some ſad effects on't, and in her name,
And cauſe, have the Gods hurl'd this puniſhment
On thy foul ſoul, and made my grief inrag'd
To madneſs, the bleſt inſtrument of thy deſtruction,
Which does but here begin.

Moor. You then did ſend the poiſon, with the preſent I receiv'd?

Lyſ. Yes, I did; and wonder you durſt tempt
My juſt revenge, unleſs you did believe
You could confine the revelations
Of the beſt ſpirits, your curſed charms
Betray'd firſt, and then inforc'd to leave
Their happy ſeats, to perfect the deſigns
Your malice labour'd in.

Moor. What unknown ways have the Gods invented
To puniſh me! I feel a torment
No tyranny e'er parallel'd, yet muſt confeſs
An obligation to him that impos'd it.
Good Gods! If I do bow under your wills,
Without repining at your ſad decrees,
Grant this to recompenſe my martyrdom,
That he that is the author of my ſufferings,
May never learn his error.
Sir, if torments e'er could expiate the crimes
We have committed; mine might challenge your pard
And your pity: I feel death entering me;
Love the memory of your Mileſia, and forgive——

Ire. Help, help! She dies!

Lyſ. If it be poſſible, call life into her for ſome minut
Her full confeſſion will abſolve my juſtice.

Ire. Bring ſome water here, ſhe does but ſwoon:
So, chafe her temples——Oh heavens! What prodig
Is here! Her blackneſs falls away: My Lord, look o
T

This miracle; doth not heaven inſtruct us in pity
Of her wrongs, that the opinions which prejudice
Her virtue, ſhould thus be waſh'd away with the
Black clouds that hide her purer form?

Her. Heaven hath ſome further ends in this
Than we can pierce: More water, ſhe returns to life,
And all the blackneſs of her face is gone.

Ire. Pallas, Apollo, what may this portend?
My Lord, have you not ſeen a face like this?

Lyſ. Yes, and horror ſeizeth me: 'Tis the idea
Of my Mileſia. Impenetrable powers!
Deliver us in thunder your intents,
And expoſition of this metamorphoſis.

Her. She ſtirs

Lyſ. Hold her up gently——— [*He kneels.*

Moor. Oh, oh! Why do you kneel to me?

Lyſ. Are not you Mileſia?

Moor. Why do you aſk?

Lyſ. Oh! then you are.

Moor. My Lyſicles, I am by miracle preſerv'd;
Though ſince the Gods repent them of their ſuccours,
Knowing me unworthy of thy firm conſtant love,
I never thought that death could be a terror,
Too long acquainted with the miſeries
Purſue our lives; but now the apprehenſion
Of my grave ſhould ſwallow thee, makes me to welcome it
With a heavineſs that ſinks deſpairing ſinners.

Lyſ. Pour down your thunder, Gods, upon this head,
And try if that can make me yet more wretched.
Was not her death affliction enough,
But you muſt make me be the murderer?
Is this a puniſhment for adoring her
Equal with you, you made ſo equal to ye?
Pardon the fault you forc'd me to commit:
So viſible a divinity could not be look'd on
With leſs adoration.

Moor. If e'er I did expect a happier death,
May I die loathed: What funeral pomp
Can there be greater, than for me to hear,
Whilſt I yet live, my dying obſequies
With ſo much zeal pronounc'd by him I love?

Tortures again do ſeize me.

Lyſ. Eyes, are you dry, where ſuch an object calls
Your tears forth!——My blood ſhall ſupply your place.

Moor. For heaven's ſake hold his hands.—O my beſt
Lyſicles,
Do not deſtroy the comforts of my ſoul;
What a diviſion do I feel within me!
I am but half tormented, my ſoul in ſpite
O'th' tortures of my body, does feel a joy
That meets departed ſpirits in the bleſt ſhades——

Lyſ. What unexpected miſchiefs circle me,
What arts hath malice, arm'd with fortune, found
To make me wretched? Could I e'er have thought
A miracle could have reſtor'd thee to my eyes,
But they ſhould ſee the joys of heaven in thee?
Yet now the height of my affliction is,
That they behold thee, guilty of the cloſe
Of thine for ever. See, Hermione,
The countenance death ſhould put on, when death
Would have us throng unto her palaces,
And court her frozen ſepulchres.

Ire. Sure ſhe is dead: How pale ſhe is!

Lyſ. No; ſhe is white as lilies, as the ſnow
That falls upon Parnaſſus; if the red were here,
As I have ſeen't enthron'd, the riſing day
Would get new excellence by being compar'd to her:
Argos, nor Cyprus, Ægypt never ſaw
A beauty like to this; let it be lawful for me to uſurp
So much on death's right, as to take a kiſs
From thy cold virgin-lips, where he and love
Yet ſtrive for empire: The flames that riſe from hence
Are not leſs violent, though leſs pleaſing now,
Than when ſhe did conſent I ſhould receive
What now I raviſh.

Moor. Dares not death ſhut thoſe eyes where love
Hath enter'd once, or am I in the ſhades
Aſſiſted with the ghoſt of my dear Lyſicles?

Lyſ. She ſpeaks again: Good heaven ſhe ſpeaks again!

Her. You are yet living?

Moor. And therefore dying; but before I go
Let me obtain your pardon for the wrongs

My jealouſy hath thrown upon your innocence.
'Twas my too perfect knowledge of my want
Of merit to deſerve, made me doubt yours:
I mean your conſtant love, which I will teach
Below, and make them learn again to love,
Who have died for it.

Lyſ. Do not abuſe your mercy and my grief,
By aſking pardon of your murderer;
But curſe your ſufferings off, on this devoted head,
To ſave the beauty of the world in you.

Moor. Why ſhould your grief make me repent the joys
I ever begg'd of heaven? the knowledge
Of your love. Could there be added more
Unto my happineſs, than to be confirm'd
By my own ſufferings how much you did love me,
And proſecuted thoſe that deſired my ruin?
Like Semele I die, who could not take
The full God in her arms.
I have but one wiſh more, that I may bear
Unto the ſhades the glorious title of your wife:
If I may live ſo long to hear but this
Pronounc'd by Lyſicles, I die in peace.

Lyſ. Hear it, with my vows not to behold
The ſun riſe after you are gone.

Moor. O, ſay not ſo; live, I command you, live;
Let your obedience unto this command,
Shew you have loſt a miſtreſs.

Lyſ. Can I hear this, and live?

Ire. My Lord, our cares will be employed better,
In ſeeking to avert this lady's death,
Than in deploring it.

Lyſ. You adviſe well: Run all to the phyſician;
I will my ſelf to Arnaldo, who gave
This poiſon to me. Let me have word ſent to the
Cypreſs grove, the minute ſhe is dead. [*Exeunt.*

[*Draw in the bed.*

Enter Lyſicles meditating.

Lyſ. If life be given as a bleſſing to us,
What law compels us to preſerve it longer,
Than we can ſee a poſſibility

Of being happy by it? But we muſt expect
Till the ſame power, that plac'd us here, commands
A reſtitution of his gift: This is indeed a rule
To make us live, but not live happily.
'Tis true, the ſlave that frees himſelf by death,
Doth wrong his maſter; but yet the Gods are not
Neceſſitous of us, but we of them.
Who then is injur'd if I kill my ſelf?
And if I durſt to hear their voice, they call
Men to ſome other place, when they remove
The guſt, and taſte of this. We ſhould adore thee, death,
If conſtant virtue, not inforcement, built
Thy ſpacious temples.

Enter Eugenio.

Welcome, Eugenio; welcome, worthy friend;
How long are you arriv'd?

Eug. Time enough to revenge, though not prevent
The injuries you have done me.

Lyſ. What means my friend?

Eug. I muſt not hear that name now; you have loſt
The effects and virtue of it: I come to puniſh
Your breach of faith.

Lyſ. Is hell afraid my conſtancy ſhould conquer
The miſchiefs that are rais'd to ſwallow me,
That it invents new plagues to batter me?
By all that's holy, I never did offend my friend,
Not in a thought.

Eug. Thoſe that by breach of vows provoke their juſtice,
Do ſeldom fear prophaning of their names;
To hide their perjuries will put it on them.
You have attempted my Hermione,
And forc'd her father to compel her voice
Unto your marriage.

Lyſ. All this I do confeſs; but 'twas for both your goods,
As I will now inform you.

Eug. Hell and furies! Becauſe your ſpecious titles,
Your ſpreading vineyards, and your gilded houſe
Do ſhine upon our cottage, muſt our faiths,
Which heaven did ſeal, be cancell'd? 'Twas my virtue
Won her fair graces, which ſtill out-ſhine
Your flames of vice.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. It hath not light enough to let you ſee your friend.
Gods! Could that man have liv'd, that dar'd to ſay,
Eugenio did ſuſpect his Lyſicles?
And now in pity you do ſhew him me,
That I may fly the world without regret,
Not leaving one of worth behind me in it.
Be gone, and learn your errors.

Eu. I have done 't already. They were truſting you
With my life's happineſs: Draw, and reſtore the vows
You made Hermione; or I will leave you dead,
And tear them from your heart.

Lyſ. Fond man! Thou doſt not know how much 'tis in
My power to make thee miſerable:
I could now force thee execute my wiſh
In killing me; and thou would'ſt fly the light,
When it had ſhew'd thee whom thy rage offended,
But till I fall by my own hand, my life
Is chain'd unto my honour, which I will wear
Upon my ſepulchre: Nor muſt I die,
Being guilty of Mileſia's murder,
For any cauſe but her's; elſe were my breaſt,
Since you have wrong'd me, open to your point.

Eug. Can you deny but that you have attempted
The faith of my Hermione?

Lyſ. I can, with ſo ſtrong circumſtance of truth
Would make you bluſh for having doubted mine.
But he that was my friend, and ſuſpects me,
Muſt attend leſs ſatisfaction than a ſtranger.
Proceed, and let your caſe be both your judge and guide.

Eug. What ſhould I do? I dare not truſt my ſenſe,
If he ſhould tell me that it does deceive me:
Virtue itſelf would loſe her quality
Ere he forſook her, and his words do fall
Diſtorted from him; his ſoul doth labour
Under ſome heavy burden, which my paſſion
Did hinder me from ſeeing. Sir, forgive,
Or take your full revenge; let your own griefs
Teach you to pity thoſe are diſtract with it.
I will not riſe until you pardon me.

Lyſ. Oh, my Eugenio, thy kindneſs hath undone me!
My rage did choak my grief, which now did ſpread

Itſelf over my ſoul and body: Up, and help
To bear me till I fall eternally.
Eug. Who can hear this, and not be turn'd to marble?
Good Sir, impart your ſorrows; I may bring comfort.
Lyſ. Whilſt they were capable, thou didſt; but now
They are too great and ſwol'n to let it in.
Mileſia, whom you and I ſuppoſed dead,
By me to-day is poiſon'd, and lies dying in her torment.
Is not this ſtrange?
Eug. What have you ſaid, that is not?
But heaven avert this laſt!
Lyſ. It is too late now; let me beg thy kindneſs
Would do that for me, I forbad thy paſſion.
Eug. What is't?
Lyſ. Kill me.
Eug. You cannot wiſh me ſuch an hated office!
Call up your reaſon, and your courage to you,
Which was not given you only for the wars,
But to reſiſt the batteries of fortune.
People will ſay, that Lyſicles did want
Part of that courage fame did ſpeak him lord of,
When they ſhall hear him ſunk below her ſuccour.
Lyſ. You will not kill me then?
Eug. When I believe there is no other means to eaſe you,
I will do't.
Lyſ. All but death are fled.
Eug. Then draw your ſword, and as I lift my arm
To ſheath this in your breaſt, let yours pierce me;
On this condition I may do your will.
Lyſ. I may not for the world: Why ſhould you die?
Eug. See how your paſſions blind you! Is death
An eaſe or torment? If it be a joy,
Why ſhould you envy it your deareſt friend?
Lyſ. Our cauſes are not equal.
Eug. They will be, when you are dead: How you miſtake
The laws of friendſhip, and commit thoſe faults
You did accuſe me of! I would not live ſo long
To think you can ſurvive your dying friend.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Eugenio, I am conquered, yet I hope thy kindneſs
Will do that for me, which thy ſword refuſeth.
Love thy Hermione, ſhe deſerves it, friend:
Leave me alone a while.

Eug. Your grief's too great for me to truſt your life with't:
I dare not venture you beyond my help.

Within. Where's Prince Lyſicles? Where's Prince Lyſicles?

Lyſ. Heark, I am call'd, the fatal news is come. [*Draws.*

Eug. Fie! how unmanly's this? Can ſounds affright you,
Which yet you know not whether they do bring
Or joys, or ſorrows? When remedies are deſpair'd of,
You have ſtill leave to die. Perhaps ſhe lives,
And you'll exhale her ſoul into your wounds,
And be the death of her you mourn for living.

Within. Where's Prince Lyſicles? Where's Prince Lyſicles?

Eug. It is the voice of comfort; none would ſtrive
To be a ſad relator; I'll call him: Holla! here he is.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The ſtrange Lady kiſſes your hands, my Lord: Arnaldo
Has reſtored her; ſhe bid me ſay, your ſight can only
Give perfection to what he has begun.

Eug. Will you die now?

Lyſ. Softly, good friend, gently let it ſlide
Into my breaſt; my heart's too narrow yet
To take ſo full a joy in: You're ſure this news is true?

Ser. On my life.

Eug. Why ſhould you doubt it?

Lyſ. My comforts ever were like winter-ſuns,
That riſe late, and ſet betimes, ſet with thick clouds
That hide their light at noon: But be this true,
And I have life enough to let me ſee it,
I ſhall be ever happy.

Eug. So, 'tis well;
At length his hope hath taught deſpair to fear. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mileſia, Hermione, Irene, Phyſician.

Phyſ. Madam, my innocence will plead my pardon; I could
Not gueſs for whom my Lord intended it. The truth is,
I fear'd, conſidering his deep melancholy, he
Intended to uſe it on himſelf, and therefore meant to
Make him out of love with death, by ſuffering the pains
Our ſouls do feel when they are violenc'd from us.
I had provided antidotes, but could not, till this hour,
Learn on whom it was employ'd. Sure I was, it could
Be death to none, though full of torment.

Mil. Till I have farther means to thank you; receive this ring.

Her. But, Madam, what did your poor Hermione deſerve,
That you ſhould hide yourſelf from her?
Or are you the Mileſia that were pleas'd
To call me friend? or is ſhe buried
By Pallas' temple? Truly, belief and memory
Oppoſing ſenſe, makes me doubt which to credit.
I wept you dead, the virgins did intomb you:
Were we then, or now deceiv'd?

Mil. My fair dear friend, you ſhall know all my ſtory.
'Tis true, my uncle did deſign my death
For loving Lyſicles; for at his coming hither,
He charg'd me by all ties that were between us,
To hate him as the ruin of his honour;
And yet for ſome dark ends I underſtood not,
Reſolv'd to leave me here. I ſwore obedience,
But knew not what offence it was to keep
An oath ſo made, till I had ſeen Lyſicles,
Which at your houſe I did; when he came wounded
From hunting of the boar, all but his name
Appear'd moſt god-like to me: You all did run
To ſtop his wounds, and I thought I might ſee
My enemy's blood; yet ſoon did pity ſeize me,
To ſee him bleed. Thus, love taking the ſhape
Of pity, glided unſeen of me into my heart,
And whilſt I thought myſelf but charitable,
I nurs'd my infant love with milk of pity,

Till

Till he grew ſtrong enough to take me priſoner.
I found his eyes on mine, and ere I could
Remove them, heard him ſay, he'd thank his fortune
For this laſt wound, if 'twere the cauſe
Of ſeeing me; then took his leave,
But left me ſpeechleſs that I could not ſay,
My heart, farewel! After this viſit, our loves
Grew to that height that you have heard of.
Her. The groves, and temples, and dark ſhades have heard
Them mourned, and celebrated by your friend.
Mil. I had a ſervant unſuſpected of me,
For none I truſted that obſerv'd our meetings,
And gueſſing by my ſighs that love had made them,
Betray'd them to my uncle; on Pallas' eve
He ruſh'd into my chamber, his ſword drawn,
And ſnatch'd me by the arm: I fell down,
But knowing yet no fault, could beg no pardon.
A while our eyes did only ſpeak our thoughts;
At length out of his boſom he pull'd
A paper; 'twas the contract betwixt my Lord and me;
And aſk'd me if I would avow the hand.
Heaven, ſaid I, has approv'd it, and the Gods
Have choſe this way to re-unite our houſes.
Stain of thy kindred's honour, he exclaims;
Was there no other man to eaſe your luſt,
But he that was our greateſt enemy!
Reſolve to die, thy blood ſhall hide the ſtains
Of our diſhonour.
Her. He could not be ſo cruel to intend it?
Mil. He was; for leaving me oppreſs'd with ſighs
And tears, yet not of ſorrow and repentance,
But fear that I ſhould leave my deareſt ſervant,
Commands his cruel ſlaves to murder me
As I deſcended; and leſt pity ſhould
Create remorſe in their obdurate hearts,
The lights were all put out. Then haſtily
My name was heard; I then intreated her
That betray'd me, to tell them I was coming,
And took this time to write unto my Lord.
She went, but by the way was ſeiz'd

And

And ſtrangled by thoſe murderers
That expected me. My uncle heard
Her lateſt groans; and now the act was paſt
His power to help, he wiſh'd it were undone;
Brings lights to ſee the body, and perceiv'd
The ſtrange miſtake. By ſigns and lifted eyes,
Confeſs'd heaven's hand was in't; yet would not leave
His revenge here, commands his ſlaves to change
My clothes with her's was ſlain; then takes the head off,
And on the trunk did leave a note, which told
My death for loving Lyſicles, in hope my ruin,
Knowing his noble nature, would be his.
At midnight quits this town, leaving none behind
Were conſcious of the fact, immures me in his houſe,
Till I eſcap'd in that diſguiſe I wore,
When I firſt came to you.

Ire. Why did you not declare yourſelf when you came hither?

Mil. You were the cauſe on't. At my arrival here,
I heard my Lyſicles ſhould marry you,
And therefore kept the habit I was in,
To ſearch unknown the truth of this report,
And practis'd in the private actions of ſome near friends,
Got an opinion I could preſage
The future. Thus was I ſought by you,
Thus found the faith of my dear Lyſicles,
When at the tomb I did appear his ghoſt,
And had reveal'd myſelf, had not the ſhame
Of doubting ſuch a faith, kept my deſires in.

Her. Then he diſſembled, when he made love to me?

Mil. He did; forgive it him; 'twas for his friend.

Her. I am ſorry for it.

Mil. How, my dear friend!

Enter Lyſicles and Eugenio.

Her. Nay, it is true.
Eugenio and he are of ſuch equal tempers,
I ſhall ſuſpect he has diſſembled too.

Mil. Oh, you are pleaſant.
Here comes my Lord.

Lyſ. Is there a wiſh beyond this happineſs,
When I embrace thee thus? I will not aſk Thy

Thy ſtory now, it is enough to know
That you are living.
Mil. The Gods have made this trial in my ſufferings,
If I deſerv'd ſo great a bleſſing:
I have but one grief left.
Lyſ. Is that word yet on earth?
Mil. Yes, but it ſprings from an exceſſive joy
Of finding ſuch admired worth in you.
What I hereafter ſhall do in your ſervice,
Muſt wear the name of gratitude, not love.
Lyſ. No, my Mileſia,
Mine was the firſt engagement, and the Gods
Made thee ſo excellent to keep on earth
Love that was flying hence, finding no object
Worthy to fix him here.
Her. No more, Eugenio, if your words could add
Expreſſions to your love, you had not had
So much of mine; and after I have tried
Your faith ſo many ways, it would appear
Ingratitude, not modeſty, to ſhew a miſtreſs' coldneſs.
Eug. May I believe, all advantageous words,
Or may I doubt them; ſeeing they come from you,
Who are all truth? I will not ſpeak
How undeſerving I am of theſe favours,
Becauſe I will not wrong the election
Your gracious pity forceth on your judgment.
Lyſ. Our joys do multiply; but, my dear friend,
I have yet ſomething that will add to yours:
My father's call'd to court, and you are left
Governour in his place; this, I know, will make
Lord Pindarus conſent to both your wiſhes.
Your pardon, Madam, and when you lie embrac'd
With your Eugenio, tell him, if my faith
Had not the double tye of friend and miſtreſs,
A ſingle one had yielded to the hope
Of the enjoying you. Here comes my Lord!

Enter Pindarus.

Oh my good Lord, I muſt intreat your pardon
For a fault my love unto my friend engag'd me in:
Let your conſent compleat the happineſs
Of theſe two perfect lovers; I am confident

You

You ever did approve his virtue: his fortune now
Can be no hindrance, ſince our gracious King
In contemplation of his merits,
Hath made him governour in my father's place.
Pin. Moſt willingly I give it, ſince I have loſt
The hopes of being ally'd to you:
Heaven bleſs you both.
Sir, your own love of my Hermione,
And yours now, will teach you to admit
An eaſy ſatisfaction for the troubles
My love unto my child hath thrown upon you.
Eug. You are all goodneſs, and my ſervices
Ever directed by your will, ſhall ſhew,
Though I can never merit this great honour,
I will do nothing ſhall deprive me of
The honour of your love and favour.
Pin. Your virtue promiſeth more than I may hear
From you: Once more, heaven bleſs you.
If my Lord Ergaſto now were ſatisfy'd,
I ſhall be at peace; for having promiſed
My daughter to him, I would not have him
Think that by me he's injur'd.
Her. 'Tis in your power, Sir, to ſatisfy him.
Pin. I would do any thing.
Her. Perſuade my couſin to confeſs ſhe loves him,
Which I do know ſhe does, and he already
Has made profeſſion of his, unto my prejudice:
Nay, bluſh not, couſin, ſince you would not allow me
This ſecret as a friend, you may excuſe
The inquiſitiveneſs of a rival.
Mil. This is all truth, my Lord, I can aſſure you.
Pin. Is't poſſible, Irene, do you love Ergaſto?
Ire. Methinks your experience, uncle, ſhould teach you,
That ſuch a queſtion was not to be aſk'd.
Well, if I did him, 'twas becauſe I thought
That he lov'd me; but if he does not, I pardon him:
For I am certain he once believ'd it himſelf.
Pin. If ever love make any deep impreſſion
In you, I am deceiv'd.
Ire. His dart may ſtrike as far into me
As into another, for aught you know, uncle.
Pin. You have ill luck elſe, niece. *Enter*

Enter Phormio, Ergaſto, Cleon.

Phor. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, the town is full of it:
Mileſia, I know not how, is alive again:
Eugenio is made governour; though you were conſtant,
You can have no longer hopes of Hermione:
Therefore let me adviſe you, make that ſeem
Your own election, which will elſe be inforcement;
Quit your intereſt in Hermione, and renew
Your ſuit to Irene.

Er. Obſerve me.

Pin. Welcome, my Lords, do you know this Lady?

Er. Moſt perfectly, and came to congratulate
With the Prince, for her double recovery.

Lyſ. I thank you, my Lord, and when my friend and you
Are reconcil'd, you may aſſure yourſelf
I am your ſervant.

Er. What's in my power to give him ſatisfaction,
He may command.

Eug. Your friendſhip does it.

Pin. My Lord, this reconcilement will make way unto my
Pardon, I have not been wanting in my promiſe
To you; but my daughter thinks ſhe has choſen
So well, that without my leave, ſhe hath made her
Self, her own diſpoſer.

Er. Ages of happineſs attend them: If I may hope to
Gain the graces of the fair Irene, I ſhall be happy too.

Pin. If I have any power, ſhe ſhall be yours.

Lyſ. Let me beg the honour of interceding; your fortunes
And condition are ſo equal, it were a ſin to part you.

Phor. Pray, Sir, let him do it himſelf: the taſk is not
So hard, to require a mediator.

Ire. Have you ſuch ſkill in perſpective?

Phor. As good as any chiromancer's in Ægypt, Madam.

Er. He has reaſon, for I have open'd my breaſt to him,
And he has ſeen my heart, and you inthron'd in't.

Phor. He tells you true, Lady.

Ire. Indeed, Sir! And pray what did it look like?

Phor. Faith, to deal truly, much like the wheel of fortune, Which

Which turning round, puts the ſame perſons
Sometimes at top, ſometimes at bottom: but at la
Love ſhot his dart through the axle-tree,
And fix'd you regent.

Ire. Well, I have conſider'd, and my couſin's
Example ſhall teach me.

Er. What, in the name of doubt?

Ire. To avoid the infinite troubles you procur'd her by you
Fruitleſs ſolicitations: D'ye think your tears ſhall coſt
Me ſo many tears, as they have done her?

Pin. You may excuſe them by conſenting
To your friend's deſires.

Mil. Sweet Madam, let me obtain this for him:
He dies if you deny him.

Her. Dear Irene, perfect the happineſs of this da

Ire. You have great reaſon to perſuade me
To take him you abhorr'd.

Her. I was ingag'd.

Ire. Well, if any here will paſs their words
He can continue conſtant a week, I will
Be diſpos'd by you.

Omnes. We all will be ingag'd for him.

Ire. On this condition I admit him to a month's ſervice
And my ſelf to a perpetual ſervitude.

Er. I ever ſhall be yours.

Ire. My father ſaid ſo, till my mother wept.

Eug. A notable wooing this!

Lyſ. And as notably finiſh'd.
Let's now unto my father,
Who expects you to deliver his commiſſion to you.
Come, my Mileſia, tell my wounded heart
No more, her ſighs ſhall wander through the air,
Not knowing where to find thee: no more
Shall the miſtaken tomb of falſe Oenone
Be moiſtned with my tears; yet ſince ſhe died
To ſave thy life, her ghoſt could not expect
A cheaper ſacrifice. This I'll only add,
In memory of us, all lovers ſhall
Repute this day, as their great feſtival.

THE ORDINARY: A COMEDY.

By Mr. William Cartwright.

MR. WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT *was born at* Northway *near* Tewkſbury *in* Glouceſterſhire, *in* 1611. *His Father* William Cartwright *was once a Gentleman of a fair Eſtate; but running out of it, he was reduc'd to keep a common Inn in* Cirenceſter, *in that County. He was educated at* Weſtminſter, *and took his Maſter of Arts Degree in* 1635, *at* Chriſt-Church *College in* Oxford. *He enter'd into Orders, became noted for his graceful and eloquent Oratory, and was much follow'd as an extraordinary Preacher. He wrote, beſides this Comedy, the* Lady Errant; *the* Royal Slave; *and the* Siege, *or* Love's Convert; *all Tragi-Comedies: Alſo ſeveral Poems, and ſome Sermons. He died in* 1643, *and in* 1651 *his Poems and Plays were printed together in one Volume, Octavo; and uſher'd into the World with fifty-two Commendatory Copies of Verſes.*

The Prologue.

'Twould wrong our Author to beſpeak your Ears;
Your Perſons he adores, but Judgment fears:
For where you pleaſe but to diſlike, he ſhall
Be Atheiſt thought, that worſhips not his Fall.
Next to not marking, 'tis his hope that you,
Who can ſo ably judge, can pardon too.
His Converſation will not yet ſupply
Follies enough to make a Comedy;
He cannot write by th' Poll; nor act we here
Scenes, which perhaps you ſhould ſee liv'd elſewhere;
No guilty Line traduceth any; all
We now preſent is but conjectural;
'Tis a meer Gueſs: Thoſe then will be to blame,
Who make that Perſon, *which he meant but* Name.
That Web of Manners which the Stage requires,
That Maſs of Humours which poetick Fires
Take in, and boil, and purge, and try, and then
With ſublimated Follies cheat thoſe Men,
That firſt did vent them, are not yet his Art,
But as drown'd Iſlands, or the World's fifth part
Lie undiſcover'd; and he only knows
Enough to make himſelf ridiculous.
Think then, if here you find nought can delight,
He hath not yet ſeen Vice enough to write.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Hear-ſay, an Intelligencer.
Slicer, a Lieutenant. } Complices in the Ordinary.
Meanwell, *Littleworth* diſguis'd, a decay'd Knight's ſon.
Shape, a Cheater.
Sir *Tho. Biteſig*, a covetous Knight.
Simon Credulous, a Citizen.
Andrew, his Son, Suitor to Mrs. *Jane*.
Robert Moth, an Antiquary.
Caſter. } Gameſters.
Have-at-all, }
Rimewell, a Poet.
Bag-ſhot, a decay'd Clerk. } Clubbers at the Ordinary.
Sir *Chriſtopher*, a Curate.
Vicar *Catchmey*, a Cathedral Singing-man.
Mrs. *Jane*, daughter to Sir *Thomas*.
Priſcilla, her Maid.
Joan Potluck, a Vintner's Widow.

Shopkeeper. } { Officers.
Chirurgeon } { Servants.

The Scene, *LONDON*.

THE

ORDINARY:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Hearſay, Slicer, Shape, Meanwell.

Hear. WE're made, my boys, we're made! Methinks I am
Growing into a thing that will be worſhip'd.
Slicer. I ſhall ſleep one day in my chain and ſcarlet,
At Spital-ſermon.
Shape. Were not my wit ſuch,
I'd put out moneys on being Mayor.
But O this brain of mine! That's it that will
Bar me the city honour.
Hear. We're cry'd up
O'th ſudden for the ſole tutors of the age.

Shape.

Shape. Eſteem'd diſcreet, ſage, trainers up of youth.
Hear. Our houſe becomes a place of viſit now.
Slicer. In my poor judgment, 'tis as good my Lady
Should venture to commit her eldeſt ſon
To us, as to the inns of court: He'll be
Undone here only with leſs ceremony.
Hear. Speak for our credit, my brave man of war.
What, Meanwell! why ſo lumpiſh?
Mean. Pray you be quiet.
Hear. Thou look'ſt as if thou plott'ſt the calling in
O'th' Declaration, or th' aboliſhing
O'th' Common-prayers. Cheer up; ſay ſomething for us.
Mean. Pray vex me not.
Slicer. Theſe fooliſh puling ſighs
Are good for nothing, but to endanger buttons.
Take heart of grace, man.
Mean. Fie, y'are troubleſome.
Hear. Nay, fare you well then, Sir.
[*Exeunt Hearſay, Slicer, Shape.*
Mean. My father ſtill
Runs in my mind, meets all my thoughts, and doth
Mingle himſelf in all my cogitations:
Thus to ſee eager villains drag along
Him, unto whom they crouch'd; to ſee him hal'd,
That ne'er knew what compulſion was, but when
His virtues did incite him to good deeds,
And keep my ſword dry——O unequal nature!
Why was I made ſo patient as to view,
And not ſo ſtrong as to redeem? Why ſhould I
Dare to behold, and yet not dare to reſcue?
Had I been deſtitute of weapons, yet
Arm'd with the only name of ſon, I might
Have out-done wonder. Naked piety
Dares more than fury well-appointed; blood
Being never better ſacrificed, than when
It flows to him that gave it. But, alas!
The envy of my fortune did allow
That only, which ſhe could not take away,
Compaſſion; that which was not in thoſe ſavage
And knowing beaſts, thoſe engines of the law,
That even kill as uncontroul'd, as that.

How do I grieve, when I conſider from
What hands he ſuffer'd! Hands that do excuſe
Th' indulgent priſon; ſhackles being here
A kind of reſcue. Young-man, 'tis not well
To ſee thy aged father thus confin'd,
Good, good old man; alas! thou'rt dead to me,
Dead to the world, and only living to
That which is more than death, thy miſery!
The grave could be a comfort: And ſhall I———
O would this ſoul of mine——But death's the wiſh
Of him that fears; he's lazy that would die.
I'll live, and ſee that thing of wealth, that worm
Bred out of ſplendid muck; that citizen
Like his own ſullied wares thrown by into
Some unregarded corner, and my piety
Shall be as famous as his avarice.
His ſon, whom we have in our tuition,
Shall be the ſubject of my good revenge;
I'll count my ſelf no child, till I have done
Something that's worth that name: My brain ſhall be
Buſy in his undoing; and I will
Plot ruin with religion; his diſgrace
Shall be my zeal's contrivance; and when this
Shall ſtile me ſon again, I hope 'twill be
Counted not wrong, but duty. When that time
Shall give my actions growth, I will caſt off
This brood of vipers; and will ſhew that I
Do hate the poiſon, which I mean t'apply. [*Exit.*

Act I. Scene II.

Mrs. Potluck.

Pot. NOW help, good heaven! 'Tis ſuch an uncouth thing
To be a widow out of term-time——I
Do feel ſuch aguiſh qualms, and dumps, and fits,
And ſhakings ſtill an end——I lately was
A wife, I do confeſs; but yet I had
No huſband: He (alas!) was dead to me
Even when he liv'd unto the world; I was

A widow whilſt he breath'd; his death did only
Make others know ſo much. But yet——

Enter Hearſay.

Hear. How now? So melancholy, Sweet?
Potl. How could I chuſe,
Being thou wer't not here? The time is come,
Thou'lt be as good unto me as thy word?
Hear. Nay, hang me if I e'er recant. You'll take me
Both wind and limb at th' venture, will you not?
Potl. Ay, good Chuck, every inch of thee; ſhe were
No true woman that would not.
Hear. I muſt tell you one thing, and yet I'm loth.
Potl. I am thy rib,
Thou muſt keep nothing from thy rib, good Chuck;
Thy yoke-fellow muſt know all thy ſecrets.
Hear. Why then I'll tell you, Sweet. [*He whiſpers her.*
Pot. Heaven defend!
Hear. 'Tis true.
Pot. Now, God forbid; and would you offer
T' undo a widow-woman ſo? I had
As lief the old vintner were alive again.
Hear. I was not born with it, I confeſs; but lying
In Turkey for intelligence, the Great Turk,
Somewhat ſuſpicious of me, leſt I might
Entice ſome o'th' Seraglio, did command
I ſhould be forthwith cut.
Potl. A heathen deed
It was: None but an infidel could have
The heart to do it.
Hear. Now you know the worſt
That you muſt truſt to. Come, let's to the church.
Potl. Good Mr. Hearſay, nature ne'er intended
One woman ſhould be joined to another.
The holy bleſſing of all wedlock was
T' increaſe and multiply, as Mr. Chriſtopher
Did well obſerve laſt Sabbath. I'll not do
Any thing 'gainſt God's word. I do releaſe you
Of all your promiſes; and that it may not
Be ſaid you loſt by loving me, take this:
Perhaps I may get you a contribution

O'th'

O'th' women of the pariſh, as I did
The broken-bellied man, the other day.
Hear. Seeing you needs will caſt me off, let me
Intreat this one thing of you, that you would not
Make me your table-talk at the next goſſiping. [*Exit.*
Pot. Indeed I pity thee, poor thing; or rather,
I pity thee, poor nothing.

Enter Slicer.

Good Lieutenant, how doſt thou?
Thou art mindful of thy promiſe?
Slic. What elſe, my jolly wench?
Potl. Good ſweet lieutenant,
Give me but leave to aſk one queſtion of you;
Art thou entire and ſound in all thy limbs?
Slic. To tell the very truth, ere now I've had
A ſpice o'th' pox, or ſo; but now I am ſound
As any bell (hem!) was't not ſhrill, my girl, ha?
Potl. I do not aſk thee about theſe diſeaſes;
My queſtion is, whether thou'ſt all thy parts.
Slic. Faith, I have loſt a joint or two; as none
Of our profeſſion come off whole, unleſs
The general, and ſome ſneaks.
Potl. My meaning is,
Whether that ſomething is not wanting, that
Should write thee huſband?
Slic. Ne'er fear that, my wench;
Do'ſt think the King would ſend me to the wars
Without I had my weapons? Eunuchs are not
Men of employment in theſe days: His Majeſty
Hath newly put me on a piece of ſervice;
And if I e'er come off (which I do fear
I ſhan't, the danger is ſo great) brave widow
We'll to't, and get commanders.
Potl. If you can
Leave me, I can leave you: There are other men
That won't refuſe a fortune when 'tis proffer'd.
Slic. Well, I muſt to his Majeſty; think on't:
So fare thee well. Thine, to his very death;
That is, a month or two perhaps. D. Slicer. [*Exit.*

Enter Shape.

Potl. Kind Maſter Shape, you are exceeding welcome.
Here hath been Mr. Hearſay, and Lieutenant
Slicer. You may gueſs at their buſineſs; but
I hope you think me faithful.

Shape. I believe
The memory of your huſband's aſhes, which
Scarce yet are cold, extinguiſheth all flames
That tend to kindling any love-fire: 'Tis
A virtue in you, which I muſt admire
That only you amongſt ſo many ſhould
Be the ſole turtle of the age.

Potl. I do
Bear him in memory, I confeſs; but when
I do remember what your promiſe was
When he lay ſick, it doth take ſomething from
The bitterneſs of ſorrow. Woman was
Not made to be alone ſtill.

Shape. Tender things
At ſeventeen may uſe that plea; but you
Are now arriv'd at matron: Theſe young ſparks
Are rak'd up, I preſume, in ſager embers.

Potl. Nay, don't abuſe her that muſt be your wife;
You might have pity, and not come with your nick-names,
And call me turtle: Have I deſerv'd this?

Shape. If that you once hold merits, I have done:
I'm glad I know what's your religion.

Potl. What's my religion! 'Tis well known there hath
Been no religion in my houſe e'er ſince
My huſband died.

Enter Slicer, Hearſay.

Hear. How now, ſweet Shape? So cloſe
Alone wi' your widow.

Shape. Sirs, dare you believe it?
This thing, whoſe prayer it hath been theſe ten
Years, that ſhe may obtain the ſecond tooth,
And the third hair, now doats on me, on me
That do refuſe all that are paſt ſixteen.

Slic. Why, faith, this was her ſuit to me juſt now.

Hear.

Hear. I had the firſt on't then. A coachman, or
A groom, were fitter far for her.
Slic. You do
Honour her too much, to think ſhe deſerves
A thing that can luſt moderately; give her
The ſorrel ſtallion in my Lord's long ſtable.
Shape. Or the ſame-colour'd brother, which is worſe.
Potl. Why, gentlemen———
Hear. Foh, foh! She hath let fly.
Potl. D' you think I have no more manners than ſo?
Shape. Nay, faith, I can excuſe her for that; but
I muſt confeſs ſhe ſpoke, which is all one.
Slic. Her breath would rout an army, ſooner than that
of a cannon.
Hear. It would lay a devil ſooner than all Trithemius's
charms.
Shape. Heark, how
It bluſters in her noſtrils like a wind
In a foul chimney.
Potl. Out you baſe companions, you ſtinking ſwabbers.
Hear. For her gait, that's ſuch,
As if her noſe did ſtrive t'outrun her heels.
Shape. She's juſt ſix yards behind, when that appears;
It ſaves an uſher, Madam.
Potl. You are all moſt foul-mouth'd knaves, to uſe a
woman thus.
Slic. Your plaiſter'd face doth drop againſt moiſt
weather.
Shape. Fie, how you writh it! Now it looks juſt like
ruffled boot.
Slic. Or an oil'd paper-lanthorn.
Hear. Her noſe the candle in the midſt of it.
Shape. How bright it flames? Put out your noſe, good
lady; you burn day-light.
Potl. Come up, you louſy raſcals.
Hear. Not upon you for a kingdom, good Joan,
The Great Turk, Joan——the Great Turk.
Slic. Kiſs him, Chuck,
Kiſs him, Chuck, open-mouth'd, and be reveng'd.
Potl. Hang you, baſe cheating varlet.
Slic. Don't you ſee December in her face?

Shape. Sure the ſurveyor
Of the high-ways will have to do with her,
For not keeping her countenance paſſable.
Hear. There lies a hoar froſt on her head, and yet
A conſtant thaw in her noſe.
Shape. She's like a piece
Of fire-wood, dropping at one end, and yet
Burning i'th' midſt.
Slic. O that endeavouring face!
When will your coſtiveneſs have done, good Madam?
Hear. Do you not hear her guts already ſqueak
Like kit-ſtrings?
Slic. They muſt come to that within
This two or three years; by that time ſhe'll be
True perfect cat: They practiſe before-hand.
Potl. I can endure no longer, though I ſhould
Throw off my womanhood.
Hear. No need, that's done
Already: Nothing left thee, that may ſtyle thee
Woman, but luſt and tongue; no fleſh but what
The vices of the ſex exact, to keep them
In heart.
Shape. Thou art ſo lean and out of caſe
That 'twere abſurd to call thee devil incarnate.
Slic. Th'art a dry devil troubled with the luſt
Of that thou haſt not, fleſh.
Potl. Rogue, raſcal, villain;
I'll ſhew your cheating tricks i-faith: All ſhall
Be now laid open. Have I ſuffer'd you
Thus long i' my houſe, and ne'er demanded yet
One penny rent, for this? I'll have it all,
By this good bleſſed light, I will.
Hear. You may,
If that you pleaſe, undo your ſelf; you may.
I will not ſtrive to hinder you. There is
Something contriving for you, which may be,
Perhaps, yet brought about; a match, or ſo;
A proper fellow; 'tis a trifle, that;
A thing you care not for, I know. Have I
Plotted to take you off from theſe, to match you
In better ſort, and am us'd thus? As for

The rent you aſk, here take it, take your money;
Fill, choak your gaping throat. But if, as yet
You are not deaf to counſel, let me tell you,
It had been better that you ne'er had took——
It may ſtop ſome proceedings.

Potl. Mr. Hearſay,
You know you may have even my heart out of
My belly (as they ſay) if you'll but take
The pains to reach it out. I am ſometimes
Peeviſh, I do confeſs: Here, take your money.

Hear. No.

Potl. Good Sir.

Hear. No, keep it and hoard it up. My purſe is no ſafe place for it.

Potl. Let me requeſt you, that you would be pleas'd to take it.

Hear. Alas! 'twould only trouble me: I can
As willingly go light, as be your treaſurer.

Potl. Good Mr. Slicer, ſpeak to him to take it:
Sweet Mr. Shape, join with him.

Slic. Nay, be once o'er-rul'd by a woman.

Shape. Come, come; you ſhall take it.

Potl. Nay, faith you ſhall: Here, put it up, good Sir.

Hear. Upon intreaty I'm content for once:
But make no cuſtom of 't; you do preſume
Upon my eaſy fooliſhneſs; 'tis that
Makes you ſo bold: Were it another man,
He ne'er would have to do with you. But mark me,
If e'er I find you in this mood again,
I'll daſh your hopes of marriage for ever.

[*Exeunt all but Hearſay.*

Act I. Scene III.

To him Meanwell, Andrew.

And. GOD ſave you, tutors, both.

Mean. Fie, Andrew, fie;
What, kiſs your hand? You ſmell, not compliment.

Hear. Beſides, you come too near, when you ſalute.
Your breath may be diſcover'd; and you give

Advantage unto him you thus accoſt,
To ſhake you by the hand, which often doth
Endanger the whole arm. Your gallant's like
The cryſtal glaſs, brittle; rude handling cracks him.
To be ſaluted ſo, were to be wounded.
His parts would fall aſunder like unto
Spilt quickſilver; an ear, an eye, a noſe,
Would drop like ſummer fruit from ſhaken trees.

Mean. For the ſame reaſon, I'd not have you dance.
Some courtiers, I confeſs, do uſe it; but
They are the ſounder ſort, thoſe fooliſh ones
That have a care of health, which you ſhall not,
If you'll be rul'd by me. The hazard's great,
'Tis an adventure, an exploit, a piece
Of ſervice for a gentleman to caper.

Hear. A gallant 's like a leg of mutton, boil'd
By a Spaniſh cook; take him but by the one end,
And ſhake him, all the fleſh falls from the bones,
And leaves them bare immediately.

And. I would not be a leg of mutton here.

Hear. I ſaw
In France a Monſieur, only in the cutting
Of one croſs caper, riſe a man, and come
Down, to th' amazement of the ſtanders-by,
A true extemporary ſkeleton;
And was ſtrait read on.

And. Sure this man, good tutor, was quite rotten.

Mean. See how you
Betray your breeding now! Quite rotten! 'Tis
Rottenneſs, perhaps, in footmen, or in yeomen.
'Tis tenderneſs, in gentlemen: They are
A little over-boil'd, or ſo.

Hear. He is
A churl, a hind, that's wholeſome; ſome raw thing
That never was at London: One in whom
The clown is too predominant. Refin'd
People feel Naples in their bodies; and
An ach i'th' bones at ſixteen, paſſeth now
For high deſcent; it argues a great birth.
Low bloods are never worthy ſuch infection.

And.

And. Ay, but my father bid me I ſhould live honeſt,
And ſay my prayers; that he did.
Hear. If that you cannot ſleep at any time,
We do allow you to begin your prayers,
That ſo a ſlumber may ſeize on you.
Mean. But as for
Your living honeſt, 'twere to take away
A trade i'th' commonwealth; the ſurgeons
Benefit would go down: You may go on
In fooliſh chaſtity, eat only ſallads,
Walk an unſkilful thing, and be to learn
Something the firſt night of your wife; but that's
To marry out of faſhion.
And. Here's no proofs,
No doctrines, nor no uſes. Tutor, I
Would fain learn ſome religion.
Hear. Religion!
Yes, to become a martyr, and be pictur'd
With a long label out o' your mouth, like thoſe
In Fox's book; juſt like a jugler drawing
Ribband out of his throat.
And. I muſt be gone.
Mean. Obedience is the firſt ſtep unto ſcience;
Stay, and be wiſe.
And. Indeed, I dare not ſtay;
The clyſter works, you ſent to purge groſs humours.
[*Exit.*
Mean. Being you will not take your lecture out,
Good-morrow to y', good Andrew. This ſoft fool
Muſt ſwim in's father's wealth. It is a curſe
That fortune juſtly makes the city's lot,
The young fool ſpends whate'er the old knave got.
[*Exit Mean.*

Act I. Scene IV.

To Hearſay, enter Slicer and Credulous.

Hear. SIR, let me tell you this is not the leaſt
Of things wherein your wiſdom ſhews itſelf,
In that you've plac'd your ſon in this good ſort.

Cred. Nay, nay, let me alone to give him breeding;
I did not hold the Univerſity
Fit for the training up of ſuch a ſpirit.
Slic. The Univerſity! 't had been the only way
T' have took him off his courage, and his metal,
He had return'd as ſlaves do from the galleys,
A naked ſhorn thing with a thin-dock'd top,
Learnedly cut into a logick mode.
Hear. A private oath given him at firſt entrance,
Had ſworn him pilgrim unto conventicles;
Engag'd him to the hate of all, but what
Pleaſeth the ſtubborn froward Elect.
Slic. But we
Following another model, do allow
Freedom and courage, cheriſh and maintain
High noble thoughts——
Hear. Set nature free, and are
Chymiſts of manners——
Slic. Do inſtruct of ſtates——
Hear. And wars: There's one, look on him——
Slic. Do but view
That ſearching head——
Hear. The very ſoul of battle;
True ſteel.
Slic. H' hath been an agent ſome few years
(A ſcore or ſo) for princes, and as yet
Doth not write forty.
Hear. I confeſs I can
Diſcover th' entrails of a ſtate perhaps,
Lay open a kingdom's paunches, ſhew the bowels
And inwards of a ſeigniory or two;
But for your deeds of valour, there is one,
Although I ſpeak it to his face, that can
Write a geography by his own conqueſts;
H' hath fought o'er Strabo, Ptolemy and Stafford;
Travell'd as far in arms as Lithgoe naked;
Borne weapons whither Coriat durſt not
Carry a ſhirt or ſhoes. Jack Mandeville
Ne'er ſail'd ſo far as he hath ſteer'd by land;
Uſing his colours both for maſt and ſail.
Cred. I'd thought h' had been lieutenant.

Hear.

Hear. That's all one.
Slic. I've worn ſome leather out abroad; let out
A heathen ſoul or two; fed this good ſword
With the black blood of pagan chriſtians;
Converted a few infidels with it.
But let that paſs. That man of peace there, hath
Been truſted with Kings breaſts——
Hear. His name is heard
Like thunder, and that mere word, Slicer, hath
Sufficed unto victory.
Slic. He's cloſe,
Reſerv'd, lock'd up. The ſecrets of the King
Of Tartary, of China, and ſome other
Counſels of moment have been ſo long kept
In's body without vent, that every morning
Before he covers them with ſome warm thing
Or other, you may ſmell 'em very ſtrongly;
Diſtinguiſh each of them by ſeveral ſcents——
Hear. A grove of pikes are ruſhes to him; hail
More frights you, than a ſhower of bullets him——
Slic. The Dutch come up like broken beer; the Iriſh
Savour of uſquebaugh; the Spaniſh they
Smell like unto perfume at firſt, but then
After a while end in a fatal ſteam——
Hear. One drum's his table, the other is his muſick;
His ſword's his knife, his colours are his napkins;
Carves nouriſhing horſe, as he is us'd to do
The hoſtile paguim, or we veniſon: Eats
Gun-powder with his meat inſtead of pepper,
Then drinks o'er all his bandeleers, and fights——
Slic. Secrets are rank'd and order'd in his belly,
Juſt like tobacco-leaves laid in a ſweat.
Here lies a row of Indian ſecrets, then
Something of 's own on them; on that another
Of China counſels, cover'd with a lid
Of Newfoundland diſcoveries; next, a bed
Of Ruſſia policies; on them a lay
Of Preſter-Johnian whiſpers——
Hear. Slights a tempeſt;
Counts lightning but a giving fire, and thunder
The loud report when heaven hath diſcharg'd.

H' hath with his breath ſupply'd a breach ;
When he's once fix'd, no engine can remove him.
Slic. 'Twould be a policy worth hatching, to
Have him diſſected, if 'twere not too cruel.
All ſtates would lie as open as his bowels.
Turkey in's bloody liver ; Italy
Be found in's reins ; Spain buſy in his ſtomach ;
Venice would float in's bladder ; Holland ſail
Up and down all his veins ; Bavaria lie
Cloſe in ſome little gut, and Ragioni
Di Stato generally reek in all.
Cred. I ſee my ſon's too happy ; he is born
To be ſome man of action, ſome engine
For th' overthrow of kingdoms.
Hear. Troth, he may
Divert the torrent of the Turkiſh rule
Into ſome other track ; damm up the ſtream
Of that vaſt headlong monarchy, if that
He want not means to compaſs his intents.
Cred. The Turkiſh monarchy's a thing too big
For him to manage ; he may make perhaps
The governor of ſome new little iſland,
And there plant faith and zeal : But for the preſent
M' ambition's only to contrive a match
Between Sir Thomas Bite-fig's only daughter,
And (if I may ſo call him now) my ſon ;
'Twill raiſe his fortunes ſomewhat.
Slic. We have got
One that will do more good with's tongue that way,
Than that uxorious ſhower that came from heaven :
But you muſt oil it firſt.
Cred. I underſtand you :
Greaſe him i'th' fiſt, you mean. There's juſt ten pieces,
'Tis but an earneſt : If he bring't about,
I'll make thoſe ten a hundred.
Hear. Think it done.
[*Exit Cred. and enter Shape, Mean.*

Act I. Scene V.

Hearſay, Slicer, Meanwell, Shape.

Hear. OUR life, methinks, is but the ſame with others;
To cozen, and be cozen'd, makes the age.
The prey and feeder are that civil thing,
That ſager heads call body politick.
Here is the only difference; others cheat
By ſtatute, but we do't upon no grounds.
The fraud's the ſame in both; there only wants
Allowance to our way: The commonwealth
Hath not declar'd herſelf as yet for us;
Wherefore our policy muſt be our charter.
Mean. Well-manag'd knav'ry is but one degree
Below plain honeſty.
Slic. Give me villany
That's circumſpect, and well-adviſ'd, that doth
Colour at leaſt for goodneſs. If the cloak
And mantle were pull'd off from things, 'twould be
As hard to meet an honeſt action as
A liberal alderman, or a court-nun.
Hear. Knowing then how we muſt direct our ſteps,
Let us chalk out our paths; you, Shape, know yours.
Shape. Where-e'er I light on fortune, my commiſſion
Will hold to take her up: I'll eaſe my ſilken
Friends of that idle luggage, we call money.
Hear. For my good toothleſs counteſs, let us try
To win that old Eremite thing, that like
An image in a German clock doth move,
But walk; I mean, that rotten antiquary.
Mean. He'll ſurely love her, 'cauſe ſhe looks like ſome
Old ruin'd piece, that was five ages backward.
Hear. To the great veſtry-wit, the livery-brain,
The common-council pate, that doth determine
City-buſineſs with his gloves on's head,
We muſt apply good hope of wealth and means.
Slice. That griping knight Sir Thomas muſt be call'd
With the ſame lure: He knows t' a crum how much

Loſs is in twenty dozen of bread, between
That which is broke by th' hand, and that is cut.
Which way beſt keeps his candles, bran or ſtraw.
What tallow's loſt in putting of 'em out
By ſpittle, what by foot, what by the puff,
What by the holding downwards, and what by
The extinguiſher; which wick will longeſt be
In lighting, which ſpend faſteſt; he muſt hear
Nothing but moyeties, and lives, and farms,
Copies, and tenures; he is deaf to th' reſt.

Mean. I'll ſpeak the language of the wealthy to him;
My mouth ſhall ſwill with bags, revenues, fees,
Eſtates, reverſions, incomes, and aſſurance.
He's in the gin already; for his daughter,
She'll be an eaſy purchaſe.

Hear. I do hope
We ſhall grow famous; have all ſorts repair
As duly to us, as the barren wives
Of aged citizens do to St. Antholin's.
Come, let us take our quarters: We may come
To be ſome great officers in time,
And with a reverend magiſterial frown,
Paſs ſentence on thoſe faults that are our own.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Act II. Scene I.

Have-at-all, Slicer, Hearſay, having reſcued him in a quarrel.

Have. 'TIS deſtin'd, I'll be valiant, I am ſure
I ſhall be beaten with more credit then,
Than now I do eſcape. Lieutenant, has't
Bethought thyſelf as yet? Has't any way
To make my ſword fetch blood?

Slic. You never yet did kill your man then?
Have. No.
Hear. Nor get your wench with child, I warrant?
Have. O Sir!
Slic. You're not quite
Free of the gentry, till y' have marr'd one man,
And made another: When one fury hath
Cry'd quit with t'other, and your luſt repair'd
What anger hath deſtroy'd, the title's yours;
Till then you do but ſtand for't.
Have. Pox! who'd be
That vile ſcorn'd name, that ſtuffs all court-gate bills?
Lieutenant, thou may'ſt teach me valour yet.
Slic. Teach thee! I will inſpire thee, man. I'll make
Thy name become a terror; and to ſay,
That Have-at-all is coming, ſhall make room
As when the bears are in proceſſion.
Hearк hither, Frank—— [*They conſult.*
Hear. That's good, but——
Slic. How think'ſt now?
Hear. Nay, he will pay you large—ly. [*Aloud.*
Have. Pay, what elſe?
Hear. Make him believe the citizen's his gueſt;
The citizen, that he is his.
Slic. Concluded;
Would you fight fair, or conquer by a ſpell?
Have. I do not care for witchcraft; I would have
My ſtrength rely merely upon itſelf.
Slic. There is a way, tho' I ne'er ſhew'd it yet,
But to one Spaniard, and 'twas wondrous happy.
Have. Think me a ſecond Spaniard, worthy Sir.
Slic. Then liſten. The deſign is by a dinner;
An eaſy way, you'll ſay; I'll ſay, a true:
Hunger may break ſtone-walls, it ne'er hurts men;
Your cleanly feeder is your man of valour.
What makes the peaſant grovel in his muck,
Humbling his crooked ſoul, but that he eats
Bread juſt in colour like it? Courage ne'er
Vouchſaf'd to dwell a minute, where a ſullen
Pair of brown loaves darken'd the dirty table;
Shadows of bread, not bread. You never knew

A ſolemn ſon of bag-pudding and pottage
Make a commander; or a tripe-eater
Become a tyrant: He's the kingdom's arm
That can feed largely, and choicely.
Have. If that be
The way, I'll eat myſelf into courage,
And will devour valour enough quickly.
Slic. 'Tis not the caſual eating of thoſe meats,
That doth procure thoſe ſpirits, but the order,
And manner of the meal; the ranking of
The diſhes, that does all; elſe he that hath
The greateſt range, would be the hardeſt man.
Thoſe goodly yeomen of the guard would fight
(As they eat beef) after ſix ſtone a day;
The ſpit would nouriſh great attempts; my Lord
Would lead a troop, as well as now a maſque;
And force the enemy's ſword with as much eaſe
As his miſtreſs's bodkin: Gallants would
Owe valour to their ordinaries, and fight
After a crown a meal.
Have. I do conceive
The art is all in all. If that you'll give
A bill of your directions, I'll account
Myſelf oblig'd unto you for my ſafety.
Slic. Take it then thus: All muſt be ſoldier-like;
No diſh but muſt preſent artillery;
Some military inſtrument in each.
Imprimis, ſix or ſeven yards of tripe
Diſplay'd inſtead o' th' enſign.
Have. Why? you ſaid,
Tripe-eaters ne'er made tyrants.
Slic. Peace, Sir; learners
Muſt be attentive and believe. Do y' think
We'll eat this? 'Tis but for formality.
Item, a collar of good large fat brawn
Serv'd for a drum, waited upon by two
Fair long black-puddings, lying by for drum-ſticks.
Item, a well-grown lamprey for a fife;
Next ſome good curious march-panes made into
The form of trumpets. Then in order ſhall
Follow the officers: The captain firſt

Shall

hall be preſented in a warlike cock,
wimming in white-broth, as he's wont in blood;
he ſerjeant-major he may buſtle in
he ſhape of ſome large turkey: For myſelf,
ho am lieutenant, I'm content there be
buzzard only. Let the corporal
ome ſweating in a breaſt of mutton, ſtuff'd
ith pudding, or ſtrut in ſome aged carp;
ither doth ſerve, I think. As for perdues,
me choice ſous'd fiſh brought couchant in a diſh
mong ſome fennel, or ſome other graſs,
ews how they lie i'th' field. The ſoldier then
ay be thus rank'd: The common one, chicken,
uck, rabbit, pigeon; for the more genteel,
ipe, woodcock, partridge, pheaſant, quail will ſerve.

Hear. Bravely contriv'd!

Slic. That weapons be not wanting,
e'll have a dozen of bones well charg'd with marrow
r ordnance, muſkets, petronels, petards;
welve yards of ſauſage by, inſtead of match;
nd caveary then prepar'd for wild-fire.

Hear. Rare rogue! how I do love him now, methinks!

Slic. Next, we'll have true fat eatable old pikes;
hen a freſh turbut brought in for a buckler,
ith a long ſpitchcock for the ſword adjoin'd;
e'll bring the ancient weapons into play.

Have. Moſt rare, by heaven!

Slic. Peaches, apricots,
nd malecotoons, with other choicer plumbs,
ill ſerve for large-ſized bullets; then a diſh
r two of peaſe for ſmall ones. I could now
ell you of pepper in the ſtead of powder,
t that 'tis not in faſhion 'mongſt us gallants.
this might all ſtand upon drum-heads, 'twould
ork ſomewhat better.

Have. Will't ſo? then we'll have 'em
om every ward i' th' city.

Slic. No, I'm loth
o put you to ſuch charge: For once, a long
able ſhall ſerve the turn; 'tis no great matter.
he main thing's ſtill behind: We muſt have there

Some

Some fort to ſcale; a veniſon-paſty doth it:
You may have other pyes inſtead of out-works;
Some ſconces would not be amiſs, I think.
When this is all prepar'd, and when we ſee
The table look like a pitch'd battle, then
We'll give the word, fall to, ſlaſh, kill, and ſpoil;
Deſtruction, rapine, violence, ſpare none.
Hear. Thou haſt forgotten wine, lieutenant, wine.
Slic. Then to avoid the groſs abſurdity
Of a dry battle, 'cauſe there muſt ſome blood
Be ſpilt (on th' enemies ſide, I mean) you may
Have there a rundlet of briſk Claret, and
As much of Alicant; the ſame quantity
Of Tent would not be wanting, 'tis a wine
Moſt like to blood. Some ſhall bleed fainter colours,
As ſack, and white-wine. Some that have the itch,
(As there are taylors ſtill in every army)
Shall run with Rheniſh, that hath brimſtone in't.
When this is done, fight boldly; write yourſelf
The tenth or 'leventh worthy, which you pleaſe,
Your choice is free.
Have. I'll be the gaming worthy;
My word ſhall be twice twelve; I think the dice
Ne'er mounted any upon horſeback yet.
Slice. We'll bring your friends and ours to this large dinner;
It works the better eaten before witneſs.
Beware you ſay 'tis yours: Confeſſion is
One ſtep to weakneſs; private conſcience is
A theatre to valour. Let's be cloſe;
Old Credulous, and his ſon, and Mr. Caſter,
Shall all be there.
Have. But then they will grow valiant
All at my charge.
Slic. Ne'er fear't; th' unknowing man
Eats only fleſh, the underſtanding valour;
His ignorance i'th' myſtery keeps him coward:
To him 'tis but a meal; to you 'tis virtue.
It ſhall be kept here.
Have. No fitter place; there is
An old rich clutch-fiſt knight, Sir Thomas Bite-fig,

vite him too; perhaps I may have luck,
nd break his purſe yet open for one hundred.
uſurer is ſomewhat exorable
hen he is full; he ne'er lends money empty.
Slic. Diſcreet, and wiſely done; I was about
have prompted it.
Hear. Stout Mr. Have-at-all,
t's be ſworn brothers.
Have. Pox! thou fear'ſt I'll beat thee
ter I've eaten. Doſt thou think I'll offer't?
my next meal I won't; nay, I do love
y friends howe'er: I do but think how I
all baſtinado o'er the ordinaries.
m'd with my ſword, battoon and foot, I'll walk
o give each rank its due. No one ſhall 'ſcape,
t he I win of.
Hear. You ſhall have at leaſt
me twenty warrants ſign'd upon you ſtraight.
he trunk-hoſe juſtices will try all means
o bind you to the peace, but that your ſtrength
all not be bound by any.
Slic. Surgeons will
ay for your health and happineſs; you may
ing 'em to be your tributaries, if
ou but deny to fight a while.
Have. My teeth
e on an edge till I do eat; now will
cozen all men without oppoſition.
feel my ſtrength increaſe with very thought on't.
word, ſword, thou ſhalt grow fat; and thou battoon,
old out, I pr'ythee; when my labour's done,
ll plant thee in the tower-yard, and there
ater'd with wine, thou ſhalt revive, and ſpring
ſpite of nature with freſh ſucculent boughs,
hich ſhall ſupply the commonwealth with cudgels.
hou, I firſt meet after this meal, I do
ronounce unhappy ſhadow; happy yet
that thou'lt fall by me. Some men I will
eak into carcaſe, ſome I'll look to death;
thers I'll breathe to duſt; none ſhall hold back
his fatal arm: The Templers ſhall not dare

T'attempt

T'attempt a reſcue; no mild words ſhall bury
My ſplitted, ſpitchcock'd——
Slic. Oliv'd, haſh'd——
Hear. Dry'd, powder'd——
Have. Roaſted fury. [*Exeunt.*

Act II. Scene II.

Meanwell, Moth.

Mean. IF what I ſpeak prove falſe, then ſtigmatize me.
Moth. I na's not what you mean; depardieux
You ſnyb mine old years, ſans fail I wene you bin
A jangler, and a golierdis.
Mean. I ſwear
By thoſe two Janus' heads you had of us,
And your own too, as reverend as thoſe,
There is one loves you, that you think not on.
Moth. Nad be, none pleaſaunce is in me ylaſt,
This white top writeth my much years, I wis,
My fire yreken is in aſhen cold,
I can no whit of daliance: If I kiſſen,
Theſe thick ſtark briſtles of mine beard will pricken
Ylike the ſkin of hound-fiſh. Sikerly
What wends againſt the grain is lytherly.
Mean. Methinks y'are ſtrong enough, and very luſty,
Fit to get heirs; among your other pieces
Of age and time, let one young face be ſeen
May call you father.
Moth. Wholeſom counſel! But
The world is now full tykel ſykerly;
'Tis hard to find a damoſel unwenned;
They being all coltiſh and full of ragery,
And full of gergon as is a flecken pye.
Whoſo with them maketh that bond anon,
Which men do clypen ſpouſail, or wedlock,
Saint Idiot is his Lord, I wis.
Mean. This is
No tender and wanton thing, ſhe is a ſtay'd
And ſettled widow, one who'll be a nurſe

Unto

Unto you in your latter days.
Moth. A norice
ome dele yſtept in age! So mote I gone,
his goeth aright; how highteth ſhe, ſay you?
Mean. Mrs. Joan Potluck, vintner Potluck's widow.
Moth. Joan Potluck ſpinſter? Lore me nothing mere
louten; what time gan ſhe brendle thus?
Mean. On Thurſday morning laſt.
Moth. Y' bleſſed Thurſday,
cleped ſo from Thor the Saxons' God.
h benedicite, I might ſoothly ſayne,
Mine mouth hath itched all this livelong day
ll night me met eke, that I was at kirk;
y heart gan quapp full oft. Dan Cupido
re ſent thylke ſweven to mine head.
Mean. You ſhall
now more if you'll walk in. [*Exit Meanwell.*
Moth. Wend you beforne;
embeth thy ſelf, and pyketh now thy ſelf;
eeketh thy ſelf; make cheer much digne, good Robert:
do arret thou ſhalt acquainted bin
ith Nymphs and Fauns, and Hamadryades;
nd yeke the fiſterne nine Pierides,
hat were tranſmued into birds, nemp'd pyes,
etamorphoſeos wat well what I mean.
is as jollie now as fiſh in Seine. [*Exeunt.*

Act II. Scene III.

Hearſay, Caſter, Shape.

ear. CAN I lie hid no where ſecurely from
The throng, and preſs of men? Muſt every place
come a theatre, where I ſeek ſhelter?
d ſolitudes become markets, 'cauſe I'm there?
od Sir, I know your tricks: you would intrap;
is is your ſnare, not your requeſt.
Shape. Take heed,
's nois'd about for a deep-ſearching head:
pawn my life 'tis a trick.

Hear.

Hear. Leave off theſe ginns,
You do not do it handſomely; you think
Y'have met with fools, I warrant.
Shape. On my life, a ſpy, a meer informer.
Caſt. As I hope for fortunes, my intentions are n
fair.
Shape. A gameſter's oath! he hath ſome reſervation.
Hear. Yet did I think you true———
Caſt. By all that's good,
You do me wrong to think, that I'd wrong you.
Hear. When I lay agent laſt in New Atlantis,
I met with, what you now deſire, a ſtrange
New way of winning, but yet very ſure.
Were not the danger great, I'd——
Caſt. Do you think
I will betray my ſelf, or you, whom I
Eſteem above my ſelf? I have as yet
One hundred left; ſome part of which———
Shape. Faith, Sir,
Theſe times require advice; if it ſhould come
Unto the Council's ear once, he might be
Sent into other kingdoms, to win up
Money for the relief o'th' ſtate, and ſo
Be as it were an honeſt kind of exile.
Caſt. If I do e'er diſcover, may I want
Money to pay my ordinary, may I
At my laſt ſtake (when there is nothing elſe
To loſe the game) throw ames-ace thrice together
I'll give you forty pound in hand———
Hear. I may
Shew you the virtue of't, though not the thing;
I love my country very well. Your high
And low men are but trifles: your pois'd dye,
That's ballaſted with quickſilver or gold,
Is groſs to this———
Shape. Proffer him more, I ſay.
Hear. Here's fifty——
Hear. For the briſtle dye, it is
Not worth that hand that guides it; toys fit only
For clerks to win poor coſtermongers ware with.
Shape. You do not come on well.
Caſt. Here's threeſcore——

Hear. Then your hollowed thumb join'd with your wriggled box,
he ſlur, and ſuch like are not to be talk'd of;
hey're open to the eye. For cards, you may
ithout the help of any ſecret word,
r a falſe hand, without the cut or ſhuffle,
r the pack'd trick, have what you will your ſelf;
here's none to contradict you.
Caſt. If you pleaſe
t to inſtruct me, here is fourſcore pound.
Hear. Do y' think 'tis money I eſteem? I can
ommand each term by art, as much as will
urniſh a navy. Had you but five pound
eft you in all the world, I'd undertake
ithin one fortnight you ſhould ſee five thouſand.
ot that I covet any of your droſs,
t that the power of this art may be
ore demonſtrably evident, leave in
y hands all but ſome ſmaller ſum to ſet,
mething to ſtake at firſt.
Shape. He'll tell you all,
you but ſeem to truſt him.
Caſt. Here I'll lay
own in your hands all but this little portion,
hich I reſerve for a foundation.
Hear. Being y'are confident of me, and I
reſume your lips are ſealed up to ſilence,
ake that, which I did never yet diſcover;
help you fortune, me philoſophy.
muſt intreat your abſence, Mr. Shape.) [*Exit Shape.*
do preſume you know the ſtrength and pow'r
hat lies in fancy.
Caſt. Strange things are done by it.
Hear. It works upon that which is not as yet,
he little Æthiop infant had not been
ack in his cradle, had he not been firſt
ack in the mother's ſtrong imagination.
is thought the hairy child, that's ſhewn about,
me by the mother's thinking on the picture
Saint John Baptiſt in his camel's coat.
e we not beaſts conceive, as they do fancy

The

The preſent colours plac'd before their eyes?
We owe pyed colts unto the varied horſe-cloth;
And the white partridge to the neighbouring ſnow.
Fancy can ſave or kill; it hath clos'd up
Wounds when the balſam could not, and without
The aid of ſalves; to think, hath been a cure.
For witchcraft then, that's all done by the force
Of meer imagination. That which can
Alter the courſe of nature, I preſume,
You'll grant ſhall bear more rule in petty hazards.

Caſt. It muſt, it muſt, good Sir; I pray go on.

Hear. Now the ſtrongeſt fancies ſtill are found to dwe
In the moſt ſimple; they being eaſieſt won
To the moſt firm belief, who underſtand not
Who 'tis they do believe. If they think 'twill
Be ſo, it will be ſo; they do command,
And check the courſe of fortune; they may ſtop
Thunder, and make it ſtand, as if arreſted,
In its mid journey: If that ſuch a one
Shall think you'll win, you muſt win; 'tis a due
That nature pays thoſe men in recompence
Of her deficiency, that whate'er they think
Shall come to paſs. But now the hardeſt will be
To find out one that's capable of thinking.

Caſt. I know you can produce an inſtrument
To work this your deſign by. Let me owe you
The whole and entire courteſy.

Hear. I've one
Committed to my cuſtody but lately,
The powerfull'ſt that way, I e'er found yet;
He will but think he ſhall be abus'd in ſuch
A company, and he's abus'd; he will
Imagine only that he ſhall be cheated,
And he is cheated: All ſtill comes to paſs.
He's but one pin above a natural: But——

Caſt. We'll purchaſe him; I'll take up for't; old Sim
Shall have my farm outright now: what's a piece
Of dirty earth to me? a clod? a turf?

Hear. Becauſe I ſee your freer nature's ſuch,
As doth deſerve ſupplies, I'll do my beſt
To win him o'er a while into your ſervice.

Ca

Caſt. If I ſhould ſtrive to pay you thanks, I ſhould
But undervalue this great courteſy.
Sir, give me leave to think and worſhip. Stay;
Firſt, will I beggar all the gentlemen
That do keep terms; then build with what I win.
Next, I'll undo all gaming citizens,
And purchaſe upon that: The foreman ſhall
Want of his wonted opportunities,
Old Thomas ſhall keep home, I warrant him.
I will aſcend to the groom-porter's next,
Fly higher games, and make my mincing knights
Walk muſing in their knotty frieze abroad;
For they ſhall have no home. There ſhall not be
That pleaſure but I'll baulk: I'll run o'er nature;
And when I've ranſack'd her, I'll weary art;
My means I'm ſure will reach it. Let me ſee,
'Twill yearly be ——by heav'n I know not what——

Hear. Ne'er think to ſum it, 'tis impoſſible;
You ſhall ne'er know what angels, pieces, pounds,
Thoſe names of want and beggary mean; your tongue
Shall utter nought but millions: you ſhall meaſure,
Not count your moneys; your revenues ſhall
Be proud, and inſolent, and unruly;
They ſhall increaſe above your conquer'd ſpendings
In ſpite of their exceſs; your care ſhall be
Only to tame your riches, and to make them
Grow ſober, and obedient to your uſe.

Caſt. I'll ſend ſome forty thouſand unto Paul's;
Build a Cathedral next in Banbury;
Give organs to each pariſh in the kingdom;
And ſo root out the unmuſical Elect.
I'll pay all ſoldiers whom their captains won't;
Raiſe a new hoſpital for thoſe maim'd people
That have been hurt in gaming; then build up
All colleges, that ruin hath demoliſh'd,
Or interruption left unperfect.

Hear. 'Twill ne'er be done I think, unleſs you do it.
Provide the wealthieſt gameſters, there's but one
Thing that can do us wrong, diſcovery.
You have no enemy, but frailty.

Caſt. Night and ſilence are loud names, compa
with me.
Hear. I ſee the tide of fortune rolling in
Without reſiſtance. Go, be cloſe, and happy. [*Exe*

Act II. Scene IV.

Andrew, Meanwell.

And. UPon my conſcience now, he cheated me;
I could have never loſt it elſe ſo ſtrangely.
Mean. What is a paltry cloak to a man of worth?
It barr'd men only o'th' ſight of your body:
Your handſomeneſs will now appear the better.
And. He was as like our Mr. Shape, as could be;
But that he had a patch upon his cheek,
And a black beard, I ſhould have ſworn 'twere he:
It was ſomebody in his clothes, I'm ſure.
Mean. Some cunning cheater upon my life won
His cloak and ſuit too.
And. There it is for certain.
Pies take him! doth he play for clothes ſtill? Surely
He hath a fly only to win goo d clothes.

Enter Shape.

Shape. The pox and plague take all ill fortune! thi
The ſecond time that he hath cheated me;
My very beſt ſuit that I had!
And. How now!
What loſt your cloak, and ſuit? A jeſt, I vow;
I vow a pretty jeſt: 'Odſnigs I gueſs'd ſo;
I ſaw him have it on; it made him look as like you,
As like you ——— 'Tis a rogue, a meer decoy.
Shape. A rogue, a meer decoy? and yet like me?
And. Nay hold, I mean he is a rogue, when that
He hath his own clothes on. D'you think that I
Would call him ſo, when he is in your ſuit?
Shape. No more of that, good Andrew, as you love
Keep in your wit.
And. Speak, tutor, do I uſe
To quarrel? ſpeak, good tutor.
Mean. That wit, Andrew,
Of yours will be th' undoing of you, if

ou uſe't no better.
And. Faith, I thought I might
ave broke a witty jeſt upon him, being
ve loſt my cloak.
Mean. True; but he has loſt his too:
nd then you know that is not lawful wit.

Enter Hearſay.

Hear. Here's Mr. Credulous, and old Sir Thomas;
hey have ſome buſineſs with you.
Mean. Bring 'em in.
Shape. My buſineſs lies not here, Sirs; fare you well.
[*Exit Shape.*
And. For God's ſake don't you tell old Sim. on't now.

Act II. Scene V.

To them Sir Thomas Bite-fig, Credulous.

Mean. GOD ſave you, good Sir Thomas.
Sir Tho. Save you, Sir.
Mean. You're welcome, Mr. Credulous.
Cred. Come hither;
Whither do you ſteal now? What! Where's your cloak?
And. Going to foils e'en now, I put it off.
Mean. To tell you truth, he hath loſt it at doublets.
Cred. With what a lye you'd flap me in the mouth?
Thou haſt the readieſt invention
o put off any thing——Thou had'ſt it from
hy mother, I'll be ſworn: 'T ne'er came from me.
Mean. Peace, as you love your ſelf; if that the knight
ould once perceive that he were given to gaming,
'twould make him break the match off preſently.
Cred. Sir Thomas, here's my ſon; he may be yours,
you pleaſe to accept him.
And. Father, don't
ve me away for this; try me once more.
Sir Tho. I like his perſon well enough, if that
u'll make him an eſtate convenient.
Mean. He hath more in him, Sir, than he can ſhew:
hath one fault, he's ſomething covetous.
Sir Tho. Marry! a very commendable fault.

Cred. He is deſcended of no great high blood:
He hath a houſe, although he came of none.
His grandfather was a good livery-man,
Paid ſcot and lot, old Timothy Credulous,
My father; though I ſay it, that ſhould not.

Sir Tho. I don't regard this thing, that you call blood;
'Tis a meer name, a ſound.

Mean. Your Worſhip ſpeaks
Juſt like your ſelf; methinks he's noble,
That's truly rich: Men may talk much of lines,
Of arms, of blood, of race, of pedigree,
Houſes, deſcents, and families; they are
But empty noiſe, God knows, the idle breath
Of that puff nothing, Honour; formal words,
Fit for the tongues of men that ne'er knew yet
What ſtem, what gentry, nay, what virtue lies
In great revenues.

Sir Tho. Well and pithyly ſaid!
You may work on my daughter, and prevail
For that young ſtripling: 'Tis a fooliſh wench,
An unexperienc'd girl; ſhe'd like to have been
Caught by Sir Robert Littleworth's ſon, if that
I had not baniſh'd him my houſe; a youth
Honeſt enough, I think, but that he's poor;
Born to more name, than fortune.

Cred. He is ſafe
For ever wooing. I have laid his father
Out of harm's way; there's picking meat for him:
And God knows where he's gone; he hath not been
Seen this long while; he's ſure turn'd vagabond:
No ſight of him ſince th' arreſt of his father.
Andrew, addreſs your ſelf to good Sir Thomas.

And. 'Slid, father, you're the ſtrangeſt man—I won

Cred. As God ſhall mend me, thou'rt the proud thing———
Thou can'ſt not compliment, but in capariſons.

And. What's that to you? I'd fain ſay ſomething ye
But that I can't, my loſſes do ſo vex me.

Cred. Come, think not on't, my boy; I'll furniſh th

And. Sir, though———

Cred. Nay, to't, I ſay; help him, Sir, help him.

And. Sir, though without my cloak at this time——
To-morrow I ſhall have one———give me leave
Barely to ſay———I am your ſervant, Sir———
In hoſe and doublet.

Cred. I'll do what you told me.

Hear. Take heed: if that you do't, he'll gueſs you're given
To idle ſpendings, and ſo croſs the match.
I will invite him as to my ſelf.

Cred. Do ſo.

Hear. Sir Thomas, if you'll pleaſe ſo far to grace us,
As be a gueſt to-morrow here, we ſhall
Study hereafter to deſerve the favour.

Sir Tho. Although I do not uſe to eat at Ordinaries;
Yet, to accept your courteſy, good friends,
I'll break my wonted cuſtom.

Hear. You ſhall have it with a free heart.

Sir Tho. If I thought otherwiſe,
I do aſſure you, I'd not venture hither. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Moth.

Moth. HArrow, alas! I ſwelt here as I go;
Brenning in fire of little Cupido.
No where hoart yfeel, but on mine head.
Huh, huh, huh, ſo; ycapred very wele.
I am thine leeke, thou Chaucer eloquent;
Mine head is white, but oh! mine taile is green.
This is the palyes where mine lady wendeth.

Saint Francis, *and Saint* Benedight,
Bleſſe this houſe from wicked wight;
From the night-mare, and the goblin,
That is hight Good-fellow Robin,

Keep it from all evil ſpirits,
Fairies, weezels, rats, and ferrets:
From Curfew-time
To the next prime.

Come forth, mine duck, mine bryd, mine honeycomb;
Come forth, mine cinamon.

Enter Mrs. Potluck.

Potl. Who is't that calls?
Moth. A knight moſt gent.
Potl. What is your pleaſure, Sir?
Moth. Thou art mine pleaſure, by dame Venus brent;
So freſh thou art, and therewith ſo lycand.
Potl. Alas! I am not any flickering thing:
I cannot boaſt of that ſlight-fading gift
You men call beauty; all my handſomeneſs
Is my good-breeding, and my honeſty.
I could plant red, where you now yellow ſee;
But painting ſhews an harlot.
Moth. Harlot; ſo
Called from one Harlotha, concubine
To deignous Wilhelme, hight the Conqueror.
Potl. Were he ten Williams, and ten conquerors,
I'd have him know't, I ſcorn to be his harlot.
I never yet did take preſs-money to
Serve under any one.
Moth. Then take it now.
Werme kiſs! Thine lips ytaſte like marrow milk;
Me thinketh that freſh butter runneth on them.
I grant well now, I do enduren woe,
As ſharp as doth the Tityus in hell,
Whoſe ſtomach fowls do tyren ever more,
That highten vultures, as do tellen clerks.
Potl. You've ſpoke my meaning, though I do not know
What 'tis you ſaid. Now, ſee the fortune on't;
We do know one another's ſouls already;
The other muſt needs follow. Where's your dwelling?
Moth. Ycloſe by Alderſgate there dwelleth one
Wights clypen Robert Moth; now Alderſgate
Is hotten ſo from one that Aldrich hight;

Or elſe, of Elders; that is, ancient men;
Or elſe of Aldern-trees, which growden there;
Or elſe, as Heralds ſay, from Aluredus:
But whenceſoe'er this yate ycalled is,
There dwelleth Robert Moth, thine paramour.
Potl. Can you be conſtant unto me, as I
Can be to you?
Moth. By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wenſday; that is, Wodenſday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep,
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My ſepulchre; I'll be as faithful to thee,
As Chaunticleer to Madam Partelot.
Potl. Here then, I give away my heart to you,
As true a heart as ever widow gave.
Moth. I Robert Moth, this tenth of our King,
Give to thee, Joan Potluck, my biggeſt crumpe-ring;
And with it my carcaſe entire I bequeathen
Under my ſoot to hell, above my head to heaven:
And to witneſſe that this is ſooth,
I bite thy red lip with my tooth.
Potl. Though for a while our bodies now muſt part,
I hope they will be join'd hereafter.
Moth. O! And muſt we part? Alas! and muſt we ſo?
An it may be no bet, now gang in peace. [*Ex. Potluck.*
Though ſoft into mine bed I gin to ſink
To ſleep long as I'm wont to done, yet all
Will be for naught; I may well lig and wink,
But ſleep ſhall there none in this heart yſink. [*Exit.*

Act III. Scene II.

Credulous, and Shape dogging him.

Cred. SO, now the mortgage is mine own outright;
I ſwear by the faith of my body now
It is a pretty thing, o'my corporal oath,
A very pretty thing. Beſides the houſe,
Orchards, and gardens; ſome two hundred acres
Of land, that beareth as good country corn,
Or country corn, as may be.
Shape. As I'd have it.

Cred. How now, good friend? Where doſt thou live?
Doſt thou know Caſter's farm?
Shape. Yes, Sir; I fear 'tis gone.
Sure Caſter's farm is caſt away.
Cred. A jeſt!
Good troth, a good one of a country one;
I ſee there's wit there too. Then thou doſt know it?
Shape. I am afraid I ſhall not know it long;
I ſhall loſe my acquaintance.
Cred. 'Snigs, another!
A very perillous head, a dangerous brain!
Shape. God bleſs my maſter; and the devil take
Somebody elſe.
Cred. Um! that's not quite ſo good
As th' other two; that ſomebody elſe, is me:
(Now you ſhall ſee how he'll abuſe me here
To mine own face.) Why ſomebody elſe, good brother?
Shape. The rich gout rot his bones; an hungry, old,
Hard griping citizen, that only feeds
On heirs and orphans goods, they ſay muſt have it:
One that ne'er had the wiſdom to be honeſt;
And 's therefore knave, 'cauſe 'tis the eaſier art.
I know he hath not given half the worth on't.
'Tis a meer cheat.
Cred. 'Slid, brother, thou haſt paid him
To th' utmoſt, though he hath not paid thy maſter.
Now is my wit up too: This land, I ſee,
Will make men thrive i'th' brain.
Shape. Would he were here,
Whoe'er he be, I'd give him ſomewhat more
Into the bargain: a baſe thin-jaw'd ſneakſbill,
Thus to work gallants out of all. It grieves me
That my poor tenement too goes into th' ſale.
Cred. What have I done? Now, wit, deliver me.
If he know I am he, he'll cut my throat;
I never ſhall enjoy it. Sure it was
Your maſter's ſeeking, friend; he would ne'er elſe
Have had to do with it; he that bought it is
A very honeſt man; and if you pleaſe him
Will deal with you. I may ſpeak a word
In your behalf: 'Twon't be the worſe for you.

Shape

Shape. I'm going, Sir, unto him; do you know
Where I may find him?
Cred. What if I am he?
Shape. I am afraid he is not half ſo honeſt
As you do ſeem.
Cred. Faith, I'm the ſame; I try'd
What metal thou was't made of: I perceive
Thou wilt not flinch for th' wetting; thou may'ſt be
My bailiff there, perhaps.
Shape. An't pleaſe your Worſhip!
Cred. So now the caſe is alter'd.
Shape. I do know
It was my maſter's ſeeking; you would ne'er
Have had to do with 't elſe. He ſent me to you
For the laſt hundred pound, by the ſame token,
That you invited him to th' Eating-houſe.
Cred. (O this ſimplicity! He does not know
Yet what an Ordinary means.) I was now coming
To have paid it in.
Shape. I'll ſave your Worſhip that
Labour, an't pleaſe you: Let me now begin
My bailiff-ſhip.
Cred. 'Snigs, wiſer yet than ſo.
Where is thy maſter?
Shape. Sir, my maſter's here,
I thank my ſtars! But Mr. Caſter is
At an horſe-race ſome ten miles off.
Cred. Why then
I'll ſtay till he returns; 'twill be by dinner.
Shape. Your beſt way's now to ſend it; if by chance
The race go on his ſide, your Worſhip may
Fail of your purchaſe.
Cred. 'Snigs, and that's conſiderable.
Here, here, make haſte with it; but e'er thou goeſt,
Tell me, is't a pretty thing?
Shape. O' my corporal oath,
A very pretty thing. Beſides the houſe,
Orchards, and gardens, ſome two hundred acres
Of land that beareth as good country corn;
God give you luck on't.
Cred. Right, as I did ſay,

Ev'n word by word. But prithee ſtay a little;
What meadow-ground's there? Paſture in proportion?
Shape. As you would wiſh, Sir; I'm in haſte.
Cred. Nay, bailiff,
But one word more, and I have done; what place
Is there to dry wet linnen in?
Shape. O twenty,
To hang up clothes, or any thing you pleaſe;
Your Worſhip cannot want line-room. God be wi'you.
Cred. But this once, and———
Shape. I muſt be gone——The race. [*Exit Shape.*
Cred. Little think'ſt thee, how diligent thou art
To little purpoſe. 'Snigs, I pity him:
What haſte he makes to cheat himſelf! poor fool!
Now I am ſafe, the wretch muſt pardon me
For his poor tenement; all's mine. I'll ſow
One ground or other every month with peaſe:
And ſo I will have green ones all the year.
Theſe yeomen have no policy i'th' world. [*Exit.*

Act III. Scene III.

Priſcilla, Meanwell.

Priſ. PRAY y' entertain your ſelf a while, until
I give my miſtreſs notice of your preſence.
I'd leave a book with you, but that I ſee
You are a gentleman: perhaps you'll find
Some pretty ſtories in the hangings there.
Mean. Thank you, ſweet heart.
Priſ. (A very proper man!)
If 't lie in me to do you any pleaſure,
Pray you, Sir, uſe me; you ſhall find me ready.
[*Exit Priſcilla.*
Mean. I make no doubt of that: Theſe implements,
Theſe chamber-properties are ſuch ripe things,
They'll fall with the leaſt touch. From twelve to twenty
They think that others are to ſue to them;
When once they've paſs'd theſe limits, they make bold
I cannot ſay to woo, that's ſomething modeſt,
But aſk downright themſelves.
Enter

Enter Mrs. Jane.

Jane. Leave us, Priſcilla,
And wait without a while.
Mean. Fair Miſtreſs, pardon
The boldneſs of a ſtranger, who uncivilly
Thus interrupts your better thoughts.
Jane. May I demand your buſineſs?
Mean. Under favour thus:
Not to uſe farther circumſtance, fair virgin,
(And yet leſs fair, 'cauſe virgin) you are one
That are the thought, the care, the aim, the ſtrife,
I ſhould not err if I ſhould ſay the madneſs
Of all young men; all ſighs, all folded arms,
All o'er-caſt looks, all broken ſleeps are ow'd
Only to you.
Jane. I'm ſorry I ſhould be
A trouble unto any: If I could
Afford the remedy as well as now
I do your grief, aſſure your ſelf that cure
Shall be the birth of my next action.
Mean. That cure is my requeſt. If that this were
Mine own ſuit, I had us'd no circumſtance.
Young maſter Credulous, a proper man
(For ſure he ſhall be rich) one whom the whole
Liſt of our city-virgins doat on——— you
Conceive the reſt, I know.
Jane. Alas! What ails him?
I'll not be ſlack to do him any good.
Mean. 'Tis in your power. He is very much,
If you will know't——But ſure you will not grant
If I ſhould tell you——
Jane. If you thus preſume
That I am hard, you only aſk denial;
Your expectation's croſs'd, except you fail.
Mean. If you will know it then, he is in love.
Jane. I pity him indeed, poor heart: With whom?
Mean. Even with your beauteous ſelf.
Jane. 'Tis not well done
To ſcoff one ne'er did injure you.
Mean. I vow
By all that's good, by your fair ſelf, I am

As tender of you as that bleſt one is
Whoe'er he be that loves you moſt. If I
In any caſe abuſe you, let me be
More miſerable than Littleworth.

Jane. Is he become expreſſion? Is his fate
The period of ill wiſhes? Sure he never
Deſerv'd ſo ill from you.

Mean. I don't reflect
Upon his ruin'd fortunes, but your coldneſs.
And ſure I may call him unhappy, whom
You do neglect.

Jane. That man, where-e'er he be,
Is happier than your ſelf; and were he here,
You ſhould ſee him receiv'd, and your ſelf ſcorn'd.

Mean. I do not think ſo, Lady; ſure you would
Make more of me than ſo. I'll bring the man,
And ſo confute you.

Jane. It may be I might
Love you the better ſomething for that office,
If he might enter here.

Mean. Nay, I could tell
Y'had caſt him off: alas, you need not hide it,
I have it from himſelf.

Jane. Doth he think ſo? Could I but ſee him——

Mean. If his ſight can bring
But the leaſt joy unto you (as perhaps
You'll take ſome pleaſure in his miſery)
You ſhall enjoy it.

Jane. I do fear you promiſe
Only to raiſe my hopes a while, and then
To triumph in their ruin.

Mean. That you may
See how my breaſt and tongue agree, I'll leave
This ring with you till I return again.

Jane. My Littleworth! Fool that I was: could I
Not all this while perceive 'twas thee? Why didſt thou
Defer my joy thus long, by ſuffering me
To ſtand i'th cloud?

Mean. Alas! I gueſs'd I'd been
Infectious to thee now; that thou would'ſt look

On a diſeaſe more mildly than on me:
For poverty is counted a contagion.
Jane. I call this kiſs to witneſs (which I wiſh,
If I prove falſe, may be the laſt to me
Which friends pay dying friends) I ne'er will be
Other's than thine.
Mean. I like the vow ſo well,
That the ſame way I'll ſeal my promiſe too.
If I prove not as thou (that is, moſt conſtant)
May this kiſs be, that I may wiſh it worſe,
Than that which is due to departing ſouls,
The laſt that I ſhall take from thee. I am
Sent here, but yet unknown to them that ſent me,
To be another's ſpokes-man. The man is
That fooliſh ſon of Mr. Credulous:
Thou muſt pretend ſome liking. 'Twas thy father
Granted me this acceſs to win thee for him;
Be thou no way averſe. 'T ſhall be my care
So to bring things about, that thou ſhalt be
Mine by conſent in ſpite of miſery.
Jane. Be ſecret, and Love proſper thy deſign. [*Ex. Jane.*
Mean. Happy that man that meets ſuch faithfulneſs!
I did not think it had been in the ſex.
I know not now what's miſery. Peace! my Fair [*Muſick.*
Is hallowing the lute with her bleſt touch.

A SONG within.

1. *COme, O come, I brook no ſtay:*
He doth not love that can delay.
See how the ſtealing night
Hath blotted out the light,
And tapers do ſupply the day.

2. *To be chaſte is to be old,*
And that fooliſh girl that's cold
Is fourſcore at fifteen:
Deſires do write us green,
And looſer flames our youth unfold.

Mean. 'T cannot be her, her voice was ne'er prophan'd
With ſuch immodeſt numbers.

See the firſt taper's almoſt gone,
Thy flame like that will ſtraight be none,
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire:
She loſeth time, that lies alone.

Mean 'Tis the breath
Of ſomething troubled with virginity.

4. *O let us cheriſh then theſe powers,*
Whiles we yet may call them ours:
Then we beſt ſpend our time,
When no dull zealous chime,
But ſprightful kiſſes ſtrike the hours.

Enter Priſcilla.

Mean. What doſt thou mean?
Priſ. Only to pleaſe you, Sir.
Mean. Sweeteſt of things, was't thou? I'faith I gueſs'd
'T could be no other's melody but yours.
There have been many of your ſex much given
Unto this kind of muſick.
Priſ. Sappho was
Excellent at it: But Amphion he,
He was the man that out-did all; 'tis ſaid
Of him, that he could draw ſtones with the ſound
Of his ſweet ſtrings. I'd willingly arrive
At ſome perfection in the quality.
Mean. I do acknowledge your deſires moſt prone:
This for your trouble.
Priſ. I am not mercenary,
Your acceptation is reward enough.
Mean. You have it then.
Priſ. Beauty go with you, Sir.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

Act III. Scene IV.

Credulous, Hearſay, Slicer, to them Sir Thomas Bite-fig, Have-at-all, Caſter, as to the Ordinary.

Cred. YOU're welcome, friends, as I may ſay——
Hear. You do forget.
Cred. —That am a gueſt as well as you.
Slic. Moſt noble ſons of fortune, and of valour,
You grace us with your preſence: you muſt pardon
Our ſmall proviſion.
Hear. No variety here,
But you, moſt noble gueſts, whoſe gracious looks
Muſt make a diſh or two become a feaſt.
Have. I'll be as free as 'twere mine own.
Caſt. Who thinks
On any thing that borders upon ſadneſs,
May he ne'er know what's mirth, but when others
Laugh at his ſullen wrinkles.
Have. We will raiſe
A noiſe enough to wake an alderman,
Or a caſt captain, when the reck'ning is
About to pay.
Cred. Hang thinking, 'ſnigs I'll be
As merry as a piſmire; come let's in.
Slic. Let's march in order military, Sirs.
Have. That's well remember'd, moſt compleat lieutenant.
[*Ex. as to the Ordinary.*

Act III. Scene V.

Rimewell, Bagſhot, Vicar Catchmey, Sir Chriſtopher.

Rime. COME, my moſt noble order of the club;
'Cauſe none will elſe, let's make much of our ſelves.
His letter may procure a dinner yet.
Bag. Cheer up, Sir Kit, thou look'ſt too ſpiritually:
I ſee too much of the tithe-pig in thee.

Chriſ.

Chriſ. I'm not ſo happy: Kit's as hungry now
As a beſieged city, and as dry
As a Dutch commentator. This vile world
Ne'er thinks of qualities: good truth, I think
'T hath much to anſwer for. Thy poetry,
Rimewell, and thy voice, vicar Catchmey, and
Thy law too, Bagſhot, is contemn'd: 'Tis pity
Profeſſions ſhould be ſlighted thus. The day
Will come perhaps, when that the commonwealth
May need ſuch men as we. There was a time
When coblers were made church-men, and thoſe black
Smutch'd creatures thruſt into white ſurplices,
Look'd like ſo many magpies, and did ſpeak
Juſt as they, by rote. But now the land
Surfeits forſooth. Poor labourers in divinity
Can't earn their groat a day, unleſs it be
Reading of the chriſtian burial for the dead:
When they ev'n for that reaſon truly thank
God for thus taking this their brother to him.

Catch. Something prophane, Sir Chriſtopher.

Chriſ. When I
Level my larger thoughts unto the baſis
Of thy deep ſhallowneſs, am I prophane?
Henceforth I'll ſpeak, or rather not ſpeak, for
I will ſpeak darkly.

Catch. There's one comfort then
You will be brief.

Chriſ. My briefneſs is prolix;
Thy mind is bodily, thy ſoul corporeal;
And all thy ſubtile faculties are not ſubtile,
Thy ſubtilty is dulneſs. I am ſtrong;
I will not be conceiv'd by ſuch mechanicks.

Rime. I do conceive you though, Sir Chriſtopher,
My muſe doth ſometimes take the ſelf-ſame flight.

Chriſ. Pauci, pauci quos æquus amavit.
But quadrageſimal wits, and fancies lean
As ember weeks (which therefore I call lean,
Becauſe they're fat) theſe I do doom unto
A knowing ignorance; he that's conceiv'd
By ſuch is not conceiv'd; ſenſe is non-ſenſe
If underſtood by them. I'm ſtrong again.

Rime. You err moſt orthodoxly, ſweet Sir Kit.
Chriſ. I love that, though I hate it; and I have
A kind of diſagreeing conſent to't.
I'm ſtrong, I'm ſtrong again. Let's keep theſe two
In deſperate hope of underſtanding us.
Riddles and clouds are very lights of ſpeech.
I'll veil my careleſs anxious thoughts, as 'twere
In a perſpicuous cloud, that I may
Whiſper in a loud voice, and ev'n be ſilent
When I do utter words; words did I call them?
My words ſhall be no words, my voice no voice;
My noiſe no noiſe, my very language ſilence.
I'm ſtrong, I'm ſtrong: Good Sir, you underſtand not.
Bag. Nor do deſire; 'tis merely froth and barm,
The yeſt that makes your thin ſmall ſermons work.
Chriſ. Thou hold'ſt thy peace moſt vocally. Again!
Catch. I hate this bilk.
Chriſ. Thou loveſt, 'cauſe thou doſt hate.
Thy injuries are courteſies. Strong again!
Catch. Good Sampſon, uſe not this your aſs's jaw-bone.
Chriſ. Thou'ſt got my love by loſing it; that earneſt
Yeſt hath regain'd my ſoul. Sampſon was ſtrong;
He kill'd a thouſand with an aſs's jaw-bone,

Enter a Servant, as paſſing by.

And ſo will I. 'St, 'ſt!—Good friend, d' y' hear?
Here is a letter, friend, to Mr. Meanwell.
Bag. Any reverſions yet? Nothing tranſmiſs'd?
Rime. No gleanings, James? No trencher-analects?
Ser. Parley a little with your ſtomachs, Sirs.
Catch. There's nothing ſo ridiculous as the hungry;
A faſting man is a good jeſt at any time.
Ser. There is a gentleman without, that will'd me
To aſk if you'll admit of him among you;
He can't endure to be in good company.
Catch. You're merry, James: Yes, by all means, good James.
Admit, quoth he! What elſe? Pray, ſend him in.
[*Exit Ser.*
Let's be reſolv'd to fall out; now then he

Shall

Shall have the glory to compoſe the quarrel,
By a good dozen of pacifick beer.
Rime. Bag. Agreed, agreed.
Chriſ. My coat allows no quarrel.
Rime. The colour bears 't, if you'll venture the ſtuff;
The tenderneſs of it, I do confeſs,
Somewhat denies a grapling.
Chriſ. I will try;
Perhaps my ſpirit will ſuggeſt ſome anger.

Enter Andrew.

And. Save you, boon ſparks! Will't pleaſe you to admit me?
Chriſ. Your Worſhip graceth us, in condeſcending
To level thus your preſence, humble Sir.
And. What may I call your name, moſt reverend Sir?
Bag. His name's Sir Kit.
Chriſ. My name is not ſo ſhort,
'Tis a triſſyllable, an't pleaſe your Worſhip:
But vulgar tongues have made bold to profane it
With the ſhort ſound of that unhallow'd idol
They call a kit. Boy, learn more reverence.
Bag. Yes, to my betters.
And. Nay, friends, do not quarrel.
Chriſ. It is the holy cauſe, and I muſt quarrel.
Thou ſon of parchment, got between the ſtandiſh
And the ſtiff buckram-bag; thou that may'ſt call
The pen thy father, and the ink thy mother,
The ſand thy brother, and the wax thy ſiſter,
And the good pillory thy couſin remov'd;
I ſay, learn reverence to thy betters.
Bag. Set up an hour-glaſs; he'll go on until
The laſt ſand make his period.
Chriſ. 'Tis my cuſtom,
I do approve the calumny: The words
I do acknowledge, but not the diſgrace,
Thou vile ingroſſer of unchriſtian deeds.
Bag. Good Iſrael Inſpiration, hold your tongue;
It makes far better muſick, when you noſe
Sternhold's, or Wiſdom's metre.

Catch.

Catch. By your leave,
You fall on me now, brother.
Rime. 'Tis my cauſe;
You are too forward, brother Catchmey.
Catch. I too forward!
Rime. Yes, I ſay you are too forward,
By the length of your London-meaſure beard.
Catch. Thou never could'ſt intreat that reſpite yet
Of thy diſhoneſty, as to get one hair
To teſtify thy age.
Bag. I'm beardleſs too;
I hope you think not ſo of me?
Chriſ. Yes, verily;
Not one hair's difference betwixt you both.
Rime. Thou violent cuſhion-thumper, hold thy tongue;
The furies dwell in it.
Catch. Peace, good Sir Kit.
Chriſ. Sir Kit, again! Thou art a Lopez; when
One of thy legs rots off, (which will be ſhortly)
Thou'lt bear about a quire of wicked paper,
Defiled with ſanctified rithmes,
And idols in the frontiſpiece: That I
May ſpeak to thy capacity, thou'lt be
A ballad-monger.
Catch. I ſhall live to ſee thee
Stand in a play-houſe-door with thy long box,
Thy half-crown library, and cry ſmall books:
Buy a good godly ſermon, gentlemen—
A judgment ſhewn upon a knot of drunkards—
A pill to purge out popery—The life
And death of Catharine Stubbs—
Chriſ. Thou wilt viſit windows;
Methinks I hear thee with thy begging tone
About the break of day, waking the brethren
Out of their morning-revelations.
And. Brave ſport, i'faith!
Rime. Pray y' good Sir, reconcile them.
If that ſome Juſtice be i'th' Ordinary now,
He'll bind them to the peace for troubling him.
Bag. Why ſhould he not, good Sir? It is his office.
And. Now 'tis o' this ſide; O for a pair of cudgels!

Rime.

Rime. Peace, inkhorn, there's no muſick in thy tongue.
Catch. Thou and thy rime lye both; the tongue of man
Is born to muſick naturally.
Rime. Thou thing,
Thy belly looks like to ſome ſtrutting hill,
O'er-ſhadow'd with thy rough beard like a wood.
Chriſ. Or like a larger jug, that ſome men call
A Bellarmine, but we a Conſcience;
Whereon the lewder hand of pagan workman
Over the proud ambitious head hath carv'd
An idol large, with beard epiſcopal,
Making the veſſel look like tyrant Eglon.
Catch. Prophane again, Sir Chriſtopher, I take it.
Chriſ. Muſt I be ſtrong again? Thou human beaſt,
Who'rt only eloquent when thou ſay'ſt nothing,
And appear'ſt handſome while thou hid'ſt thyſelf,
I'm holy, 'cauſe prophane.
And. Courageous raſcals!
Brave ſpirits, ſoldiers in their days, I warrant.
Bag. Born in the field, I do aſſure your Worſhip:
This quarrelling is meat and drink to them.
Rime. Thou lyeſt.
Bag. Nay, then I do defy thee thus.

[*Bagſhot draws his inkhorn, and Rime catcheth off Sir Chriſtopher's hat and ſpectacles.*

Rime. And thus I am prepar'd to anſwer thee.
Chriſ. For the good Saint's ſake, part them; I am blind,
If that my ſpectacles ſhould once miſcarry.
Rime. Caytiff, this holy inſtrument ſhall quail thee.
Bag. And this ſhall ſend thee to thy couſin-furies.
Chriſ. I feel a film come o'er mine eyes already;
I muſt look out an animal conductive,
I mean a dog.
And. Pray y' beat not out his eyes in
Another's hands.
Chriſ. Moſt ſtrongly urg'd!
Catch. Your words
Are merely wind. James, ho! what, James! ſome beer.
They're maſtive dogs, they won't be parted, Sir,
Without good ſtore of liquor.

Enter

Enter Servant with beer.

And. I will ſouce them.
Ser. Drink to 'em, Sir, if that you'll have 'em quiet.
And. Is, that the way? Here's to you, my friends, a whole one.
Bag. Were't not for that good gentleman, thou'dſt ſmoke for't.
Rime. Had I not vow'd ſome reverence to his preſence,
Thou hadſt been nothing.
Bag. 'Fore Mars, I was dry:
This valour's thirſty; fill to my antagoniſt.
Rime. No, mine own diſh will ſerve; I'm ſingular.
Few veſſels ſtill do well: I carry this
To drink my beer, while others drink their ſack.
I am abſtemious, Rime-well; I hate wine
Since I ſpake treaſon laſt i'th' cellar. Here,
Give me thy hand, thou child of fervency;
Didſt thou miſtruſt thy ſpectacles?
It was no anger, 'twas a rapture merely.
Chriſ. Drink, and excuſe it after. James, your help!
Come, man of voice, keep time while that I drink.
This moiſture ſhall dry up all injuries,
Which I'll remember only to forget;
And ſo hereafter, which I'm wont to call
The future now, I love thee ſtubbornly.
Your beer is like my words, ſtrong, ſtinging geare.
Catch. Here, little lawyer, let's be friends hereafter;
I love this reconcilement with my heart.
And. 'Tis the beſt deed that e'er I did: O' my conſcience,
I ſhall make a good juſtice of the peace.
There had been blood ſhed, if I had not ſtickled.
Ser. More blood been ſpilt, I warrant, than beer now.
And. That inkhorn is a deadly dangerous weapon;
It hath undone one quarter of the kingdom.
Chriſ. Men ſhould forgive; but thou art far, yea far
From it, O Bagſhot; thou'rt in love with hate.
Heſs me! I ſee the fiend ſtill in his looks;
He is not reconcileable with drink;

He'll

He'll ne'er love truly, till he eat with me.
The nature of his ſpirit aſketh meat;
He hath a wolf in's breaſt; food muſt appeaſe him.
And. Cold meat will do it; will't not?
Rime. Any thing———
That may employ the teeth.
And. Go, James, provide;
You are not merry yet.
Catch. To ſatisfy you
In that point, we'll ſing a ſong of his.
And. Let's ha't; I love theſe ballads hugeouſly.

The SONG.

1. Catch. *THEN our muſick is in prime,*
When our teeth keep triple time;
Hungry notes are fit for knells:
May lankneſs be
No gueſt to me;
The bag-pipe ſounds, when that it ſwells.
Chor. *May lankneſs*, &c.

2. Bag. *A mooting-night brings wholeſome ſmiles,*
When John-a-Nokes, and John-a-Stiles,
Do greaſe the lawyer's ſattin.
A reading-day
Frights French away,
The benchers dare ſpeak Latin.
Chor. *A reading*, &c.

3. Rime. *He that's full doth verſe compoſe;*
Hunger deals in ſullen proſe:
Take notice and diſcard her.
The empty ſpit
Ne'er cheriſh'd wit,
Minerva loves the larder.
Chor. *The empty ſpit*, &c.

4. Chriſ. *Firſt to breakfaſt, then to dine,*
Is to conquer Bellarmine:
Diſtinctions then are budding.

Old Sutcliff's wit
Did never hit,
But after his bag-pudding.
Chor. *Old Sutcliff's wit*, &c.

And. Moſt admirable! A good eating ſong!
Chriſ. Let's walk in, and practiſe it; my bowels
Yearn till I am in charity with all.
And. A chriſtian reſolution, good Sir Chriſtopher!
[*Exeunt.*

Act III. Scene VI.

Meanwell with a letter in his hand, Hearſay, Slicer.

Mean. reads. *SWeet Sir, I am moſt paſſionately yours,*
To ſerve you all the ways I can, Priſcilla.
Very well penn'd of a young chambermaid!
I do conceive your meaning, ſweet Priſcilla.
You ſee I have the happy fortune on't;
A night for nothing, and intreated too.
Slic. Thou doſt not know how I do love thee; let me
Make uſe of this; thou'lt have the like occaſion.
Hear. Thou art the fawning'ſt fellow, Slicer—Meanwell,
Hark here.
Mean. For God's ſake, be contented, Sirs;
I'm fleſh and blood as well as you. Lieutenant,
Think on your ſuburb beauties; ſweet intelligencer,
I will by no means bar you of your lady:
Your ſin, I aſſure you, will be honourable. [*Exit Mean.*
Slic. Pox o' your liquoriſh lips! If that ſhe don't
After this ſealing forty weeks deliver
Something unto thee as thy act and deed,
Ay I can't propheſy.
Hear. If I don't ſerve him
A trick he thinks not of——
Slic. Did'ſt mark how he
Did apply himſelf to the knight all dinner?
I am afraid he plays the cunning factor,
And in another's name woos for himſelf.

Hear.

Hear. Let it go on; let it work ſomething farther.
'Tis almoſt ripe enough to cruſh; he hath not
Crept high enough as yet to be ſenſible
Of any fall.

Slic. Now is the time or never.
This night you know he and his doxy meet;
Let me alone to give them their good-morrow.
If that we carry things but one week longer
Without diſcovery, farewel London then;
The world's our own. He ne'er deſerves to thrive
That doth not venture for it. Wealth's then ſweet
When bought with hazard. Fate this law hath ſet;
The fool inherits, but the wiſe muſt get.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Credulous, Hearſay, Slicer.

Cred. *My name's not Tribulation,*
Nor holy Ananias:
I was baptiz'd in faſhion,
Our vicar did hold biaſs.

Hear. What, how now, Mr. Credulous? ſo merry

Cred. Come, let's be mad; by yea and nay, my ſon
Shall have the Turkiſh monarchy; he ſhall
Have it directly: The twelve companies
Shall be his kickſhaws.

Hear. Baſhaws, Sir, you mean.

Cred. Well, Sir, what if I do? Andrew the Great Tu
I would I were a pepper-corn, if that
It ſounds not well: Does't not?

Slic. Yes, very well.

Cred. I'll make it elſe: Great Andrew Mahomet,
Imperious Andrew Mahomet Credulous,

Tell me which name ſounds beſt.
Hear. That's as you ſpeak 'em.
Cred. Oatmealman Andrew! Andrew Oatmealman.
Hear. Ottoman, Sir, you mean.
Cred. Yes, Ottoman.
Then, Mrs. Jane, Sir Thomas Bite-fig's daughter,
That may be the She-Great-Turk, if ſhe pleaſe me.
Slic. The ſign o'th' half-moon that hangs at your door,
s not for nought.
Cred. That's the Turk's arms, they ſay;
The empire's deſtin'd to our houſe directly.
Hang ſhop-books; give us ſome wine; hey for a noiſe
Of fidlers now!
Hear. The Great Turk loves no muſick,
Cred. Does he not ſo? nor I. I'll light tobacco
With my ſum-totals; my debt-books ſhall ſole
yes at young Andrew's wedding; cry-you-mercy,
would ſay, gentlemen, the Great Turk's wedding.
My deeds ſhall be ſlic'd out in taylor's meaſures;
They all employed in making Mrs. Mahomet
New gowns againſt the time; hang dirty wealth.
Slic. What ſhould the Great Turk's father do with wealth?
Cred. 'Snigs, I would fain now hear ſome fighting news.

Enter Caſter.

Slic. There's one will furniſh you, I warrant you.
Caſt. Pox!——Plague!——Hell!——Death!———
Damn'd luck!——This 'tis!———
The devil take ill fortune: Never man
Came off ſo; quite and clean defunct, by heaven———
Not a piece left.
Cred. What all your ord'nance loſt?
Caſt. But one to bear, and loſe it! All the world
Was ſure againſt me.
Cred 'Snigs, how many fell?
Caſt. He threw twice twelve.
Cred. By'r lady, a ſhrewd many!
Caſt. The devil, ſure, was in his hand; I think.
Cred. Nay, if the devil was againſt you, then———
Caſt. But one for to be hit in all the time———

And that too, ſafe enough to any one's thinking;
'T ſtood on eleven.
Cred. 'Slid, a mighty ſlaughter;
But did he ſtand upon eleven at once?
Caſt. The plague take all impertinencies. Peace!
Cred. Theſe ſoldiers are ſo cholerick, there is
No dealing with 'em; then they've loſt the day?
Caſt. 'Twas ten to one, by heaven, all the while.
Cred. And yet all kill'd at laſt! Hard fortune, faith!
What news from Bruxels; or the Hague? D' y' hear
Aught of the Turks deſigns?
Caſt. I'll make thee news for the Corant, dotard.
Cred. Ay, the Coranti; what doth that ſay?
Caſt. O hell! Thou fooliſh thing,
Keep in that tongue of thine; or——
Slic. Good now, peace;
He's very furious when he's mov'd.
Hear. This 'twas,
You muſt be venturing without your fancy-man.
Cred. What officer 's that fancy-man, lieutenant?
Some great commander, ſure.
Caſt. Pox! let it go;
I'll win 't again: 'Twas but the reliques of
An idle hundred.
Cred. 'Snigs, and well remember'd.
You did receive the hundred that I ſent you
To th' race this morning by your man, my bailiff?
Caſt. Take him away, his wine ſpeaks in him now.
Cred. Godſnigs, the farm is mine, and muſt be ſo.
Slic. Debate theſe things another time, good friends.

Enter Have-at-all.

Come, come; have patience. Od's my life, away;
There's Mr. Have-at-all is mad; he'll ſpit you,
If he but know you are a uſurer.
Cred. A plot, a plot, to take away my life and farm!
[*Exit.*

Have. Fight, as I live, with any one. Lieutenant,
Do not come near me now; nor yet thou, Caſter;
It works, 'fore Mars it works; I'll take my walk,
And if I do find any one, by Jove——[*Ex. Have-at-all.*
Caſt.

Caſter. What's he fox'd too? Some drunken planet reigns,
And works upon the world; provide my fancy,
Good noble patron; I'll win ſoberly,
I itch till I have beggar'd all the city. [*Exit Caſter.*
Hear. 'Till that you have undone yourſelf, you mean.

Enter Moth.

Moth. Ey ſave you both; for derne love ſayen ſoothly
Where is thylk amebly-Franklin, cleped Meanwell?
Hear. He's gone abroad.
Moth. Lere me whylk way he wended.
Slic. He is gone o'er the fields.
Hear. To the knight's houſe.
Moth. Why laugh you every dele? So mote I gone,
This goeth not aright; I dread ſome covin. [*Exit Moth.*
Slic. Now will he meet with Have-at-all; there'll be
A combat worthy chronicle. Let's go
And ſee how this grave motion will beſtir him. [*Exeunt.*

Act IV. Scene II.

Have-at-all; after a while Moth; Slicer and Hearſay watching.

Have. WHAT, no man yet march by? Whoe'er comes next
I'll give him one rap more, for making me
Stay here ſo long.

Enter Moth.

So, ſo, here he is; how ſhall
I do to know whether he be a gentleman,
Or yeoman, or ſerving-man? I think,
I'd beſt ſuppoſe him all, and beat him through
Every degree; and ſo I ſhall not wrong him.
What! Who goes there?
Moth. Waes heal, thou gentle knight.
Have. Waes heal, thou gentle knight? Speak, what art thou?
Speak quickly, do: Villain, know'ſt thou not me?

Moth. Now, by my troath, I know not your name;
Whider I ſhall call you my Lord Dan John,
Or Dan Thomas, or Dan Robert, or Dan Albon;
I vow to God thou haſt a full faire chine;
Upon my faith art ſome officer.
Have. Have you the pox, Sir? ſpeak.
Moth. No.
Have. No! nor yet an ach in your bones?
Moth. No.
Have. No! Why then you are
No gentleman; Lieutenant Slicer ſays ſo.
This cudgel then ſerves turn.
Moth. You will not foyn?
Have. I will not foyn, but I will beat you, Sir.
Moth. Why intermete of what thou haſt to done;
So leteth me alone, 't ſhall be thy beſt.
Have. I fancy'd you a beating; you muſt have it.
You ſhall not ſay but I will ſhew you favour:
Chuſe where you will be hacked with my ſword,
Or bruis'd by my batton.
Moth. Dre not thy true
And paynant Morglay out of ſhete. Lo thus
Eſtſoons, Sir Knight, I greet thee lowting low.
Have. Down lower yet.
Moth. Rueth on my gray haires.
Have. Yet lower: ſo, then thus I do beſtride thee.
Moth. Tubal the ſonne of Lamech did yfind
Muſick by knocking hammers upon anviles;
Let go thine blows, thylke art is no compleat.
Have. Doſt thou make me a ſmith, thou rogue? a Tubal?
Moth. Harrow alas! Flet Englond, flet Englond:
Dead is Edmond.
Have. Take that for hiſtory.
O brave lieutenant, now thy dinner works.
Moth. I nis not Edmond Ironſide, God wot.
Have. More provocation yet? I'll ſeal thy lips.
Moth. A twenty devil way! So did the Saxon
Upon thylke plain of Sarum, done to death
By treachery, the Lords of merry Englond
Nem eſur Saxes.

Have.

Have. Villain, doſt abuſe me
In unbaptized language? Do not anſwer;
[*Moth intreats by ſigns.*
If that thou doſt, by Jove I'll ſtrangle thee.
Do you make mouths, you raſcal, thus at me?
You're at dumb ſervice now: Why, this is more
Unſufferable than your old patch'd gibberiſh:
This ſilence is abuſe. I'll ſend thee to
The place of it, where thou ſhalt meet with Oſwald,
Vortigern, Harold, Hengiſt, Horſa, Knute,
Allured, Edgar, and Cunobeline. [*Slicer, Hearſay ſtep in.*
Thus, thus, I ſheath my ſword.
Slic. Redoubted knight,
Enough, it is thy foe doth vanquiſh'd lie
Now at thy mercy; mercy not withſtand,
For he is one the trueſt knight alive,
Though conquer'd now he lie on lowly ground.
Have. Thou ow'ſt thy life, to my lieutenant, caitiff.
Breathe, and be thankful.
Moth. I reche not thine yeſt;
Maugre thine head, algate I ſuffer none.
I am thine leſe, thine deere, mine Potluck Joan.

Act IV. Scene III.

Andrew, Priſcilla.

And. FAireſt of things—tralucent creature——Hang me
If I do know what's next.
Priſ. This meant to me?
And. Faireſt of things——tralucent creature——rather
Obſcured deity——'Tis gone again.
Lady, will you eat a piece of gingerbread?
Priſ. You might have better manners, than to ſcoff
One of my breeding.
And. Heark; indeed I love you.
Priſ. Alas!
And. I vow, I burn in love, as doth a penny faggot.
Priſ. Hey ho!
And. And I ſhall
Blaze out ſir-reverence, if ye do not quench me.

Priſ. Indeed now?
And. Though I ſay't, that ſhould not ſay't,
I am affected towards you ſtrangely.
Priſ. Now, who'd have thought it?
And. There's a thing each night
Comes to my bed's-head, and cries matrimony,
Matrimony, Andrew.
Priſ. God forbid.
And. It is
Some ſpirit that would join us.
Priſ. Goodly, goodly.
And. Then do I ſhake all over.
Priſ. Doth it ſo?
And. Then ſhake again.
Priſ. I pray you now.
And. Then cry
Faireſt of things——tralucent creature——rather
Obſcured deity, ſweet Mrs. Jane,
I come, I come.
Priſ. Sweet Sir, you are deceiv'd:
I'm but her woman: Here ſhe comes herſelf.

Enter Mrs. Jane.

And. Now, as my father ſaith, I would I were
A cucumber, if I know what to do.
Jane. Why, how now, Priſ.? Who's that that uſeth you
So lovingly?
And. Faireſt of things———'tis one
Tralucent creature———'tis——Ay, that it is
One———
Priſ. That would willingly run out of doors,
If that he had but law enough.
And. I ſay——
Jane. Nay, be n't afraid: here's none ſhall do you
harm.
And. 'Tis one that brought his pigs to the wrong market.
You keep your woman here ſo fine, that I
Had like t'have made a proper buſineſs on't,
Before I was aware. If any thing
Do prove amiſs, indeed-law you ſhall be
The father on't. But know, tralucent creature,

I am come off intire; and now am yours
Whole. Andrew Credulous, your ſervant's ſervant.
Jane. Methinks you contradict your ſelf: How can you
Be wholly mine, and yet my ſervant's ſervant?
And. I do but compliment in that; (I ſee
Downright 's the beſt way here.) If thou canſt love,
I can love too. Law thee there, now! I'm rich.
Jane. I uſe not to look after riches; 'tis
The perſon that I aim at.
And. That is me;
I'm proper, handſome, fair, clean-limb'd; I'm rich.
Jane. I muſt have one that can direct and guide me;
A guardian, rather than a huſband; for
I'm fooliſh yet.
And. Now, ſee the luck on't, Lady;
So am I too, i-faith.
Jane. And whoe'er hath me
Will find me to be one of thoſe things, which
His care muſt firſt reform.
And. Do not doubt that;
I have a head for reformation:
This noddle here ſhall do it. I am rich.
Jane. Riches create no love; I fear you mean
To take me for formality only,
As ſome ſtay'd piece of houſhold-ſtuff, perhaps,
Fit to be ſeen 'mong other ornaments:
Or at the beſt I ſhall be counted but
A name of dignity; not entertain'd
For love, but ſtate; one of your train, a thing
Took to wipe off ſuſpicion from ſome fairer,
To whom you have vow'd homage.
And. Do not think
I've any plots or projects in my head:
I will do any thing for thee, that thou
Canſt name, or think on.
Priſ. Pray you try him, Miſtreſs:
By my virginity I think he'll flinch.
And. By my virginity (which is as good
As yours I'm ſure) by my virginity,
If that we men have any ſuch thing (as
We men have ſuch a thing) I do believe

I will not flinch. Alas! You don't know Andrew.

Jane. Can you obtain but ſo much reſpite from
Your other ſovereign's ſervice, as to keep
Your eye from gazing on her for a while?

And. If I do look on any woman; nay,
If I do caſt a ſheep's eye upon any
But your ſweet ſelf, may I loſe one of mine:
Marry, I'll keep the other howſoe'er.

Jane. I know not how I may believe you; you'll
Swear you ne'er caſt a glance on any, when
Your eye hath baited at each face you met.

And. Blind me, good now: Being you miſtruſt, I will
Be blinded with this handkerchief; you ſhall
See that I love you now. So, let me have
But any reaſonable thing to lead me home;
I do not care though 't be a dog, ſo that
He knows the way, or hath the wit t' inquire it.

Jane. That care, Sir, ſhall be mine.

[*Exeunt Jane and Priſcilla.*

And. I doubt not, but
I ſhall be in the chronicle for this;
Or in a ballad elſe. This handkerchief
Shall be hung up i'th' pariſh-church, inſtead
Of a great ſilken flag to fan my grave,
With my arms in't; pourtray'd in good blue thread,
With this word underneath: *This, this was he*
That ſhut his eyes, becauſe he would not ſee.
Hold, who comes there?

Enter Meanwell, Shape.

Mean. One, Sir, to lead you home.

And. Who? Tutor Meanwell?

[*Shape counterfeits Mrs. Jane's voice.*

Shape. Yes, I do commit you
Unto your truſty friend, if you perform
This vow, we may——

And. I'll ſay your ſentence out,
Be man and wife.

Shape. If you'll do ſomething elſe,
That I'll propoſe.

And. Pray, make your own conditions.

Shape.

Shape. You'll promiſe me you'll not be jealous of me?
And. Do what you will, I'll truſt you.
Shape. Never hire any to tempt me?
And. By this light (I would ſay
By this darkneſs) I never will.
Shape. Nor mark
On whom I laugh?———
And. No.
Shape. Nor ſuſpect my ſmiles,
My nods, my winks?———
And. No, no.
Shape. Nor yet keep count
From any gallant's viſit?
And. I'll ne'er reckon;
You ſhall do what you will.
Shape. You'll never ſet
Great cheſts and forms againſt my chamber-door,
Nor pin my ſmock unto your ſhirt a-nights,
For fear I ſhould ſlip from you e'er you wake?
And. As I do hope for day, I will not.
Shape. Give me
Some ſmall pledge from you to aſſure your love;
If that you yet prove falſe, I may have ſomething
To witneſs your inconſtancy. I'll take
This little ruby; this ſmall bluſhing-ſtone
From your fair finger.
And. Take it, Sweet: There is
A diamond in my band-ſtring, if you have
A mind to that, I pray make uſe of 't too.
Shape. In troth, a ſtone of luſtre; I aſſure you,
It darts a pretty light, a veget ſpark;
It ſeems an eye upon your breaſt.
And. Nay, take it,
For love's ſake take it then; leave nothing that
Looks like an eye about me.
Shape. My good Andrew,
Cauſe of thy reſolution, I'll perform
This office for thee. Take my word for't, this
Shall ne'er betray thee. [*Ex. Shape.*
And. Farewel, honeſt Jany,
I cannot ſee to thank thee, my ſweet Jany.

Tutor, your hand, good tutor; lead me wiſely.
Mean. Take comfort, man; I have good news for thee:
Thine eyes ſhall be thine own before next morning.
[*Exeunt.*

Act IV. Scene IV.

Shape, Chirurgeon, Mercer.

Shape. HE's a good friend of mine, and I preſume
Upon your ſecrecy.
Chir. O Sir——— the deed
By which it came was not more cloſe. D' y' think
I would undo my ſelf by twitting? 'Twere
To bring the gallants all about mine ears,
And make me mine own patient. I'm faithful,
And ſecret, though a barber.
Shape. Nay, but hear me;
He's very modeſt: 'Twas his firſt attempt
Procur'd him this infirmity; he will
Be baſhful, I am ſure, and won't be known
Of any ſuch thing at the firſt; you muſt
Be ſure to put him to't.
Chir. Let me alone;
He knows not yet the world, I do perceive.
It is as common now with gentlemen,
As 'tis to follow faſhion; only here
Lieth the difference, that they keep in this
A little longer. I ſhall have ſo much
Upon your word, Sir?
Shape. If you do perform
The cure by that time (twenty pieces, Sir.)
You are content?
Mer. Yes, Sir.
Chir. It ſhall be done [*Exit Shape.*
According to your own preſcription.
Sit down, I pray you, Sir; this gentleman
Is a good friend of yours.
Mer. Indeed he is a very honeſt man,
As any one can wiſh to deal with, verily.
Chir. Believe't, he loves you very well.
Mer. I am moſt ready
To do him any ſervice truly: pray you,
Good brother, don't delay me, I'm in haſte. [*Chir.*

Chir. Indeed, and truly, verily, good brother;
How could theſe milk-ſop words e'er get him company,
That could procure the pox? Where do you feel
Your grief moſt trouble you?
Mer. I'm very well; what mean you, brother?
Chir. Nay, be not ſo modeſt;
'Tis no ſuch heinous fault, as that you ſhould
Seek thus to hide it: meer ill fortune only——
Mer. Surely you do forget your ſelf.
Chir. Come, come,
He told me you'd be ſhamefac'd; you muſt be
Wary hereafter.
Mer. (I do perceive
He is a little mad indeed; the gentleman
Told me ſo much juſt as I came along.)
Yes, yes, I'll be wary; I'll take heed:
Come pray y' diſpatch me.
Chir. So, I like you now.
It is the cuſtom of moſt gentlemen
Not to confeſs, until they feel their bones
Begin t' admoniſh 'em.
Mer. You are i'th' right;
Good friend, make haſte; I've very urgent buſineſs.
Chir. Not raſhly neither; is your griſtle ſound?
Methinks 'tis very firm as yet to the touch.
You fear no danger there, as yet, Sir; do you?
Mer. No, I'll aſſure you. (He muſt have his humour;
I ſee he is not to be croſs'd.)
Chir. When did you
Feel the firſt grudging on't? 'Tis not broke out
In any place?
Mer. No, no: I pray y' diſpatch me.
Chir. Theſe things deſire deliberation;
Care is requir'd.
Mer. Good brother, go t'your cheſt.
Chir. How can I know what med'cines to apply,
If that you tell me not where lies your grief?
Mer. Nay, good now let me go.
Chir. I muſt not, Sir,
Nor will not truly: Truſt me, you will wiſh
You had confeſs'd, and ſuffer'd me in time,

When you ſhall come to dry-burnt racks of mutton,
The ſyringe, and the tub.
Mer. So, now enough;
Pray fetch me what you promis'd.
Chir. Are you wild,
Or mad? I do proteſt I ne'er did meet
A gentleman of ſuch preverſeneſs yet,
I find you juſt as I was told I ſhould.
Mer. I loſe the taking, by my ſwear, of taking
As much, whiles that I am receiving this.
Chir. I will not hinder you, if that you do
Prefer your gain before your health.
Mer. Well then,
I pray you tell it out; we tradeſmen are not
Maſters of our own time.
Chir. What would you have?
Mer. What would I have? as if you did not know;
Come, come, leave jeſting now at laſt, good brother.
Chir. I am in earneſt, Sir.
Mer. Why, I would have
My money, Sir, the twenty pieces that
The gentleman did give you order now
To pay me for the velvet, that he bought
This morning of me.
Chir. O! the gentleman———
Mer. You ſhould not make a laughing-ſtock, good brother,
Of one that wrongs you not; I do profeſs
I won't be fubb'd, enſure yourſelf.
Chir. The gentleman!
Oh! oh! the gentleman! Is this the cure
I ſhould perform? Truly I dare not venture
Upon ſuch deſperate maladies.
Mer. You are but merrily diſpos'd?
Chir. Indeed they are
Too high for my ſmall quality; verily
Perhaps, good brother, you might periſh under
Mine hands truly; I do profeſs I am not
Any of your bold mountebanks in this.
Mer. You're ſtill diſpos'd———
Chir. To laugh at you, good brother.

Gull'd

Gull'd by my ſwear, by my ſwear, gull'd; he told me
You had a ſmall infirmity upon you,
A grief of youth, or two; and that I ſhould
Have twenty pieces for the cure. He aſk'd you
If that you were content, you anſwered yes.
I was in hope I had gain'd a patient more;
Your beſt way is to make haſte after him.
Mer. Now could I beat myſelf for a wiſe fool
That I was, thus to truſt him. [*Exit.*
Chir. B'w'y', Brother.
'Fore God a good one. O! the gentleman! [*Ex. laughing.*

Act IV. Scene V.

Rimewell, Bagſhot, Catchmey, Sir Chriſtopher; a Song at a window, congratulating (as they think) Mr. Meanwell's marriage.

1. *While early light ſprings from the ſkies,*
A fairer from your bride doth riſe;
A brighter day doth thence appear,
And make a ſecond morning there:
Her bluſh doth ſhed
All o'er the bed,
Clean ſhamefac'd beams
That ſpread in ſtreams,
And purple round the modeſt air.

2. *I will not tell what ſhrieks and cries,*
What angry piſhes, and what fies,
What pretty oaths then newly born,
The liſtning taper heard there ſworn:
While froward ſhe
Moſt peeviſhly
Did yielding fight,
To keep o'er night,
What ſhe'd have proffer'd you ere morn.

3. *Fair, we know, maids do refuſe*
To grant what they do come to loſe.

Intend

Intend a conqueſt, you that wed;
They would be chaſtly raviſhed;
Not any kiſs
From Mrs. Pris,
If that you do
Perſuade and woo:
Know, pleaſure's by extorting fed.

4. *O may her arms wax black and blue*
Only by hard encircling you:
May ſhe round about you twine
Like the eaſy twiſting vine;
And whiles you ſip
From her full lip
Pleaſures as new
As morning dew,
Let thoſe ſoft tyes your hearts combine.

Sing. God give you joy, Mr. Meanwell! God give you
Worſhip good-morrow!
Rimt. Come, let's be going.
Chriſ. Hold, a blow I'll have,
One jerk at th' times, wrap'd in a benediction
O'th' ſpouſe's teeming, and I'll go with you.

A SONG.

NOW thou our future brother,
That ſhalt make this ſpouſe a mother,
Spring up, and Dod's *bleſſing on't:*
Shew thy little ſorrel pate,
And prove regenerate
Before thou be brought to the font.

May the pariſh ſurplice be
Cut in pieces quite for thee,
To wrap thy ſoft body about;
So 'twill better ſervice do
Reformed thus into
The ſtate of an orthodox clout.

When thou ſhalt leave the cradle,
And ſhalt begin to waddle,
And trudge in thy little apron:

May'ſt thou conceive a grace
Of half an hour's ſpace,
And rejoice in thy Friday capon.
For an error that's the flock's,
Name Mr. Paul, *but urge St.* Knox;
And at every reform'd dinner,
Let cheeſe come in, and preaching,
And by that third courſe teaching,
Confirm an unſatisfy'd ſinner.
Thence grow up to hate a ring,
And defy an offering;
And learn to ſing what others ſay:
Let Chriſt-tide be thy faſt,
And Lent thy good repaſt:
And regard not an holy-day.

Enter Conſtable and Aſſiſtants.

Con. Lay hold on them; lay hold on them, I ſay:
I'll hamper them.
Catch. Hell take your headlong zeal;
You muſt be jerking at the times, forſooth.
I am afraid the times will ſcape, and we,
The men of them, ſhall ſuffer now the ſcourge.
Con. Let none eſcape.
Chriſ. 'Twas godlineſs verily:
It was a hymn I warbled.
Con. Thou doſt lye,
It was no hymn, it was a ſong. Is this
Your filthy rendezvous? you ſhall be taught
Another tune.
Chriſ. I do beſeech you ſhew
Merciful cruelty, and as 'twere a kind
Of pitiful hardheartedneſs. I'm ſtrong.
[*They bring in Andrew and Priſcilla.*
Con. I'm glad you told me ſo, I will provide
Your ward accordingly. Drag 'em out both.
And. Let me but ſend to th' Ordinary.
Con. You ſhall not,
The Ord'nary hath ſent to you: No bail,
I will take none. I'll ſuffer no ſuch ſneaks
As you, to offend this way. It doth belong
To your betters, Sir.

And.

And. Here's a ſufficient man
I do aſſure you, take my word for that.
Con. This ſtaff was made to knock down ſin. I'll look
There ſhall be no advowtry in my ward
But what is honeſt. I'll ſee juſtice done
As long as I'm in office. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sir Thomas Bite-fig as ſick, Jane.

Sir Tho. NOW that I have made even girl, with heav'n,
Though I am paſt the worſt, and I perceive
My dinner only griev'd me, yet 'cauſe life's
Frail and uncertain, let me counſel thee,
'Tis good to be beforehand ſtill. Firſt then,
I charge thee lend no money; next, ſerve God;
If ever thou haſt children, teach them thrift;
They'll learn religion faſt enough themſelves.
Nay, do not weep, but hearken. When heav'n ſhall
Pleaſe to call in this weary ſoul of mine,
Be n't idle in expence about my burial;
Buy me a ſhroud, any old ſheet will ſerve
To clothe corruption; I can rot without
Fine linnen; 'tis but to enrich the grave,
And adorn ſtench, no reverence to the dead,
To make them crumble more luxurioufly.
One torch will be ſufficient to direct
The footſteps of my bearers. If there be
Any ſo kind as to accompany
My body to the earth, let them not want
For entertainment, prithee ſee they have
A ſprig of roſemary dip'd in common water,

To

To ſmell to as they walk along the ſtreets.
Eatings and drinkings are no obſequies.
Raiſe no oppreſſing pile to load my aſhes;
But if thou'lt needs b' at charges of a tomb,
Five or ſix foot of common ſtone engrav'd
With a good hopeful word, or elſe a couple
Of capital letters filled up with pitch,
Such as I ſet upon my ſheep, will ſerve;
State is not meet for thoſe that dwell in duſt.
Mourn as thou pleaſeſt for me, plainneſs ſhews
True grief: I give thee leave to do it for
Two or three years, if that thou ſhalt think fit:
'Twill ſave expence in clothes. And ſo now be
My bleſſing on thee, and my means hereafter.
Jane. I hope heav'n will not deal ſo rigidly
With me, as to preſerve me to th' unwelcome
Performance of theſe ſad injunctions.

Act V. Scene II.

To them Meanwell.

Mean. GOOD health unto you, Sir.
Sir Tho. I have the more
By reaſon of the care you took in ſending
A Confeſſor unto me.
Mean. I? a Confeſſor?
Sure there is ſome deſign, ſome trick or other
Put on you by thoſe men, who never ſleep
Unleſs they've cheated on that day.
Sir Tho. I hope
You do mean your partners, my good friends?
Mean. They ne'er deſerve the name of friends, they do
Covet, not love. If any came from them,
It was ſome vulture in a holy habit,
Who did intend your carcaſe, not your ſafety;
Indeed I know not of't, I've all this while
Appear'd another to you than I am.
[*Diſcloſeth himſelf.*
Perhaps you know me now. I'm he, whom you
Pleas'd

Pleas'd to forbid your houſe, whom Mr. Credulous
Takes leave to ſtyle loſt man, and vagabond.
Sir Tho. That I forbad you my houſe, was only
In care to my daughter, not in hate to you.
Mean. That I frequented it without your leave,
Was both in love to you, and to your daughter;
That I have all this while liv'd thus diſguis'd,
Was only to avert the ſnare from you,
Not to entrap you; that you might not be
Blinded by thoſe, who like to venomous beaſts,
Have only ſight to poiſon; that you might not
Ruin your daughter by compliment.
Sir Tho. This may be your plot, and this diſcovery
Feign'd only to ſecure your own deſigns:
For 't cannot ſink into me, that they durſt
Make mirth of my repentance, and abuſe
My laſt devotion with a ſcene of laughter.
Mean. They dare beyond your thought. When parted thence
Your confeſſor?
Sir Tho. You could not chuſe but meet him,
He is ſcarce yet at home.
Mean. If that you dare
But venture with me home, I'll almoſt promiſe
I'll make it plain they've put a trick upon you.
Sir Tho. Though every ſtep were ſo much toward my grave,
I'd tread them o'er with comfort, that I might
Diſcover this religious villany. [*Exeunt.*

Act V. Scene III.

Hearſay, Slicer, and Shape in his Confeſſor's habit.

Hear. COME, my good vulture, ſpeak what prey? what mirth?
Slic. What income, my dear holineſs? what ſport?
Shape. Give me the chair; imagine me the Knight
(When I ſit down,) and (when I ſtand) the Confeſſor:
[*As he is thus acting, Meanwell and Sir Thomas diſcover themſelves above.*
Thus I come in peace to thy ſoul, good ſon,
('Tis

'Tis you muſt give it, father; I am ill,
I'm very ill; fit only now for heav'n.
My ſoul would fain be flying, were't not for
A ſin or two that clogs her.) But for a ſin
Or two that clogs her? Take heed, don't ſo near
Your laſt deliverance play the ſophiſter
With heav'n. A ſin or two? why, I've heard ſay
You're wont to ſkrew your wretched tenants up
To th' utmoſt farthing, and then ſtand upon
The third rent-capon. Then he anſwers me
In the ſmall doleful tune of a country wench
Examin'd by th' Official, for the miſchance
Of a great belly caught at a Whitſon-ale;
I could not help it.) Then it is your cuſtom
When you invite, to think your meat laid out,
You write your beef diſburs'd, are wont to call
For the return of 't juſt as for a debt;
True.) That two chimneys ne'er yet ſmok'd at once
In all your buildings: (All moſt true.) That you
Are wont to keep an untouch'd capon, till
Corruption makes it able to walk out,
And viſit the barn-door again. I could
Say much more, but I had rather have you
Come ſo much nearer pardon, as t'accuſe
Your ſelf, by your own mouth.

Slic. How grave the rogue was!

Shape. (I'll do't as ſtrictly as mine enemy.)

Sir Tho. I cannot hold; I'll break in as I am,
And take my vengeance whilſt my fury's hot.

Mean. Repreſs it, Sir, a while; h' hath but begun.

Shape. Then thus he drawls it out, (I do confeſs
I've been addicted to frugality.)
Son, do not mince; pray call it covetouſneſs.
Imprimis, It hath ever been my cuſtom
To ride beyond an inn, to ſave my horſe-meat.
Item, When once I had done ſo, and found
No entertainment, I beguil'd the children
Of their parch'd peas; my man being left to that
We make the emblem of mortality:)
What? Graſs, you mean? (Or ſweet hay, which you
pleaſe.)

Hear.

Hear. Methinks this is truly coming to a reckoning.
He doth account for 's ſins with *Item* ſo.
Shape. (*Item*, I've often bought a Cheapſide cuſtard,
And ſo refreſh'd my ſoul under my cloak,
As I did walk the ſtreets.) Cloaking of ſins,
Although they be but eating ſins, I do
Pronounce moſt dangerous. (I find this ſo,
I'd almoſt loſt mine eyes by't, being juſtled.)
Slic. O thou rich ſoul of roguery!
Shape. (Moreover,
I once ſung Pſalms with ſervants where I lodg'd,
And took part with 'em in their lovely reliques;
Truly my ſoul did luſt, they were temptations.)
What! ſing that you might eat? It is the ſin
O'th' brethren, ſon; but that their reliques are
Whole widows houſes.
Hear. O thou preaching devil!
Shape. (*Item*, I entered into a chandler's ſhop,
And eat my bread in ſecret, whilſt my man
Fed on the wholeſome ſteam of candle-ſewet.
Item, which grieves me moſt, I did make bold
With the black-puddings of my needy taylor:
Satan was ſtrong; they did provoke me much.)
Sir Tho. Wretch that I was, to truſt my boſom to
One ſo exactly bad, that if the book
Of all men's lives lay open to his view,
Would meet no ſin unpractis'd by himſelf.
I will ruſh in.
Mean. Good Sir, keep cloſe a while.
Shape. I ſee no tears, no penitential tears.
(Alas! I cannot weep, mine eyes are pumice.
But alms I hope may yet redeem.) Alms given
In a large manner, ſon. (Won't fifty pounds
Wipe off my ſcore?) If doubled 't may do ſomething.
(Can I be ſav'd no cheaper? Take this, then,
And pray for me.) With that I thus diſmiſs'd him:
Bleſs'd ſon, for now I dare pronounce thee bleſs'd,
Being thou'ſt pour'd thus out thy ſoul——The wolf!
The wolf! 'Sfoot, peace, we're in the nooſe;
We are betray'd; yon's Meanwell and the Knight——
Truly he is as good a man as any

I ever yet confeſs'd——don't look that way——
A very honeſt charitable man,
Full of ſincerity, and true devotion.
Sir Tho. Patience itſelf would now turn furious.
Let's for ſome officers. [*Exeunt Sir Tho. and Meanwell.*
Shape. Diſcover'd all!
Religion is unlucky to me.
Hear. Man,
Perfidious man! there is no truſt in thee!
Slic. I never lik'd this Meanwell; I did always
See treachery writ in's forehead: I well hop'd
H'ad been in priſon with his wench.
Shape. Leave railing:
Along with me. There is left one way more;
The cat may yet perhaps light on all four. [*Exeunt.*

Act V. Scene IV.

Sir Thomas Bite-ſig, Meanwell, Conſtable, Watchmen.

Sir Tho. WHAT gone? Upon my life they did miſtruſt.
Mean. They are ſo beaten, that they ſmell an officer,
As crows do powder.
Sir Tho. Watchman, call you forth
The miſtreſs of the houſe, *Imprimis*; for [*Ex. Officer.*
They have their lurking-hole near hand, moſt certain.

Enter Moth and Potluck, as man and wife.

Moth. *Denuncio vobis gaudium magnum,*
Robertus de Tinea electus eſt in ſedem hoſpitalem,
Et aſſumit ſibi nomen Galfridi.
Joy comes to our houſe: I Robert Moth am
Cheſen into thylk hoſpital ſeat,
Thylk baſon of Joan Potluck, vintner's widow,
And do tranſmue my name to Geffery.
New foyſons byn ygraced with new titles.
Come, buſs.
Pot. Fie! Mr. Geffery, I ſwear
You make m' aſham'd 'fore all this company.
Sir Tho. Sir, if you be the maſter of this houſe,
You've

You've harbour'd here a company of cheating villains,
Which we are come t' apprehend.

Potl. Pray y' look,
Search every corner, here's no cheats. I'm ſure
The houſe was clear before your Worſhip entred.

Con. Make faſt the doors, for fear they do eſcape.
Let's in, and ferret out theſe cheating rake-hells.

[*As the watchmen go in and out about the room, Hearſay, Slicer and Shape mingle themſelves with 'em, being accounted watchmen; and paſs without diſcovery.*

Enter 1ſt Watchman, and Hearſay.

1 *Watch.* 'Tis very certain, they are not in the houſe.

Sir Tho. They had no time to get away.

Hear. Why then,
It may be, being they are ſuch cunning fellows,
They have the trick of going inviſible.

Enter 2d Watchman, and Slicer.

2 *Watch.* There's no place left unſearch'd, but pots and mouſe-holes.

Slic. They're either gone or in the houſe, that's certain.

2 *Watch.* That cannot be; the doors were ſhut, I'm ſure.
And ſo they could not get out; the rooms then are
All ſearch'd, and ſo they cannot be within.

Slic. I'll lay my neck to a farthing, then they're vaniſh'd.

Hear. Sunk like the Queen; they'll riſe at Queenhithe ſure!

Enter Conſtable, and other Watchmen, and Shape among 'em, bringing in Credulous and Caſter.

Shape. Moſt certain, theſe are two of them: for this
Old knave, I'll take my oath that he is one.

Con. Confeſs, confeſs; where are your other comrades?

Cred. I am as honeſt as the ſkin that is
Between thy brows.

Con. What ſkin between my brows?
What ſkin, thou knave? I am a Chriſtian;
And what is more, a conſtable; what ſkin?

Sir Tho. You are miſtaken, friends.

Con. I cry you mercy.

Shape. The Conſtable may call you any thing
In the King's name, upon ſuſpicion.

Sir Tho. We're cheated, friends; theſe men o'th' Ordinary
Have gull'd us all this while, and now are gone.

Caſt. I am undone. Ne'er let me live, if that
I did not think they would gull me. I perceive
Fancy doth much; ſee how 'tis come to paſs.

Cred. Where is my ſon, God bleſs him? Where is Andrew?
I pray God they have not taken him along;
He hath a perilous wit to be a cheat;
He'd quickly come to be his Majeſty's taker.

Con. I took one Andrew Credulous this morning
In diſhoneſt adultery with a trull:
And if he be your ſon, he is in priſon.

Cred. Their villany, o'my life! Now as I am
A freeman, and a grocer, I had rather
Have found forty pounds; I pray go fetch him.
[*Ex. Officer.*

Sir Tho. I'm ſorry that your ſon takes theſe lewd courſes;
He is not fit to make a huſband of.

Cred. Do not condemn before you hear. I'll warrant,
Though he be guilty, yet he's innocent.

Enter Have-at-all.

Moth. Hent him, for dern love hent him; I done drad
His viſage foul, yfrounct with glowing eyn.

Have. I come t' excuſe my ruder uſage of you:
'Twas in drink when that I did it; 'twas
The plot of thoſe baſe knaves, I hear, are gone,
To teach me valour by the ſtrength of wine;
Naming that courage which was only fury.
'Twas not wilfully.

Moth. I do not reche
The bean for all. This buſs is a blive guerdon.
Since carliſhneſſe yferre. 'Tis a ſooth ſaw,
And I but venged all mine herme,
Mine cloak had not been furred half ſo werme.

Enter

Enter Officers, with Andrew, Priſcilla, and the four that were taken at the window ſinging.

Cred. Now, Sir, you ſhall hear all. Come, Andrew, tell me how cam'ſt thou hither?

And. Truly, Mr. Meanwell
Told me, that I ſhould meet with Mrs. Jane,
And there I found her chambermaid.

Cred. D' y' ſee?
Your chamber-maid, Sir Thomas! out, you whore.

And. Take heed what you ſay, father; ſhe's my wife.

Cred. I would thou'rt in thy grave; then 'twere the better fortune o'th' two.

Priſ. Indeed this reverend man join'd us i'th' priſon.

Chriſ. Marriage is a bond;
So no place fitter to perform it in.

Sir Tho. Send for my daughter hither; we'll know all. What are you, Sir?

Chriſ. A workman in the Clergy.

Con. Yes, this is one I took at th' window ſinging;
With theſe three other vagrant fellows here.

Chriſ. I was in body there, but not in mind,
So that my ſin is but inchoately perfect,
And I, though in a fault, did not offend,
And that for three reaſons. Firſt, I did yield
Only a kind of unwilling conſent.
Secondly, I was drawn as 'twere by their
Impulſive gentleneſs. Mark, Sir, I'm ſtrong.
Thirdly, I deem'd it not a woman's-ſhambles:
Fourthly and laſtly, that I ſung was only
An holy wiſh. Once more, beloved——

Sir Tho. Peace!
Y'have ſaid enough already. How came you
To ſing beneath the window?

Rime. Mr. Hearſay
Told us that Mr Meanwell was new married,
And thought it good that we ſhould gratify him,
And ſhew ourſelves to him in a Feſcennine.

Cred. That raſcal Meanwell was the cauſe of all,
I would I had him here.

Sir Tho. Why? this is he,

Sir Robert Littleworth his ſon, he hath
Diſclos'd their villanies; he is no cheat.
Mean. God ſave you, Mr. Credulous; you have
Forgotten me perhaps, I'm ſomewhat chang'd,
You ſee your loſt man's found; your vagabond
Appears at laſt.
Cred. Go, you are a gibing ſcab:
Leave off your flouting; you're a beardleſs boy;
I am a father of children.
Mean. And your ſon
Will be ſo ſhortly, if he han't ill luck.
To vex you more; that hundred pounds you ſent
To Mr. Caſter, Shape i'th' habit of
A country-fellow, gull'd you of.
Cred. That raſcal!
Thou ſhew'ſt thy wit t' abuſe an old man thus:
As God ſhall mend me, I will hamper thee.
Thou'ſt been diſguis'd here all this while, thou haſt;
Would I were bray'd in mine own mortar, if
I do not call th' in queſtion the next Term,
For counterfeiting of the King's ſubjects.
Come away from him, ſirrah; come along.
[*Exeunt Cred. And. and Priſ.*
Mean. There's a trunk they've left behind; I have
Seiz'd it for you; ſo that you'll be no loſer.
Sir. Tho. If you can find a way, whereby I may
Reward this courteſy of yours, I ſhall
Confeſs myſelf engaged doubly to you,
Both for the benefit and its requital.

Enter Jane.

Mean. The appearance of your daughter here ſuggeſts
Something to aſk, which yet my thoughts call boldneſs.
Sir Tho. Can ſhe ſuggeſt yet any good, that is
So expert grown in this fleſh-brokery?
Mean. O do not blot that innocence with ſuſpicion,
Who never came ſo near a blemiſh yet,
As to be accus'd. To quit you of ſuch thoughts,
I did receive a tempting letter from
That ſtrumpet that's gone out, (as ſin is bold
To try, even where no hope is,) I made promiſe,

But to ſecure myſelf; and withal ſound
Th' affections of young Credulous unto
Your virtuous daughter, told him he ſhould meet her,
Where I agreed to meet your chamber-maid.
The blame muſt all be mine.

Sir Tho. 'Tis her deliverance.
She hath eſcap'd two plagues, a luſtful fool.

Mean. I dare not challenge her, I do confeſs,
As a reward due to my ſervice; and
If you deny her me, aſſure yourſelf
I'll never draw her from obedience:
I will not love her, to procure her ruin,
And make my affection prove her enemy.

Sir Tho. You ſpeak moſt honeſtly, I never did
Think ill of your intents, but always gave
A teſtimony to your life as large
As were your merits. But your fortunes are
Unequal; there's the want.

Mean. What's there defective,
Love ſhall ſupply: True, Mr. Credulous
Is a rich man, but yet wants that which makes
His riches uſeful, free diſcretion.
He may be ſomething in th' eye o'th' world;
But let a knowing man that can diſtinguiſh
Between poſſeſſions, and good parts, but view him,
And prize impartially, he will be rated
Only as cheſts, and caſkets, juſt according
To what he holds. I value him, as I
Would an exchequer, or a magazine.
He is not virtuous, but well ſtor'd; a thing,
Rather well victuall'd, than well qualified.
And if you pleaſe to caſt your eye on me,
Some moneys will call back my father's lands
Out of his lime-twig fingers, and I ſhall
Come forth as gay as he.

Sir Tho. I'll ſtrive no longer,
For fear I ſeem t' oppoſe felicity.
If ſhe'll give her conſent, y'are one.

Jane. It is
The voice of angels to me: I had thought
Nothing in all the ſtore of nature could

Have

Have added to that love, wherewith I do
Reverence that name, my father, till that you
Spoke this.

Sir Tho. I know your former loves; grow up
Into an aged pair, yet ſtill ſeem young.
May you ſtand freſh, as in your pictures ſtill,
And only have the reverence of the aged.
I thank you for your pains, Mr. Conſtable;
You may diſmiſs your watch now.

Shape. A pox on't!
That after all this, ne'er a man to carry
To priſon? Muſt poor tradeſmen be brought out,
And no body clapp'd up?

Mean. That you mayn't want
Employment, friends take this, I pray, and drink it.

Slic. Sir, when y'are cheated next, we are your ſervants—

[*Exeunt all but Shape, Hearſay and Slicer.*

Act V. Scene V.

Shape, Slicer, Hearſay.

Shape. LIE thou there, watchman; how the knave that's look'd for
May often lurk under the officer!
Invention, I applaud thee.

Hear. London air,
Methinks, begins to be too hot for us.

Slic. There is no longer tarrying here; let's ſwear
Fidelity to one another, and
So reſolve for New-England.

Hear. 'Tis but getting
A little pigeon-hole reformed ruff———

Slic. Forcing our beards into th' Orthodox bent——

Shape. Noſing a little treaſon 'gainſt the King;
Bark ſomething at the Biſhops; and we ſhall
Be eaſily receiv'd.

Hear. No fitter place.
They are good ſilly people; ſouls that will
Be cheated without trouble: One eye is

Put out with zeal, th' other with ignorance;
And yet they think they're eagles.

Shape. We are made
Juſt fit for that meridian: no good work's
Allow'd there; Faith, faith, is that they call for:
And we will bring it 'em.

Slie. What language ſpeak they?

Hear. Engliſh, and now and then a root or two
Of Hebrew, which we'll learn of ſome Dutch ſkipper,
That goes along with us this voyage: Now
We want but a good wind, the brethrens ſighs
Muſt fill our ſails. For what Old England won't
Afford, New England will. You ſhall hear of us
By the next ſhip that comes for proſelytes.
Each ſoil is not the good man's country only;
Nor is the lot his to be ſtill at home:
We'll claim a ſhare, and prove, that Nature gave
This boon, as to the good, ſo to the knave. [*Exeunt.*

The EPILOGUE.

Shape. *WE have eſcap'd the Law, but yet do fear*
Something that's harder anſwer'd, your
ſharp Ear.
O, for a preſent ſleight now to beguile
That, and deceive you but of one good Smile!
'Tis that muſt free us; th' Author dares not look
For that good Fortune, to be ſav'd by's Book.
To leave this bleſſed Soil is no great Woe;
Our Grief's in leaving you, that make it ſo.
For if you ſhall call in thoſe Beams you lent,
'Twould ev'n at Home create a Baniſhment.

THE

Queen of Arragon:

A

Tragi-Comedy.

By WILLIAM HABINGTON Esq;

WILLIAM HABINGTON *was the Son of* Thomas Habington *Esq; of* Hendlip *in* Worceſterſhire. *He was born in* 1605, *educated at* St. Omers, *and was earneſtly invited to have taken on him the Habit of the Jeſuits, but excus'd himſelf. He did not intend to have publiſh'd this Tragedy, but communicating it to* Philip *Earl of* Pembroke, *Lord Chamberlain to King* Charles *the Firſt, he caus'd it to be acted at Court, and afterwards to be publiſh'd againſt the Author's Conſent. In* 1635, *he publiſh'd a Collection of Poems, entitled* Caſtara, *in three Parts, viz. The Miſtreſs, the Wife, and the Friend. In* 1640, *at the deſire of King* Charles *the Firſt, he publiſh'd the Hiſtory of* Edward *the Fourth; and in* 1641, *ſome Obſervations upon Hiſtory. Theſe Pieces were well receiv'd by the Publick; only his Style was thought ſomething too florid and poetical for an Hiſtorian. He married* Lucia, *Daughter to* William *Lord* Powis, *and died in* 1654.

The PROLOGUE at Court.

HAD not Obedience o'er-rul'd the Author's Fear,
And Judgment too, this humble Piece had ne'er
Approach'd ſo high a Majeſty; not writ
By the exact and ſubtile Rules of Wit;
Ambitious for the Splendor of this Night,
But faſhion'd up in haſte for his own Delight.
This, by my Lord, with as much Zeal as e'er
Warm'd the moſt loyal heart, is offer'd here,
To make this Night your Pleaſure, although we,
Who are the Actors, fear 'twill rather be
Your Patience; and if any Mirth, we may
Sadly ſuſpect, 'twill riſe quite the wrong way.
But you have Mercy, Sir; and from your Eye,
Bright Madam, never yet did Light'ning fly;
But vital Beams of Favour, ſuch as give
Growth to all, who can deſerve to live.
Why ſhould the Author tremble then, or we
Diſtreſs our Hopes, and ſuch Tormentors be
Of our own Thoughts? ſince in thoſe happy Times
We live, when Mercy's greater than the Crimes.

The PROLOGUE at the Friers.

ERE we begin, that no Man may repent
Two Shillings and his Time; the Author ſent
The Prologue, with the Errors of his Play,
That who will, may take his Money, and away.
Firſt, for the Plot, it's no way intricate
By croſs Deceits in Love, nor ſo high in State,
That we might have given out in our Play-Bill,
This Day's the Prince *writ by* Nick Machiavil.
The Language too is eaſy, ſuch as fell
Unſtudied from his Pen; not like a Spell
Big with myſterious Words, ſuch as inchant
The Half-witted, and confound the Ignorant.
Then, what muſt needs afflict the Amouriſt,
No Virgin here in Breeches caſts a Miſt
Before her Lover's Eyes: No Ladies tell
How their Blood boils, how high their Veins do ſwell.
But, what is worſe, no bawdy Mirth is here;
(The Wit of Bottle-Ale, and Double-Beer,)
To make the Wife of Citizen proteſt,
And Country-Juſtice ſwear 'twas a good Jeſt.
Now, Sirs, you have the Errors of his Wit:
Like, or diſlike, at your own Perils be't.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

THE Queen of *Arragon.*
Decaſtro, General of the Forces of *Arragon*, in love with the Queen.
Oſſuna, Friend to *Decaſtro.*
Florentio, General of the Forces of *Caſtile*, enamour'd of the Queen.
Velaſco, a great Commander under *Florentio.*
Aſcanio, the King of *Caſtile* diſguis'd.
Lerma, a Nobleman privy to his Diſguiſe.
Oniate, a ſober Courtier.
Sanmartino, a half-witted Lord.
Browſildora, Dwarf to *Sanmartino.*

Floriana, Wife to *Sanmartino.*
Cleantha, a witty Court Lady.

Captain.
Servants.
Several Soldiers.

THE

Queen of Arragon:

A

Tragi-Comedy.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Sanmartino and Cleantha.

Clean. MY Lord, let's change the ſubject: love is worn
So thread-bare out of faſhion, and my faith
So little leans to vows.
San. The rage of time,
Or ſickneſs, firſt muſt ruin that bright fabrick,
Nature took pride to build.
Clean. I thank my youth then
For the tender of your ſervice; 'tis the laſt
Good turn it did me. But by this my fears
Inſtruct me when the old bald man call'd Time
Comes ſtealing on me, and ſhall ſteal away

What

What you call beauty; my neglected face
Muſt be inforc'd to go in queſt for a new
Knight-Errant.

San. Slander not my conſtant faith,
Nor doubt the care Fate hath to ſtop the motion
Of envious Time, might it indanger ſo
Supreme a beauty.

Clean. Sure, my Lord, Fate hath
More ſerious buſineſs, or Divines make bold
T' inſtruct us in a ſchiſm. But grant I could
Induce my ſelf, (which I deſpair I ſhall)
To hear and talk that empty nothing Love,
Is't now in ſeaſon, when an army lies
Before our city-gates, and every hour
A battery expected? Dear my Lord,
Let's ſeal our teſtament, and prepare for heaven:
And as I am inform'd by them, who ſeem
To know ſome part o'th' way, Love's not the neareſt
Path that leads thither.

San. Madam! he is but
A coward lover, whom or death or hell
Can fright from's miſtreſs. And for danger now
Threatning the city; how can I ſo arm
Myſelf, as by your favour, proof againſt
All ſtratagems of war?

Clean. Your Lordſhip then
Shall walk as ſafe, as if a Lapland witch
(You will not envy me the honour of
The metaphor) preſerv'd you ſhot-free. But
Who is your Confeſſor? Yet ſpare his name;
His function will forgive the glory of it:
Sure he's ill read in caſes, to allow
A married Lord the freedom of this courtſhip.

San. Can you think, Madam, that I truſt my ſins
(But virtues are thoſe loves I pay your beauty)
To th' counſel of a caſſock? Who hath art
To judge of my confeſſion, muſt have had
At leaſt a privy chamberer to his father.
We of the court commit not, as the vulgar,
Dull ignorant ſins. Then that I'm married, Madam,
Is rather ſafety to our love.

Clean. My heart!
How ſick am I o'th' ſudden? Good my Lord,
Call your dwarf hither.
San. Garaganta! Boy.

Enter Browſildora.

Clean. Prithee, thy pedigree?
San. Madam! What mean you?
Clean. O any thing, but to divert from love.
Another word of courtſhip, and I ſwoon.
Gar. My anceſtors were giants, Madam. Giants
Pure Spaniſh, who diſdain'd to mingle with
The blood of Goth or Moor. Their mighty actions
In a ſmall letter nature printed on
Your little ſervant.
Clean. How ſo very little?
Gar. By the decay of time, and being forc'd
From fertile paſtures to the barren hills
Of Biſcay. Even in trees you may obſerve
The wonder, which tranſplanted to a ſoil
Leſs happy, loſe in growth. Is not the once
Huge body of the Roman Empire, now
A very pigmy?
Clean. But why change you not
That ſo gigantick name of Browſildora?
Gar. Spite of malignant nature, I'll preſerve
The memory of my forefathers: They ſhall live
In me contracted.
San. Madam, let's return
To the love we laſt diſcours'd on.
Clean. This, my Lord,
Is much more ſerious. What coarſe thing is that?

Enter Oniate and Floriana.

Flor. I owe you, Sir, for the pleaſure of this walk.
Oni. Madam, it was to me the higheſt honour. [*Ex. Oni.*
Clean. Welcome, O welcome, to redeem me. What
Can the beſt wit of woman fancy, we
Have been diſcourſing of?
Flor. Sure not of love?

Clean.

Clean. Of that moſt ridiculous hobby-horſe, love;
That fool that fools the world; that ſpaniel love,
That fawns the more 'tis kick'd!
San. Will you betray me?
Clean. Thy Lord hath ſo proteſted, Floriana;
Vowed ſuch an altar to my beauty, ſwore
So many oaths, and ſuch prophane oaths too;
To be religious in performing all
That's impious towards heaven, and to a Lady
Moſt ruinous
Flor. Good Cleantha, all your detraction
Wins no belief on my ſuſpicion.
Clean. Be credulous, and be abus'd. Floriana!
There's no vice ſo great as to think him virtuous:
Go mount your milk-white ſteed, Sir Lancelot,
Your little ſquire attends you there. In ſuburbs
Inchanted caſtles are, where ladies wait
To be deliver'd by your mighty hand;
Go and proteſt there.
San. I thank your favour, Madam. [*Ex. Sanmar.*
Clean. It is not ſo much worth, Sir; come, we'll follow.
Flor. But ſtay, Cleantha. Prithee what begot
That ſqueamiſh look, that ſcornful wry o'th' mouth,
When Oniate parted?
Clean. Why thou had'ſt
So ſtrange a fellow in thy company,
His garb was ſo uncourtly, I grew ſick.
Flor. He is a gentleman; and, add to that,
Makes good the title.
Clean. Haply he may ſo,
And haply he's enamour'd of thy beauty.
Flor. On mine, Cleantha?
Clean. Yes, dear Floriana.
Yet neither danger to thy chaſtity,
Nor blemiſh to thy fame. Cuſtom approves it,
But I owe little to my memory,
If e'er I ſaw him 'mong the greater Ladies:
Sure he's ſome ſuburb courtier.
Flor. He's noble;
And hath a ſoul; a thing is queſtion'd much
In moſt of the gay youths, whom you converſe with.
Clean. But how diſorderly his hair did hang! *Flor.*

Flor. Yet 'twas his own.
Clean. How ill turn'd up his beard?
And for his clothes———
Flor. Though not freſh every morning,
Yet in the faſhion.
Clean. Yes, i'th' ſober faſhion:
Which courtiers wear, who hope to be employ'd,
And aim at buſineſs. But he's not genteel;
Not diſcompoſed enough to court a lady.
Flor. His thoughts are much more ſerious.
Clean. Guard me, Fortune!
I would not have the court take notice that
I walked one hour with that ſtate-aphoriſm,
Each Autumn to renew my youth. Let us
Diſcourſe with Lords, whoſe heads and legs move more
Than do their tongues, and to as good a ſenſe.
Who ſnatching from my hand a glove, can ſigh
And print a kiſs, and then return it back;
Who on my buſk, even with a pin can write
The anagram of my name; preſent it humbly,
Fall back and ſmile.
Flor. Cleantha! I perceive
There is ſmall hope of thy converſion;
Thou art reſolv'd to live in this hereſy.
Clean. Yes; ſince 'tis the religion of our ſex,
Sweet Floriana, I will not yet ſuffer
For unregarded truth, court perſecution.

Enter Oſſuna and Oniate, with divers ſoldiers.

But, what are they appear there?
Flor. We'll away. [*Exeunt Floriana and Cleantha.*
Oſſu. This is the place for interview. You, who are
Deputed for this ſervice from the Lord
Florentio, uſe ſuch caution as beſits
Your charge. Howe'er, your general's perſon's ſafe;
The Lord Decaſtro having paſs'd his word.
Oni. Yet 'tis my wonder that Florentio,
A ſoldier ſo exact, practis'd in all
The myſteries of war and peace, ſhould truſt
Himſelf where th' enemies faith muſt beſt ſecure him.
Oſſu. The great Decaſtro, Sir, whom our late King

Deputed

Deputed regent at his death, and whom
The kingdom judgeth fit to marry with
His only heir the preſent Queen (though ſhe
Diſdain his love and our deſires) hath proved
To time and fortune, that he fears no danger
But what may wound his honour. How can then
Florentio (though he now ſit down before
Our city with ſo vaſt an army) chuſe
A place for interview, by art and nature
So fortified, as where Decaſtro's faith
Makes it impregnable.

Oni. Diſtruſt, my Lord,
Is the beſt counſellor to great deſigns:
Our confidence betrays us. But between
Theſe two, are other ſeeds of jealouſy:
Such as would almoſt force religion break
Her tying vows, authorize perjury,
And make the ſcrupulous caſuiſt ſay, that faith
Is the fool's virtue. They both love the Queen.
Decaſtro building on his high deſerts,
And vote of Arragon: Florentio on
The favour he gain'd from her Majeſty,
When here he lived employed by his great maſter
King of Caſtile.

Oſſu. Such politick reſpects
May warrant the bad ſtateſman to dark actions.
But both theſe generals by a noble war,
Reſolve to try their fate.

Oni. But here, my Lord,

Enter Sanmartino.

Is a full period to all ſerious thought.
This Lord is ſo impertinent, yet ſtill
Upon the whiſper.

Oſſu. He's a miſchief, Sir,
No court is ſafe from.

Oni. What fine tricks he ſhews
Each morning on his gennet, but to gain
A female viſion from ſome half-open'd window!
And if a lady ſmile by accident,
Or but in ſcorn of him; yet he, kind ſoul,

Interprets

Interprets it as prophecy to ſome
Near favour to enſue at night.
Oſſu. I wonder
What makes him thought a wit?
Oni. A copper wit,
Which fools let paſs for current. So falſe coin,
Such very alchymy, that who vents him
For aught but parcel-aſs, may be in danger.
Look on him, and in little there ſee drawn
The picture of the youth is ſo admired,
Of the ſpruce Sirs, whom Ladies and their women
Call the fine gentlemen.
Oſſu. What are thoſe papers,
With ſuch a ſober brow he looks upon?
Oni. Nor platform, nor intelligence, but a prologue
He comes to whiſper to one of the maids
I'th' privy chamber, after ſupper.
Oſſu. I praiſe the courage of his folly yet,
Whom fear cannot make wiſer.
San. My good Lord,
Brave Oniate, ſaw you not the General?
Oni. He's upon entrance here. And how, my Lord,
I ſaw your Lordſhip turning over papers:
What's the diſcovery?
San. It may import
Decaſtro's knowledge. Never better language,
Or neater wit: a paper of ſuch verſes,
Writ by th' exacteſt hand.
Oſſu. In time of buſineſs
As ſerious as our ſafety, to intrude
The dreams of madmen.
San. My judicious Lord!
It, with the favour of your Lordſhip, may
Concern the General. Such high rapture,
In admiration of the Queen, whom he
Pretends to love! How will her Majeſty
Smile on his ſuit, when in the heat of buſineſs
He not neglects this amorous way to woo her?

Exit

Enter Decaſtro.

Dec. No man preſume t'advance a foot: My Lord
Oſſuna, I deſire your ear.
San. My Lord,
I have a piece here of ſuch elegant wit.
Dec. Your pardon, good my Lord, we'll find an hour
Leſs ſerious to adviſe upon your papers,
And then at large we'll whiſper.
San. As you pleaſe.
My Lord, you'll pardon the error of my duty. [*Ex. San.*
Oſſu. The Queen, my Lord, gave free acceſs to what
I ſpoke o'th' publick; but when I began
To mention love———
Dec. How did ſhe frown? Or with
What murdering ſcorn, heard ſhe Decaſtro named?
Love! of thy labyrinth of art, what path
Left I untrodden? Humbly I have labour'd
To win her favour; and when that prevail'd not,
The kingdom, in my quarrel, vow'd to empty
The veins of their great body.
Oſſu. Sir, her heart
Is mightier than misfortune. Though her youth,
Soft as ſome conſecrated virgin wax,
Seem eaſy for impreſſion; yet her virtue,
Hard as a rock of diamond, breaks all
The battery of the waves.
Dec. Unkind, and cruel!
Oſſu. She charg'd me tell you, that a faithleſs Moor,
Who had gain'd honour only by the ruin
Of what we hold religious, ſooner ſhe
Would welcome to her bed; than who t' his Queen,
And Love, had been a rebel.
Dec. How! a rebel?
The people's ſuffrage, which inaugurates princes,
Hath warranted my actions.
Oſſu. But ſhe anſwers,
The ſubtile arts of faction, not free vote,
Commanded her reſtraint.
Dec. May even thoſe ſtars
Whoſe influence made me great, turn their aſpects

To

To blood and ruin; if ambition rais'd
The appetite of love. Her beauty hath
A power more ſovereign than the Eaſtern ſlave
Acknowledg'd ever in his idol King.
To that I bowed a ſubject. But when I
Diſcover'd that her fancy fix'd upon
Florentio, (General now of th' enemy's army)
I let the people uſe their ſevere way:
And they reſtrain'd her.

Oſſu. But, my Lord, their guilt
Is made your crime. Yet all this new affliction
Diſturbs her not to anger, but diſdain.

Dec. She hath a glorious ſpirit. Yet the world,
The envious world itſelf, muſt juſtify;
That howſoever fortune yielded up
The ſcepter to my power, I did but kiſs it,
And offer'd it again into her hand.

Enter Florentio, Velaſco, and others.

Oni. My Lord, the General of Caſtile, Florentio!

Dec. He's ſafely welcome. Now let each man keep
At a due diſtance. I have here attended
Your Lordſhip's preſence.

Florent. O my Lord! are we,
Whom love obligeth to the ſame allegiance,
Brought hither on theſe terms?

Dec. They're terms of honour.
And I yet never knew to frame excuſe
Where that begot the quarrel.

Florent. Yet methinks
We might have found another way to it.
We might have ſought out danger, where the proud
Inſulting Moor prophanes our holy places:
The noiſe of war had been no trouble then.
But now, too much 'twill fright the gentle ear
Of her we both are vow'd to ſerve.

Dec. That love
Which arms us both, bears witneſs, that I had
Much rather have encounter'd lightning, than
Create the leaſt diſtraction to her peace.
But, ſince the vote of Arragon decrees,

That

That my long ſervice hath the juſteſt claim
To challenge her regard; thus I muſt ſtand
Arm'd, to make good the title.
Florent. This vain language
Scarce moves my pity. What deſert can riſe
So high to merit her? Were each ſhort moment
O'th' longeſt-liv'd commander lengthen'd to
An age, and that expoſed to dangers mighty,
As cowards frame them; can you think his ſervice
Might challenge her regard? Like th' heavenly bounty
She may diſtribute favour; but 'tis ſin,
To ſay our merits may pretend a title.
Dec. You talk, Sir, like a courtier.
Florent. But, my Lord,
You'll find a ſoldier in this arm; which, ſtrengthen'd
By ſuch a cauſe, may level mountains high
As thoſe the giants (emblems of your thoughts)
Piled up to have ſcaled heaven.
Dec. That muſt be
Decided by the ſword. And if, my Lord,
Our interview hath no more ſober end,
Than a diſpute ſo froward, let us make
The trumpet drown the noiſe.
Florent. You ſhall not want
That muſick. But before we yielded up
Our reaſon unto fury, I deſired
We might expoſtulate the ground of this
So fatal war; and bring you to that low
Obedience nature placed you in.
Dec. My ear attends you.
Florent. Where is then that humble zeal
You owe a Miſtreſs, if you can throw off
That duty which you owe her as your Queen?
What juſtice (that fair rule of human actions)
Can you pretend for taking arms?
Dec. Pray, forward.
Florent. I'll not deny (for from an enemy
I'll not detract) during her nonage, when
The publick choice, and her great father's will,
Enthron'd you in the government; you manag'd
Affairs with prudence equal to the fame

You

You gain'd: And when your ſword did fight her quarrel
'Twas crown'd with victory.

Dec. I thank your memory.

Florent. But hence ambition and ingratitude
Drew only venom. For by theſe great actions,
You labour'd not t'advance her ſtate or honour;
But ſubtly wrought upon the people's love:
A love begot by error, following ſtill
Apparency, not truth.

Dec. You conſtrue fairly.

Florent. The ſun is not more viſible, when not
One cloud wrinkles the brow of heaven. For
On that falſe ſtrength you had i'th' multitude,
You ſwell'd to inſolence; dared court your Queen;
Boaſting your merit, like ſome wanton tyrant
I'th' vanity of a new conqueſt. And
When you perceiv'd her judgment did inſtruct her
To frown on the attempt; prophanely 'gainſt
All laws of love and majeſty, you made
The people in your quarrel ſeize upon
The ſacred perſon of the faireſt Queen
Story e'er boaſted.

Dec. Have you done, my Lord?

Florent. Not yet. This injury provok'd my maſter
To raiſe theſe mighty forces for her reſcue;
And named me General; whoſe aim is not
A vain ambition, but t'advance her ſervice.
Ere we begin to puniſh, take this offer:
Reſtore the Queen to liberty, with each
Due circumſtance that ſuch a majeſty
May challenge, freely to make choice of whom
She ſhall advance to th' honour of her bed.
If your deſerts bear that high rate you mention,
Why ſhould you doubt your fortune? On theſe terms
The King, King of Caſtile, may be induced
To pardon th' error of your ruin.

Dec. Thus,
In ſhort, my anſwer. How unlimited
Soe'er my power hath been, my reaſon and
My love have circumſcrib'd it. True, the Queen
Stands now reſtrain'd: But 'tis by the decree

Of the whole kingdom, leſt her error ſhould
Perſuade her to ſome man leſs worthy.

Florent. How!

Dec. Leſs worthy than myſelf. For ſo they judge
The proudeſt ſubject to a foreign Prince.
But when you mention love, where are your bluſhes?
What can you anſwer for the practiſing
The Queen's affection, when Embaſſador
You lay here from Caſtile; pretending only
Affairs importing both the kingdoms? Nor
Can you, my Lord, be tax'd by your diſcretion,
That by the humbleſt arts of love, you labour
To win ſo bright a beauty, and a Queen
So potent. Your affection looks not here,
Without an eye upon your profit.

Florent. Witneſs, Love!

Dec. No proteſtation. If you will withdraw
Your forces from our kingdom, and permit
Us to our laws and government; that peace
Which hath continued many ages ſacred,
Stands firm between us. But if not ——

Florent. To arms.

Dec. Pray ſtay, my Lord. Doth not your Lordſhip ſee
Th' advantage I have in the place? With how
Much eaſe I may ſecure my fortune from
The greateſt danger of your forces?

Florent. Ha!——
'Twas inconſiderate in me. But I truſted
To th' honour of your word, which you'll not violate.

Dec. Go ſafely off, my Lord. And now be dumb,
All talk of peace: We'll parley in the drum.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways, the drum beating.*

Actus

Actus ſecundi Scena prima.

Enter Sanmartino, Captain, Soldier, and Garaganta.

Cap. COME on, you Atlas's of Arragon:
You, by whoſe powers the Caſtilian cloud
Was forc'd to vaniſh. We have ſerk'd Florentio,
In the right arm: made the enamour'd Don
Retire to doleful tent.
San. We ſallied bravely.
Cap. Thou didſt i'th' ſally fight like lightning, Conde
Let the air play with thy plume, moſt puiſſant Peer.
No Conde Sanmartino now; but Conde
St. George, that Cappadocian man at arms.
Thou haſt done wonders, wonders big with ſtory,
Fit to be ſung in lofty Epick ſtrain:
For writing which, the Poet ſhall behold,
That which creates a Conde, gold: Gold, which
Shall make him wanton with ſome ſuburb muſe,
And Hippocrene flow with Canary billow:
Th'art high in feat of arms.
San. Captain, I think I did my part.
Cap. Baſe is the wight that thinks,
Let Condes ſmall in ſpirit drink harſh ſherry,
Then quarrel with promooting knights, and fine for't.
Thou art in metal mighty, tough as ſteel,
As Bilbo or Toledo ſteel. Fight on.
Let acres ſink, and bank of money melt,
Forſake thy Lady's lap, and ſleep with us
Upon the bed of honour, the chill earth.
'Tis that will make thee held a potent Peer,
'Mong men o'th' pike, of buff, and bandelier.
San. Thou ſpeakeſt brave language, Captain.
Cap. I'll maintain 'tis Arragonian, Conde.

Gar.

Gar. Captain Cedar,
Though in thy language lofty, give a ſhrub
Leave to ſalute thee. Sure we two are near
In blood and great attempt. Don Hercules
Was, as I read in Chaldean chronicle,
Our common anceſtor: Don Hercules,
Who rifled nymph on top of Apennine.
Cap. Small imp, avant!
Gar. Stout ſturdy oak, that grows
So high in field of Mars, O let no tempeſt
Shake thee from hence. And now I have with labour
Attain'd thy language, I'll thy Truchman be,
Interpret for thee to thoſe ſmaller ſouls,
Who wonder, when they underſtand not. Souls!
Whom Courtiers' gaudy outſide captivates,
And plume of colonel.
Cap. I muſt expire;
Not talk to fiſh. Seeſt thou that man of match,
Though ſmall in ſtature, mighty he's in ſoul,
And rich in gifts of mind, though poor in robes:
Reward like Philip's heir his daring arm,
Which fetch'd thee off from danger. Once again,
Moſt doughty Don, adieu.
Gar. Great Don Saltpetre,
I am the ſervant of thy famed caliver.
San. Theſe are ſtrong lines. Now friend! art thou o'th'
gariſon?
Sol. If't pleaſe your Lordſhip.
San. It doth not pleaſe me,
It is indifferent: I care not what thou art.
Art thou extremely poor?
Sol. If't pleaſe your Lordſhip.
San. No, not that neither. Why ſhould I malign
So far thy fortune, as to wiſh thee poor?
'Twere ſafer for my purſe, if thou wert rich:
Then all reward were baſe.
Sol. If't pleaſe your Lordſhip.
San. O, no more prologue. Prithee, the firſt ſcene;
To the buſineſs, man.
Sol. Then I muſt tell your Lordſhip;
Scorn that wealth makes you thus wanton, and

That

That wit which fools you. Did the royal favour
Shine but on you, without enlarging warmth
To any other, I in this torn outside
Should laugh at you, if insolent.

San. This is saucy.

Sol. I tell thee, petulant Lord, I'll cut thy throat,
Unless thou learn more honour.

San. What shall I do?

Enter Floriana and Cleantha.

But see Cleantha! Not to be made Grandee,
Would I she should discover me in parley
With such coarse clothes. There, fellow, take that gold
And let me see thy face no more. Away!

[*Throws back the money.*

Sol. There 'tis again. I will not owe one hour
Of mirth to such a bounty. I can starve
At easier rate, than live beholden to
The boast of any giver. Lord! I scorn
Thee, and that gold which first created thee. [*Ex. Sol.*

Flor. That soldier seem'd to carry anger in
His look, my Lord.

San. What should his anger move me?

Clean. O no, my Lord: The world speaks wonders of
Your mighty puissance.

Flor. 'Tis my joy y'are safe.
But why adventured you into this quarrel?

Clean. The Queen will hardly thank your valour; since
They of Castile profess'd themselves her soldiers.

San. The Queen must pardon courage: Men who are
Of daring spirit, so they may but fight,
Examine not the cause.

Flor. She doth expect us.

Clean. I will attend her here. For here she gives
Decastro audience. I must not lose
This Lord yet, it so near concerns my mirth.

San. Madam, I wonder with what confidence
You, after such an injury, dare endanger
Discourse with me.

Clean. I injure you, my Lord!
Whose favour I have courted with more zeal

Than well my ſex can warrant: Triumph not
Too much upon my weakneſs, 'cauſe you have
Got victory o'er my heart, take not delight
To make my grief your ſport.
San. Be witty ſtill,
And keep me for a trophy of your pride,
I hope to ſee that beauty at an ebb;
Where will be then your overflow of ſervants?
You'll then repent your pride.
Clean. O never, never.
If you'll particularize your vows to me;
You who to th' title of the courtly Lord,
Have added that of valiant. And beſhrew me,
She's no good houſwife of her fame, that wants
A daring ſervant.
San. This perhaps may work.
Clean. If ſhe live ſingle; ſhe preſerves her name,
And ſcarce admits a whiſper, that the jealous
May conſtrue points at her. And if ſhe marry;
He awes the huſband, if by chance or weakneſs
She have offended.
San. This cannot be fiction.
Clean. Then if ſhe uſe but civil compliment
To a courtier batchelor; he ſtraight beſpeaks
The licence, and the favours, and calls in
Some wit into his counſel for the poeſy:
While I feel no tentation to ſuch folly
But with a married Lord.
San. How, gentle Madam?
Clean. Our walks are privileg'd, our whiſpers ſafe,
No fear of laying contracts to my charge,
Nor much of ſcandal. And if there be cauſe,
Who is ſo fond a gameſter of his life,
As merely out of ſpleen to ſtake it? But,
My Lord, I now ſuſpect you conſtru'd ill
That language I uſed to your Lady, when
I told her of your love. But I preſume
You were not ſo dull-ſighted as in that
Not to diſcern the beſt diſguiſe for love.
San. What a ſuſpicious aſs was I? How captious?
ne'er miſtruſted my own wit before.

Miſchief, how dull was I?

Clean. Pray turn your face
Away. Now know, when worth and valour are
Led on by love, to win my favour. But
The Queen!

Enter Queen, Decaſtro, Oſſuna, Floriana, &c.

San. Divine Cleantha! Nobleſt Lady!

Dec. Oſſuna, let me beg thy care; though we
Bravely repuls'd the enemy; they ſeem
To threaten a new aſſault.

Oſſu. Command your Servant.

Dec. Bear then a vigilant eye, and by your ſcouts
Learn if they any new attempt prepare. [*Exit Oſſuna.*
May't pleaſe your Majeſty, command theſe many
Ears from your preſence.

Queen. Good my Lord! you who
Have power to guide your Queen, may make our preſence
Or full or empty as you pleaſe.

Dec. Then with
Your licence, Madam, they may all withdraw.

Queen. Not with our licence. If your uſurped greatneſs
Will baniſh all attendance from our perſon,
I muſt remain alone. But not a man
Stir hence with our good liking.

Dec. If your will
(Averſe from ſober counſel) would ſubmit
To ſafe advice———

Queen. You have inſtructed it
To more obedience, than I gueſs my birth
Did e'er intend. But pray, my Lord, teach me
To know my fault, and I will find amendment,
If not repentance for it.

Dec. Then, great Madam,
I muſt acquaint you, that the ſupreme law
Of Princes is the people's ſafety: which
You have infring'd, and drawn thereby into
The inward parts of this great ſtate, a moſt
Contagious fever.

Queen. Pray, no metaphor.

Dec. You have invited war to interrupt

With

With its rude noiſe, the muſick of our peace:
A foreign enemy gathers the fruit,
The ſweat and labour of your ſubjects planted.
In the cool ſhadow of the vine we prun'd
He wantonly lies down, and roughly bids
The owner preſs the grape; that with the juice
His blood may ſwell up to laſcivious heats.

Queen. My Lord, I anſwer not th' effects of war,
But I muſt pay Caſtile all thankful ſervice,
For his fair charity.

Dec. Do you then, Madam,
Reckon on miſchief as a charity?

Queen. Yes, ſuch a miſchief as is merciful,
And I a Queen oppreſs'd. But how dares he,
Whoſe duty ought with reverence obey,
And not diſpute the counſels of his Princeſs,
Queſtion my actions? Whence, my Lord, ſprings this
Ill-tutor'd privilege?

Dec. From the zeal I owe
The honour of our nation; over which
Kings rule but at the courteſy of time.

Queen. You are too bold, and I muſt tell your pride,
It ſwells to inſolence. For were your nature
Not hood-wink'd by your intereſt, you would praiſe
The virtue of his courage, who took arms
To an injured Lady's reſcue.

Dec. 'Twas ambition,
Greedy to make advantage of that breach
Between you and your people, arm'd Caſtile.
Unpitied elſe you might have wept away
The hours of your reſtraint.

Queen. Poor erring man!
Could thy arts raiſe a tempeſt blacker yet,
Such as would fright thyſelf, it could not for
One moment cloud the ſplendor of my ſoul.
Misfortune may benight the wicked, ſhe
Who knows no guilt, can ſink beneath no fear.

Dec. Your Majeſty miſtakes the humble aim
Of my addreſs. I come not to diſturb
Th' harmonious calm your ſoul enjoys: May pleaſure
Live there enthron'd, till you your ſelf ſhall woo

Death to enlarge it, May felicities,
Great as th' ideas of philoſophy,
Wait ſtill on your delight. May fate conſpire
To make you rich and envied.
Queen. Pray, my Lord,
Explain the riddle. By the cadence of
Your language, I could gueſs you have intents
Far gentler than your actions.
Dec. If your care,
Great Madam, would convey into your heart
The ſtory of my love. My love, a flame——
Queen Leave off this hiſtory of love and flame,
And honeſtly confeſs your fears, my Lord,
Leſt Caſtile ſhould correct you.
Dec. Correct me!
No Madam, I have forc'd them t' a retreat,
And given my fine young General cauſe to wiſh
He had not left his amorous attempts
On ladies, to aſſault our city.
Queen. But he is not wounded?
Dec. Not to death perhaps,
But certainly w' have open'd him a vein,
Will cure the fever of his blood.
Queen. O ſtay!
Dec. Torment! And doth ſhe weep? I might have fall'n
Down from ſome murdering precipice to duſt,
And miſs'd the mercy of one tear; though it
Would have redeem'd me back to life again.
Accurs'd be that felicity, that muſt
Depend on woman's paſſion.
Queen. Florentio!
If in my quarrel thou too ſuddenly
Art loſt i'th' ſhades of death; O let me find
The holy vault where thy pale earth muſt lie,
There will I grow and wither.
Dec. This is ſtrange!
My heart ſwells much too big to be kept in.
Queen. But if that providence, which rules the world,
Hath, to preſerve the ſtock of virtue, kept
Thee yet alive.——
Dec. And what, if yet alive?

Pra

Pray recollect your reaſon, and conſider
My long and faithful ſervice to your crown:
The fame of my progenitors, and that
Devotion the whole kingdom bears me. How
Hath nature puniſh'd me, that bringing all
The ſtrength of argument to force your judgment,
I cannot move your love?

Queen. My Lord, you plead
With ſo much arrogance, and tell a ſtory
So gallant for your ſelf, as if I were
Expoſed a prize to th' cunning'ſt Orator.

Dec. No, Madam, humbler far than the tann'd ſlave
Ty'd to the oar, I here throw down my ſelf, [*Kneels.*
And all my victories. Diſpoſe of me
To death, for what hath life, merits eſteem?
What tye, alas, can I have to the world,
Since you diſdain my love?

Flor. Will you permit
The General kneel ſo long?

Queen. Fear not, Floriana:
My Lord knows how to riſe, though I ſhould ſtrive
To hinder it.

Dec. Here, ſtatue-like, I'll fix
For ever, till your pity (for your love
I muſt deſpair) inforce a life within me.

Alarum, and Enter Oſſuna.

Oſſu. O my Lord!
To arms, to arms! The enemy, encouraged
By a ſtrange leader, wheel'd about the town,
And deſperately ſurpriz'd the careleſs guard:
One gate's already theirs.

Dec. Have I your licence?

Queen. To augment your own command, and keep me ſtill
An humble captive.

Dec. Madam! your diſdain
Diſtracts me more, than all th' aſſaults of fortune.

[*Exeunt all but the Queen, Floriana and Cleantha.*

Queen. My fate! O whither doſt thou lead me? Why
Is my youth deſtin'd to the ſtorms of war?

What is my crime, you heavenly powers! that it
Muſt challenge blood for expiation?

Clean. Madam!

Queen. Fortune! O cruel! For which ſide ſoe'er
Is loſt, I ſuffer; either in my people,
Or ſlaughter of my friends. No victory
Can now come welcome; the beſt chance of war
Makes me howe'er a mourner.

Clean. Madam, you
Have loſt your virtue, which ſo often vow'd
A clear aſpect, what cloud ſoever darken'd
Your preſent glory.

Queen. I had thoughts, Cleantha;
But they are vaniſh'd: What ſhall we invent
To take off fear and trouble from this hour?
Poor Floriana! Thou art trembling now
With thought of wounds and death, to which the courage
Of thy fierce huſband, like a headſtrong jade,
May run away with him. But clear thy ſorrows:
If he fall in this quarrel, thou ſhalt have
Thy choice 'mong the Caſtilian Lords. And give
My judgment faith; there be brave men among them.

Flor. Madam, I have vowed my life to a cloiſter,
Should I ſurvive my Lord.

Queen. And thou art fearful
Thou ſhalt be forc'd to make thy promiſe good.
Alas poor ſoul! incloſure and coarſe diet,
Much diſcipline and early prayer, will ill
Agree with thy complexion. There's Cleantha!
She hath a heart ſo wean'd from vanity,
To her a nunnery would be a palace.

Clean. Yes, if your Majeſty were Abbeſs, Madam;
But cloiſter up the fine young Lords with us,
And ring us up each midnight to a maſque,
Inſtead of mattins; and I ſtand prepar'd
To be profeſs'd without probation. [*Drum beats.*

Flor. Hark! What noiſe is that?

Queen. 'Tis that of death and miſchief.
My griefs! but I'll diſſemble them. Yet why,
Cleantha, being the ſole beauteous idol
Of all the ſuperſtitious youth at court,

Remain'd

Remain'ſt thou yet unmarried?

Clean. Madam, I
Have many ſervants; but not one ſo valiant,
As dares attempt to marry me.

Queen. There's not a wit, but under ſome feign'd name
Implores thy beauty; ſleep cannot cloſe up
Thy eyes, but the ſad world benighted is,
Or elſe their ſonnets are apocryphal.
And when thou wakeſt, the lark ſalutes the day,
Breaking from the bright Eaſt of thy fair eyes.
And if 'mong thy admirers there be ſome
Poor droſſy brain, who cannot rhime thy praiſe,
He woos in ſorry proſe.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Half of the city
Already is poſſeſs'd by th' enemy;
Our ſoldiers fly from the aſſailants, who
With moderation uſe their victory.
So far from drawing blood, th' abſtain from ſpoil.

Queen. My comforts now grow charitable. This
Is the firſt dawning of ſome happier fortune.

Flor. Where did you leave my Lord?

Serv. Retiring hither.

Queen. And your good-nature will in time, Cleantha,
Believe all flattery for truth.

Clean. In time
I ſhall not. But for th' preſent, Madam, give
Leave to my youth to think I may be prais'd,
And merit it. Hereafter, when I ſhall
Owe to art my beauty, I ſhall grow perhaps
Suſpicious there's ſmall faith in poetry.

Queen. Can'ſt thou think of hereafter? Poor Cleantha!
Hereafter is that time th'art bound to pray
Againſt: Hereafter is that enemy,
That without mercy will deſtroy thy face;
And what's a Lady then?

Clean. A wretched thing!
A very wretched thing! So ſcorn'd and poor,
'Twill ſcarce deſerve man's pity. And I'm ſure
No alms can e'er relieve it.

Queen. Floriana,
You yield too much to fear: Misfortune brings
Sorrow enough. 'Tis envy to our ſelves,
T' augment it by prediction.

Enter Sanmartino.

Clean. See, your Lord!

San. Fly, Madam, fly. The army of Caſtile,
Conducted by an unknown leader, maſters
The town. Decaſtro, yielding up his fate
To the prevailing enemy, is fled.

Clean. And ſhall the Queen fly from her friends, my Lord?

San. You have reaſon, Madam. I begin to find
Which way the gale of favour now will blow.
I will addreſs to the moſt fortunate. [*Exit Sanmartin.*

Queen. Some muſick there; my thoughts grow full of trouble.
I'll recollect them.

Clean. May it pleaſe you, Madam,
To hear a ſong preſented me this morning?

Queen. Play any thing.

SONG.

NOT the Phœnix in his death,
Nor thoſe banks where violets grow,
And Arabian winds ſtill blow,
Yield a perfume like her breath.
But O! Marriage makes the ſpell:
And 'tis poiſon if I ſmell.

The twin-beauties of the ſkies,
(When the half-ſunk ſailors haſte
To rend ſail, and cut their maſt,)
Shine not welcome, as her eyes.
But thoſe beams, than ſtorms more black,
If they point at me, I wrack.

The

Then for fear of ſuch a fire,
Which kills worſe than the long night
Which benumbs the Muſcovite:
I muſt from my life retire.
But O no! For if her eye
Warm me not; I freeze, and die.

During the Song, enter Aſcanio, Lerma, Sanmartino, &c.

Aſca. Ceaſe the uncivil murmur of the drum:
Nothing ſound now, but gentle; ſuch as may not
Diſturb her quiet ear. Are you ſure, Lerma,
Th' obedient ſoldier hath put up his ſword?
Lerma. The citizen and ſoldier gratulate
Each other, as divided friends new meeting.
Nor is there execution done, but in purſuit
O'th' enemy without the walls.
Aſca. 'Tis very well. My Lord, is that your Queen?
San. It is the Queen, Sir.
Aſca. Temper'd like the orbs,
Which, while we mortals weary life in battle,
Move with perpetual harmony. No fear
Eclipſeth the bright luſtre of her cheek.
While we, who infants were ſwath'd up in ſteel,
And in our cradle lull'd aſleep by th' cannon,
Grow pale at danger.
San. I'll acquaint her, Sir,
That you attend here.
Aſca. Not for a diamond
Big as our Apennine. She's heavenly fair;
And had not nature plac'd her in a throne,
Her beauty yet bears ſo much majeſty,
It would have forc'd the world to throw itſelf
A captive at her feet. But ſee, ſhe moves!
I feel a flame within me, which doth burn
Too near my heart: And 'tis the firſt that ever
Did ſcorch me there.
San. Madam, here's that brave ſoldier
Which reinforc'd the army of Caſtile.

His name as yet unknown.

Aſca. And muſt be ſo.
Nor did I merit name before this hour
In which I ſerve your Majeſty; enjoy
The fortune of my ſword, your liberty.
And ſince your rebel ſubjects have denied
Obedience; here, receive it, from us ſtrangers.

Queen. I know not, Sir, to whom I owe the debt,
But find how much I ſtand oblig'd.

Aſca. You owe it
To your own virtue, Madam, and that care
Heaven had to keep part of it ſelf on earth
Unruin'd. When I ſaw the ſoldier fly,
Sent hither from Caſtile to force your reſcue,
Their General hurt almoſt to death, I urg'd
Them with the memory of their former deeds;
Deeds famed in war. And ſo far had my voice
(Speaking your name) power to confirm their ſpirits,
That they return'd with a brave fury, and
Yield you up now your own humbled Arragon.

Queen. My ignorance doth ſtill perplex me more!
And to owe thanks, yet not to know to whom,
Nor how to expreſs a gratitude, will cloud
The glory of your victory, and make
Me miſerable however.

Aſca. I muſt penance
My blood with abſence; for it boils too high. [*Aſca.*
When we have order'd your affairs, my name
Shall take an honour from your knowledge, Madam.

Queen. You have corrected me. Sir, we'll expect
The hour your ſelf ſhall name, when we may ſerve.

Aſca. I'm conquer'd in my victory. But I'll try
A new aſſault; and overcome, or die. [*Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Velaſco, and Oniate.

Oni. MY Lord, it ſhews a happy diſcipline,
Where the obedient ſoldier yields reſpect
To ſuch ſevere commands; now when victory
Gives licence to diſorder.
Vel. Sir, our General,
The Lord Florentio is a glorious maſter
In th' art of war. And though time makes him not
Wiſe at th' expence of weakneſs or diſeaſes; yet
I have beheld him, by the eaſy motion
But of his eye, repreſs ſedition,
When it contemn'd the frown of Majeſty;
For never he, who by his Prince's ſmile
Stood great at court, attain'd ſuch love and awe
With that fierce viper, the repining people.
Oni. Our kingdom owes its ſafety to that power.
For how dejected look'd our magiſtrate,
When conqueſt gave admittance to the ſoldier?
But how their fears forſook them, when they ſaw
Your entry with ſuch ſilence?
Vel. Sir, Caſtile
Aim'd not at ſpoil or ruin in this war,
But to redreſs that inſolence, your Queen
Did ſuffer under in Decaſtro's pride.
Oni. And yet auxiliaries oft turn their ſwords
To ruin, whom they come to reſcue.
Vel. The Barbarous keep no faith in vows. But we,
We of Caſtile, though flattering advantage
Perſuade to perjury, have ſtill obſerv'd
Friendſhip inviolate: No nation ſuffering,
To which we give our oath.
Oni. You ſpeak, my Lord,

Your glories nobly. And it is our joy,
Your General's wound but frighted us.
Vel. The ſurgeons
Affirm there is no danger, and have licenſed
His viſit to the Queen.
Oni. 'Tis thought howe'er,
His love had not obey'd ſuch a reſtraint,
Though death had threatned him. But in his health
Conſiſts the common ſafety, ſince thoſe forces
Decaſtro in the morning did expect,
Ere you the town aſſaulted, are diſcover'd,
To which he fled, expel'd the city.
Vel. Sir,
We ſhall contemn, and with eaſe break that army,
Whoſe General we have vanquiſh'd: having won
The city and your Queen into our power.

Enter Sanmartino.

San. Save you, my Lord. Sir, your moſt obedient.
And how likes your good Lordſhip the great acts
Of the ſtrange cavalier? Was not his conduct
Moſt happy for you, in the late aſſault?
Vel. He happily ſupplied the office of
Our General. Howe'er, your city had
Been ours. For though our Spaniſh forces may
At firſt ſeem beaten, and we to retreat
A while, to animate a giddy enemy;
Yet we recover by our art and patience
What fortune gives away. This unknown leader
(I know not how to ſtile him) preſs'd among
Our ſoldiers, as they were returning back
After a ſmall repulſe: Encouraged them,
(Though it was much ſuperfluous) and got honour,
Perhaps not ſo deſervingly: But 'twas well.
Oni. Your ſoldiers ſpeak his glory even with wonder.
Vel. The ignorant are prone to it. But, Sir,
I think in our whole army there fought none,
But who had equal ſpirit. Fortune may
Beſtow ſucceſs according to her dotage:
I anſwer not for that.
San. This is pure Caſtile.

But

But what is his birth, country, quality,
And whither is he bound?

Vel. I ſeldom trouble
My language with vain queſtions. Some report
(It not imports who are the authors) that
His country's Sicily; his name Aſcanio;
(Or elſe ſome ſound like that) that he's a Lord:
(But what's an iſland Lord?) and that he came
Into our continent to learn men and manners.
And well he might: for the all-ſeeing ſun
Beholds no nation fiercer in attempt,
More ſtay'd in counſel.

Oni. He's of a brave preſence,
I never ſaw more majeſty in youth:
Nor never ſuch bold courage in a face
So faſhion'd to delight.

San. The Queen commends him
Almoſt with wonder.

Vel. Did the Queen regard
A man unknown?

Oni. His merits ſpoke his worth,
And well might challenge a particular eye.

San. But his, as if in that dumb oratory,
He hoped to talk all the hiſtory of love,
Still fix'd upon her.

Vel. Your moſt humble ſervant. [*Exit Velaſco.*

Oni. This is abrupt.

San. What moſt politick flea
Is got into his Donſhip's ear?

Oni. Now muſt
The Junto ſit till midnight, till they rack
Some ſtrange deſign from this intelligence.

Enter Cleantha, and offers to go out.

San. Nay: on my honour, Madam!

Clean. Good my Lord!

San. Benight us not ſo ſoon. That ſhort-liv'd day,
That gives the Ruſſian in the winter hope
Of heat, yet fails him; not ſo ſuddenly
Forſakes the firmament. Stay, faireſt Madam,
That we may look on you and live.

Clean.

Clean. My Lord, I fear you two were ſerious,
San. Never I, upon my conſcience, Madam.
Oni. No, I'll ſwear:
Nor none of the whole ſorm of you at court,
Unleſs the ſtratagem be for a miſtreſs,
A faſhion, or ſome cheating match at tennis.
Clean. But happily that gentleman had buſineſs,
His face betrays my judgment, if he be
Not much in project.
San. You miſtake him, Madam.
Though he talk poſitive, and buſtle 'mong
The ſober Lords, pretend to embaſſies
And ſtate-deſigns all day; he's one of us
At night: He'll play, he'll drink, you gueſs the reſt;
He'll quarrel too, then underhand compound.
Why, for a need he'll jeer and ſpeak profane;
Court, and then laugh at her he courted. Madam,
Forgive him his pretence to gravity,
And he's an abſolute cavalier.
Clean. My Lord,
He owes you for this fair certificate:
Yet I fear your character's beyond his merit.
Oni. Madam, diſſemble not ſo great a virtue;
Nor to obey the tyranny of cuſtom,
Become the court's fair hypocrite. I know
This vanity for faſhion-ſake you wear,
And all thoſe gaieties you ſeem t' admire,
Are but your laughter.
Clean. Sir, your charity
Abuſeth you extremely.
Oni. Come, you cannot
Diſguiſe that wiſdom, which doth glory in
The beauteous manſion it inhabits. Madam,
This ſoul of mine, how coarſe ſo e'er 'tis cloath'd,
Took the honour to admire you, ſoon as firſt
You ſhin'd at Court. Nor had a timorous ſilence
So long denied me to profeſs my ſervice,
But that I fear'd I might be loſt i'th' croud
Of your admirers.
Clean. Nor can I perceive
Any ſtrong hope now to the contrary.

Oni. Nor I. But give me licence t' undeceive
The world, that ſo miſtakes you. This young Lord
Flatters his folly, that indeed you are
Sick of that humour, you but counterfeit:
Believes y' are frail and eaſy; ſince if not,
His courtſhip were without deſign.

Clean. My Lord,
What means the gentleman? He hopes to talk me
Into a virtue I ne'er practis'd yet,
And much ſuſpect I never ſhall.

San. Pray, Madam,
Pardon his ignorance: 'tis want of breeding.

Oni. Pardon your mirth, fair Madam, and bruſh off
This honour'd duſt, that ſoils your company;
This thing whom nature careleſsly obtruded
Upon the world, to teach, that pride and folly
Make titular greatneſs th' envy but of fools,
The wiſe man's pity.

San. Sir, your words are rude.

Oni. Sure no, my Lord: Perhaps in times of yore
They might be conſtur'd ſo, when ſuperſtition
Worſhip'd each Lord an idol. Now we find
By ſad experience, that you are meer men,
If vice debauch you not to beaſts.

San. The place is privileg'd, Sir.

Oni. I know it is, and therefore ſpeak thus boldly:
If you grow hot, you have your grotts, my Lord,
And in your villa you may domineer
O'er th' humble country gentleman, who ſtands
Aloof and bare.

Clean. My Lord, leave off the combat
Y'are hard match'd. And ſee, the Lord Florentio!

Enter Florentio, and Velaſco.

The Queen attends his coming. Sir, you'll find
A more convenient ſchool to read this lecture.

Oni. But none ſo beautiful to hear me.

[*Exeunt ſeveral ways Sanmartino, Cleantha, and Oniate.*

Florent. And are you ſure, my Lord, he durſt preſume
To look up at her?

Vel.

Vel. Yes, and ſhe commends
His perſon and his ſpirit.
Florent. 'Twas too much
T' obſerve his perſon. Sure his ſpirit's great,
And well may challenge the Queen's memory:
I have not ſeen him yet.
Vel. Nor I, my Lord.
Florent. He had a fortune gentler far than mine,
In envy of that ſervice which I vowed
To Arragon, heaven uſed a ſtranger's arm
In this great action: I was judged a thing
Unfit for uſe.
Vel. Your glory was the greater,
Your courage even oppoſing 'gainſt your fate
In the attempt.
Florent. But yet miſtaking man
Eſteems the happy only valiant.
And if the Queen, Velaſco, ſhould ſmile on
His merits, and forget that love I have
With ſuch religion paid her——But theſe doubts
Are impious: and I ſin, if I but liſten
To their diſloyal whiſpers. And behold,

Enter the Queen, Floriana, Cleantha, &c.

She opens like a rock of diamond,
To th' curious ſearch of th' almoſt bankrupt merchant;
So doth the pilot find his ſtar, when ſtorms
Have even ſunk his bark. Divineſt Madam!
Queen. Welcome, my Lord! But pardon me my joys,
If I muſt interrupt you with a ſigh.
I cannot look upon Florentio's arm,
But I muſt grieve it bled for me
Florent. O ſpare
The treaſure of thoſe tears! Some captive King,
Whom fortune hath lock'd up in iron, wants
One ſuch to buy his freedom. Madam, all
Thoſe ſtreams of blood which flow to warm my earth
Leſt it congeal to death, cannot compare
For value with the leaſt drop ſhed for you:
By ſuch a quarrel made ineſtimable.

Quee-

Queen. The war I ſee hath only been the field
To exerciſe your fancy. Your diſcourſe
Shews that the court was kept beneath your tent;
Yet cannot I, my Lord, be jealous, but
'Tis mingled with ſome love.
Florent. 'Tis a pure love,
Unmix'd as is the ſoul. The world perhaps
May judge a kingdom hath enamour'd me,
And that your titles dreſs you forth, to raiſe
My appetite up higher. Pardon love,
If it grow envious even of your fortune;
And that I'm forc'd to wiſh, you had been daughter
Of ſome poor mountain-cottager, without
All dowry but your own beauty. Then I might
Have ſhewed a flame untainted with ambition:
And courted you. But now the circumſtance
Of greatneſs ſeems to challenge more than I
Have power to give: and working up my love,
I ſerve my fortune.
Queen. You have not, my Lord,
Found me uneaſy to your vows. And when
The troubled ſtream of my tempeſtuous ſtate
Shall meet a perfect calm; you then ſhall know
How worthy I eſteem your virtue.
Flor. Speak but thoſe words again, and ſeat me in
An orb above corruption! O confirm
Your thoughts but with a promiſe.
Queen. How, a promiſe!
I ſhall repent my favour if I hear
A ſyllable which ſounds like that. Upon
My marriage-day I have vowed to bring my ſelf
A free oblation to the holy altar.
Not like a fearful debtor, tender love,
To ſave my bond. My Lord, I muſt not hear
One whiſper of a promiſe.
Florent. I'm ſilent;
And uſe me as your vaſſal, for a title
More glorious I ſhall never covet. But——
Queen. No jealouſy, my Lord.

Enter Lerma.

Ler. Your Majeſty

Is

Is great in mercy: And I hope a ſtranger
Shall meet it, if his ſpeech be an offence.

Queen. Your pleaſure, Sir.

Ler. The Lord Aſcanio charg'd [*Kneels.*
Me fall yet lower, if the earth would licence:
For to ſo high a Majeſty, obedience
Cannot bend down enough. Then he commanded,
I, in his name, ſhould beg the honour for him,
Before he take his journey from your country,
To kiſs your hand.

Queen. Pray, Sir, let's know the hour,
But let it not be ſudden. Years ſhould ſweat
In preparation for his entertainment,
And poets rack invention till it reach
Such praiſes as would reach the victories
Of th' old Heroes.

Ler. Madam, if his arm
Did actions worthy memory, it receiv'd
An influence from your quarrel: in the which
A dwarf might triumph o'er an army. But
He humbly craves, his audience may not be
With croud and noiſe, as to embaſſadors;
But with that ſilence which befits his buſineſs:
For 'tis of moment.

Queen. Sir, we will obey
His own deſires, though ours could wiſh his welcome
With a full ceremony. I attend him. [*Exit Lerma.*

Florent. Madam, this ſtranger——

Queen. Pray, my Lord, let love
Not interrupt your buſineſs. I believe
The army which Decaſtro ſo expected
Being now arriv'd, your ſoldier tired, the city
Ill ſettled in her faith, much counſel will
Be needful. When your leiſure ſhall permit,
Our joy ſhall be to ſee you.

Florent. I'm all obedience.

[*Exeunt Queen and Florentio at ſeveral doors.*

Manet Sanmartino, and Cleantha.

San. And when, ſweet Madam, will you crown our joys
Let's not like riotous gam'ſters throw away

The treaſure of our Time. Appoint the hour,
The hour which muſt wear garlands of delight,
By which we'll make it the envy of the age.
Clean. My Lord, what mean you?
San. What all fine Lords mean,
Who have plenty, youth and title.
Clean. But my fame!
San. 'Tis the fool's bugbear.
Clean. Then my conſcience!
San. A ſcarecrow for old wives, whom wrinkles make Religious.
Clean. What will the court ſay?
San. Why nothing.
In mercy to themſelves, all other Ladies
Will keep your counſel.
Clean. But will you not boaſt it?
San. I'll be degraded firſt.
Clean. Well, I'm reſolv'd.
San. But when, ſweet Madam? Name
The moment.
Clean. Never. For now I weigh things better,
The antidote 'gainſt fear is innocence.
San. Will you delude my hopes then? Pity, Madam;
A heart that withers, if denied this favour.
Clean. In pity I may be induced to much;
And ſince you urge compaſſion, I will meet.
San. Where, excellent Madam?
Clean. I'th' ſycamore-walk.
San. The minute, O the minute!
Clean. An hour hence.
San. Felicity! fit for thy envy, Love!
You will not fail now, Madam?
Clean. To be ſuch,
As you ſhall count that hour your happieſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Browſildora, and Oniate.

Oni. This is a challenge! Prithee, my ſmall friend,
May not a man take th' height of my Lord's ſpirit,
Looking on thee?
Brow. Pray, Sir, leave off your mirth,
And write my Lord your anſwer.

Oni.

Oni. Little Sir,
I never learnt that pretty quality;
I cannot write. Only by word of mouth.
Gar. Your place, Sir?
Oni. The market-place.
Gar. 'Tis fantaſtick: and my Lord will take it ill.
Your weapons, Sir.
Oni. Two Engliſh maſtives, which
Are yet but whelps, and not tranſported hither:
So that the time will be I know not when.
Gar. Your ſport is dangerous. If my Lord forgive you
I muſt reſent th' affront as to my ſelf,
And will expect a moſt ſevere account.
Oni. Thou leſs thought angrier thing than waſp, fare well. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Aſcanio.

Queen. I am inform'd my Lord, that you have buſineſs
And 'tis of moment?
Aſca. Great as that of Nature's
In her moſt mighty work, creation.
For to preſerve from diſſolution, equals
The gift of our firſt being. Not to hold
Your Majeſty in riddles, 'tis to beg
Your pardon for a ſoldier doom'd to die;
Inevitably doom'd: unleſs your mercy
Step between him and death.
Queen. My Lord, we uſe
T' examine well the fact, for which he is
To ſuffer, ere we pardon. There be crimes
Of that black quality, which often makes
Mercy ſeem cruel.
Aſca. That's the fear which frights
Me to this paleneſs: ſure his crime is great,
But fondly I preſuming on the ſervice
My fortune lately did you, gave my vow
Ne'er to forſake your ear with earneſt prayers,
Till you had granted.
Queen. Would you had not vowed.
For by the practice of my enemies,
My fame is 'mong the people yet unſettled,

And my capacity for government,
Held much too ſeeble. Should I then by this
Provoke them to diſdain me, I might run
Apparent hazard even of ruin, now
War ſo diſtracts our kingdom. But, my Lord,
Your merits are too ponderous in the ſcale,
And all reſpects weigh light, you have his pardon.

Aſca. Your hand on that. The down of ſwans boſom,
[*Kiſſes, and holds it.*
Not white and ſoft as this: here's ſuch a dew
As drops from beauteous heaven in the morning,
To make the ſhadowy bank pregnant with violets.

Queen. My Lord!

Aſca. I kiſs'd it, and the Phœnix ſeem'd
(The laſt of the whole race) to yield a perfume
More ſweet than all his dying anceſtors
Breath'd from their funeral piles. O ſhrink not back!
My life is ſo concomitant with love,
That if you frown on either, both expire;
And I muſt part for ever hence.

Queen. How ſtrange appears this extaſy? My Lord, I fear
Your brain feels ſome diſturbance: If I cauſe it,
I will remove the object.

Aſca. Pardon, Madam,
The error of my fancy (which oft ſeems
To ſee things abſent) if my tongue did utter
What miſbecame your ear: And do not forfeit
Your ſervant to perpetual miſery,
For want of a ſhort patience.

Queen. No, my Lord;
I have the memory of your great deeds
Ingrav'd ſo deep, no error can have power
To raze them from a due reſpect. You beg'd
To have a pardon: ſpeak th' offender's name.

Aſca. Th' offender's name, is love. His crime high treaſon:
A plot, how to ſurprize and wound your heart;
To this conſpirator I have given harbour,
And vow'd to beg your mercy for him.

Queen. How!

Aſca.

Aſca. And if you break your grant, I will hereafter
Scorn all your ſex, ſince the moſt excellent
Is cruel and inconſtant.
Queen. Pray, my Lord,
Go recollect your reaſon, which your paſſion
Hath too much ſcatter'd. Make me not have cauſe
To hate, whom I would ever ſtrive to honour.
Aſca. Madam, you haply ſcorn the vulgar earth
Of which I ſtand compacted: And becauſe
I cannot add a ſplendor to my name,
Reflective from a royal pedigree;
You interdict my language. But be pleas'd
To know, the aſhes of my anceſtors,
If intermingled in the tomb with Kings,
Could hardly be diſtinguiſh'd. The ſtars ſhoot
An equal influence on the open cottage,
Where the poor ſhepherd's child is rudely nurs'd,
And on the cradle where the Prince is rock'd
With care and whiſper.
Queen. And what hence infer you?
Aſca. That no diſtinction is 'tween man and man,
But as his virtues add to him a glory,
Or vices cloud him.
Queen. But yet heaven hath made
Subordination, and degrees of men,
And even religion doth authorize us
To rule; and tells the ſubject 'tis a crime
And ſhall meet death, if he diſdain obedience.
Aſca. Kind heaven made us all equal, till rude ſtrength
Or wicked policy uſurp'd a power:
And for religion, that exhorts t' obey
Only for its own eaſe.
Queen. I muſt not hear
Such inſolence 'gainſt Majeſty: And yet
This leſs offends than love.
Aſca. If reaſon bends
You not to mercy; let my paſſion plead,
And not meet death from her, in whoſe fair quarrel
I could each moment bring a life to th' hazard.
Philoſophy hath taught me, that content
Lives under the coarſe thatch of labourers

With much more quiet, than where the fam'd hand
Of artiſts, to the life have richly drawn
Upon the roofs the fictions of the Gods.
How happy then might I lengthen my life,
With ſome fair country girl, ſo ignorant
She knew not her own beauties; rather than
Indanger death and ſcorn in your denial,
And in your grant nothing but pomp and envy!

Queen. My Lord, be wiſe, and ſtudy that beſt content.
This bold preſumptuous love hath cancell'd all
The bonds I owed your valour: henceforth hope
Not for that uſual favour I ſhew ſtrangers,
Since you have thus abuſed it: would I might
With ſafety have appear'd more grateful. [*Exit.*

Aſca. She's gone, as life from the delinquent, when
Juſtice ſheaths up her ſword. I fain would have
Conceal'd love's treaſon, but deſire t' obtain her
Put me to th' torture, till each nerve did crack,
And I confeſs'd, then dy'd upon the rack. [*Ex.*

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Cleantha and Floriana.

Flor. THY pride is ſuch a flatterer of thy beauty,
That no man ſighs by accident, but thou
Doſt pity as enamour'd.

Clean. Floriana!
Not ſo kind-natured ſurely. I have put
The ſighs of courtiers in a ſcale, and find
Some threeſcore thouſand may weigh down a feather.
I have tried their tears, which, though of briny taſte,
Can only ſeaſon the hearts of fools, not women.
Their vows are like their duels, ever grounded
Upon the idleſt quarrel.

Flor.

Flor. This, experience
Perhaps inſtructs you to. But yet your pride
I fear is over-eaſy to believe.
'Tis meerly to fly idleneſs, that my Lord
Hath troubled you with courtſhip. If the Queen
Would make a ſtateſman, ſhe might cure a lover.
Want of imployment made him dream on beauty,
And yours came firſt t' his fancy.
Clean. I begin
To think his making love but vanity,
And a miſtake in wit.
Flor. And you begin
Perhaps to fear it?
Clean. True, perhaps I do.
For though we care not for the lover, yet
We love the paſſion. Though we ſcorn the offering,
We grieve to ſee it thrown away, and envy,
If conſecrated to another. Woman
Hath no revenge 'gainſt th' injury of cuſtom,
Which gives man ſuperiority, but thus
To fool him to ſubjection.
Flor. Yet, Cleantha,
I could have wiſh'd your charity had ſpared
This triumph o'er my Lord.
Clean. You ſee I take
The next way to redeem him. This the hour,
And this the place. Here he reſolves to raiſe
A trophy in my ruin. And behold

Enter Sanmartino, winding up his watch.

The juſt man of his promiſe! Not a minute
He fails; when ſin's the payment.
Flor. I'll endanger
His virtue to a bluſh: And happily
Convert an infidel.
Clean. This is my province,
Nor ſhall you envy me the honour of
A work ſo meritorious. Let him walk
A while, and ſin with his own fancy: Then
I'll undertake him; and if there be need,
Be you prepared to aſſiſt me.

Flor

Flor. Thou doſt build
Such forts on the opinion of thy wit!
[*Exeunt Floriana and Clean.*

San. 'Tis a full hour, and half a minute over;
And yet ſhe not appears! How we ſevere
Strict creditors in love, ſtand on the minute?
But yet the payment never comes unwelcome;
Until the gold, through age grow foul and ruſty,
We ſtand not on a grain or two too light.

Enter Dwarf.

Now your diſcovery?

Dwarf. My Lord, I have
Made ſearch in every alley, every arbour,
Not left a buſh, wherein my littleneſs
Could creep, without due ſcrutiny. And yet
No whiſpering of taffaty: No dazling
Of your bright miſtreſs forc'd me to a wink.
I ſaw no mortal beauty.

San. Sure ſhe'll not
Be ſo unworthy to delude me now?

Dwarf. But I had a more proſperous fate in love;
My Lord, I met my miſtreſs.

San. You, a miſtreſs!

Dwarf. A miſtreſs, to whoſe beauty I have pay'd
My vows, moſt fervent vows, e'er ſince I was
Of ſtature fit to be an amouriſt.

San. One of the maids of honour to Queen Mab?

Dwarf. Your Lordſhip gueſſes near. For ſhe is one
O'th' chamberers to her Fairy Majeſty;
A lady of moſt ſubtle wit: who while
She puts a handkerchief or gorget on
Her little Highneſs, holds intelligence
Abroad, and orders payment for the ſpies.
She raiſeth factions, and unites the angry:
She's much upon deſign.

San. Where found you her?

Dwarf. Walking alone under the ſhadow of
A tulip, and inveighing 'gainſt court-arts,
'Cauſe one of Oberon's grooms had got from her

The monopoly of tranſporting gnats;
A project ſhe long aim'd at.
San. No more fooling:
I am grown angry with my patience.
Boy, ſing thoſe verſes, were preſented me
This morning.
Dwarf. I will creep behind a buſh,
And then for voice, vie with the nightingale:
If ſeen, I am ſo baſhful.
San. Take your way.

SONG without.

FINE young folly, though you were
That fair beauty I did ſwear,
Yet you ne'er could reach my heart.
For we courtiers learn at ſchool,
Only with your ſex to fool;
Y'are not worth the ſerious part.

When I ſigh and kiſs your hand,
Croſs my arms and wondring ſtand;
Holding parley with your eye:
Then dilate on my deſires,
Swear the ſun ne'er ſhot ſuch fires;
All is but a handſome lye.

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle ſoul, you think your face
Streight ſome murder doth commit,
And your virtue doth begin
To grow ſcrupulous of my ſin,
When I talk, to ſhew my wit.

Therefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud,
For in ſooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air,
And your clothes that ſet you out.

Yet though truth has this confeſs'd,
And I vow I love in jeſt:

When I next begin to court,
And proteſt an amorous flame,
You will ſwear I in earneſt am:
Bedlam! this is pretty ſport.

As the Song ends, Enter Cleantha veil'd.

She breaks forth like the morning in a cloud.
'Tis for the ſafety of my eyes, you veil
The glory of your beauties, which elſe might
Dazle, not catch the ſight. But I diſcern
A fair Cleantha through this gloomineſs.
Appear, and ſpeak, bright Madam. Why ſuch ſilence?
O famiſh not my ear, which greedily
Longs to devour the muſick of your language:
Is it to teach me, that delight muſt be
Intomb'd in ſecreſy? Or elſe to ſhew
How mad a ſpend-thrift I'm, to talk away
The treaſure of this hour. Come, Fair, unveil.

Clean. O give me leave, yet to retain my bluſhes.

San. Deceit of timorous modeſty! Traitors
To love, your bluſhes are. Your fears are envious
Of your delights. Let's vaniſh hence, and ne'er
To th' vulgar eye appear; till we
Grown old in pleaſure, be transform'd t' a vine,
Or ivy, ſo for ever to entwine.

Clean. Then I unveil.

San. O fly into my arms,
As a rich odor to the raviſh'd ſenſe:
Perfume me with thy kiſſes.

Clean. Stay, my Lord:
Actions of moment, (as I take this is)
Muſt be maturely thought on. I have call'd
My reaſon to account.

San. Your reaſon, Madam!

Clean. Yes, my good Lord. That only doth diſtinguiſh
A woman from brute beaſts; or, what's more ſenſual,
A vain looſe man. What ſin ſcandals my carriage,
To give encouragement to this preſumption?
What privileg'd this attempt?

San. That tempting beauty.

Clean. It is a traitor then to my pure thoughts;

And to preſerve your eye, would it were wrinkled;
I could much eaſier ſuffer the reproach
Of age, than your bold courtſhip. If a lady
Be young and ſportive, uſe curioſity,
And perhaps art, to help where nature ſeem'd
Imperfect in her work; will you, from the
Falſe argument of your own looſe blood, conclude
Her guilty? Or if ſhe ſelect a friend,
Whoſe innocence gives warrant to her faith,
Will you infer their whiſpers have no aim
But that of brothels? 'Cauſe you find your ſelf
Nought but looſe fleſh, will you turn heretick,
And thence deny the ſoul?

San. This language, Madam,
Sounds nothing to the purpoſe of our meeting.

Clean. More to the benefit. But in your patent,
'Mong all the privileges of a Conde,
Where find you luſt inſerted? Without which,
Till age hath made you wiſe, or impotent,
You think your honour is defective. 'Cauſe
Your clothes are handſome, and mine too; muſt we,
Deform our minds? Is it ſufficient motive
To ſin, if opportunity and youth
Perſuade us? Such as you, are thoſe foul plagues,
Infect the air which breathes our fame, and make
The cautious Sirs o'th' country ſhun us.

San. Madam!

Clean. When we admit you to our bed-chamber,
Powder, or haply bathe before you: What
Of honour's here more than a groom may boaſt,
Our maids are tired with? Yet this with a ſmile,
Is whiſper'd to your friend, and you infer
How eaſy a more near approach will be.
My Lord, learn virtue, and your wit may then
Not ſerve you to ſo fond a purpoſe. If
That courage you are fam'd for, be no ſlander,
Go to the wars. 'Twill be a far leſs maim
To loſe an eye there, than your honour here.
If peace enamour you, and the court, live honeſt;
And hope the heir who ſhall ſucceed you, may
Be yours. Revenge deſtroys more chaſtity,

Than all the temptings of ſuch Lords as you.
San. You ſhall not talk me, Madam, from that pleaſure
This hour doth promiſe me.
Clean. You'll not commit
A rape, my Lord?
San. That is a queſtion as
Yet unreſolv'd; for force is my laſt refuge.
Clean. Think on the danger; for the ſin, I ſee,
Little diſtracts your conſcience.
San. I propoſe
Felicity, which none can merit, who
Refuſe ſo poor a venture. Here I vow,
No prayer or art ſhall free you. If you will
Hazard a life devoted to your ſervice,
I'll die your martyr.
Clean. Come, my Lord, I'll free you
From all ſuch hazard.
San. There ſpoke harmony!
Clean. I'll not be cruel. You ſhall have kiſſes, ſuch
As will melt your ſoul into your lips. And what
Is ſweeteſt, no repentance ſhall be th' iſſue

Enter Floriana and Oniate.

Of your delight. Look here, my Lord! She's yours.
San. No halter now? Nor tree convenient? O!
A ſteeple would be precious for my purpoſe!
But Oniate's there. I'll fight with him,
Be kill'd, and be redeem'd. Sir, you receiv'd
A challenge from me! but return'd no anſwer.
Oni. My Lord, I had other buſineſs: you'll excuſe me.
San. What ſatisfaction do men give when challeng'd?
Oni. According to their ſpirit. If they be
Regardleſs of their fame, then they ſubmit.
If not, they fight.
San. What, Sir, will you then do?
Oni. Let me conſider. Neither.
San. Come, you ſhall fight.
Oni. My Lord, I will not.
San. Then you ſhall ſubſcribe
Your ſelf a coward.
Oni. Not for the whole world:

Such an apparent lye would be a ſin
Too heavy to my conſcience. I ſubſcribe
My ſelf a coward? If I ſhould; no ſoldier
Would think, but that my hand were counterfeited.
San. Then you muſt fight.
Oni. My Lord, on no condition. Hope not for it.
San. Then you ſhall ſwear never to ſpeak my name
But with reſpect.
Oni. Hereafter, if you can,
Deſerve it. For the preſent, I muſt crave
Your pardon, with much mirth to laugh at you.
San. Sir, I ſhall meet you.
Oni. It ſhall contradict
All my endeavours then.
San. I go, Sir. But———
Clean. For mercy ſake, go with thy Lord. Repentance
May turn to deſperation.
Flor. I'll preſerve him. [*Ex. Sanmar. and Floria.*
Clean. Have you no buſineſs, Sir, imports you more,
Than t' hold diſcourſe with me? Troth, I ſhall pity
Your want of imployment.
Clean. Madam, what can be
More ſerious?
Clean. Nothing more; if your deſign
Be to convert me: for I know you hold
All ladies in a ſchiſm, who are young and proud.
Oni. Your pardon, Madam. I believe in cunning.
Court-ladies chooſe ſome petty venial errors,
To ſet perfection off. For ſhould you not
Uſurp a handſome pride, your fame would lie
Like unwall'd cities, open to the prey
Of each invading youth. Did you not ſhew
A ſcorn, you would deſerve it.
Clean. Sir, take heed.
Hope not to win my favour by extol ling,
What in our better thoughts we ourſelves condemn,
I am ſo wearied out with vows and oaths,
With impious praiſes, and moſt tedious flattery,
That nothing but plain ſpeaking truth, can gain
On my affection.
Oni. Madam! your affection?

Clean.

Clean. Pray, Sir, do not comment upon the word;
It doth portend no danger to you.
Oni. And if it did, where's the beatitude?
For though I grant your virtues great as beauty
Can entertain; and fooliſh I reſolv'd
To captivate my ſtock of life t' a woman:
Yet would I not adventure on you, if
You did not vow to perform articles.
Clean. Suppoſe the buſineſs come to articles?
Oni. I' th' firſt then, you ſhould covenant love, not ſquinting
On every finer youth, or greater Lord;
But looking ſtreight on me.
Clean. To the ſecond, Sir.
Oni. No dotage on the court, ſo far that my
Eſtate muſt rue it: and no vanity
Be ſtarted up, but my fond lady muſt
Be melancholy, and take phyſick, till
She get into it.
Clean. Why! You envy then
Us our own trouble. Keep us from the expence,
And leave us to our diſcontent for penance.
Oni. No! I would have the mind ſerene; without
All paſſion, though a maſque ſhould be preſented,
And you i'th' country. I muſt have you wiſe,
To know your beauty mortal: which you muſt
Preſerve to warm my eye: not aid by arts,
To keep the courtier's wit in exerciſe.
From his ſo practis'd flattery, your ear
Muſt turn with a brave ſcorn; and when his eye
Doth offer parley, ſeem ſo ignorant,
As not to underſtand the language.
Clean. Sir,
You haply will debar us our ſhe-friends too?
Oni. As ſecret enemies, who'll firſt betray you.
Clean. You'll not allow us wearied of our huſbands,
To ſend them on diſcovery of new worlds?
Or if we take a toy ourſelves to travel,
Perhaps to Barbary, or Tartary,
Or the remoteſt parts?
Oni. To Bedlam ſooner.

Clean. Or if our ſex ſhould warrant it by cuſtom,
To play at tennis, or run at the ring,
Or any other martial exerciſe;
I fear me, ſcrupulous Sir, you will condemn it
As dangerous to my honour?

Oni. Sure I ſhould.

Clean. I then perceive ſmall hope of our agreement.

Oni. But I confidence. For I diſcern
How much you loath theſe follies, you pretend.

Clean. Good Sir, no more of this ſo kind miſtake,
You'll find ſome other lady more deſerves it:
And I aſpire not to the honour.

Oni. I'll try yet farther. [*Exeunt Oniate, Cleantha.*

Enter Lerma, and Velaſco.

Ler. My Lord, you offer nobly.

Vel. 'Tis a ſtep
Beneath Florentio's greatneſs, whether you
His birth conſider, or his place. Sir, the Queen
By nature's ſeated and her high deſerts,
Where only mighty ſouls (ſuch as the General's)
May offer to aſpire.

Ler. My Lord, your lapſe
To this proud language is ſo injurious, that
I muſt be forc'd to purge the humour. That
The Lord Florentio offers by a duel
To ſhew no man can have fairer pretence
To ſerve the Queen; muſt be allowed. But that
You dare caſt diſregard upon this Lord,
Although a ſtranger, urgeth me t' intreat
Y'ould draw your ſword.

Vel. It hath ſeen light, and made
Way through an army, when fond victory
Smil'd on our enemies. It hath done wonders,
When the thick troops of Moors invaded us;
It fears no oppoſition.

Ler. Shew th' effect of 't.

Vel. Not in a cauſe ſo trivial. Each ſmall breath
Diſturbs the quiet of poor ſhallow waters:
But winds muſt arm themſelves, ere the large ſea
Is ſeen to tremble. Pray your pardon, Sir:

I muſt not throw away my courage on
A cauſe ſo trivial.
Ler. As you pleaſe, my Lord;
But to omit all circumſtance, you bring
A challenge to my Lord Aſcanio:
The reaſon of the Lord Florentio's anger,
A rivalſhip in love.
Vel. You ſpeak it right.
Ler. I'll bring you back his reſolution,
Before you have attended many minutes.
Vel. Sir, 'twill be decent, for my nature knows
Not how to wait. And if no delays
Be uſed, 'twill ſhew a fierce valour in him,
And happily prevent diſcovery.
For you may eaſily conjecture, that
A General's abſence ſoon will wake the eye
Of the ſuſpicious ſoldier.
Ler. Is my Lord
In readineſs?
Vel. He walks not far from hence.
Ler. You ſhall have uſe then but of a ſhort patience. [*Ex.*
Vel. It will be grateful to us, Sir—My Lord!

Enter Florentio.

Florent. And will Aſcanio meet?
Vel. Immediately.
Florent. I had no other way. Yet this is rough,
And Juſtice whiſpers, 'tis unſafe to tread it.
If to love her be ſinful, what am I?
How dare I call his paſſion to the bar,
And nouriſh it my ſelf? Why may not he,
Who hath as bold a fortune, entertain
As bold a love; and in the fate of war
Having outgone my ſervice, why not then
Preſent it to the ſelf-ſame altar? But
We cannot harbour both in the ſame port;
Or he or I am ſhipwreck'd: For the ſtorm
Is rais'd, and to appeaſe it, death muſt be
The ſacrifice.

Enter Lerma.

Vel. My Lord, here is the ſecond.
This ſtranger dares not meet with your great ſpirit.
Florent. Suſpect him not, my Lord. He hath a courage
Above the ſenſe of fear. Well, Sir, your anſwer?
Ler. My Lord Aſcanio could have wiſh'd his life
Might have been deſtin'd to a happier purpoſe:
And charged me tell your Lordſhip, that he had
Much rather have been loſt with common duſt,
In the cheap churchyard, than endanger'd fame
In this great duel.
Florent. Sir, explain his reaſons.
Ler. He calls to his ſad thoughts, the miſchiefs which
This kingdom needs muſt fall into, when you
Shall periſh by his ſword; for certainly
You cannot 'ſcape it, thus provoking death.
Then to what ruin may the Queen, whoſe ſafety
You both have labour'd, be engag'd? He could
With patience almoſt ſuffer on his name,
The infamy of coward, rather than
Hazard the quiet of her eſtate. But you.——
Florent. Let me conſider; 'tis an idle rage
That heats me to this quarrel, let her fate
Remain unſhaken, though ſhe chooſe my foe
Into her love and boſom. If ſhe live
Above the fear of ruin; I am mighty,
Mighty enough, though by my griefs grown feeble,
And weakned too, diſeaſes fright the healthy.
I will refer my cauſe and life to her,
And ne'er diſpute it by the ſword.
Vel. My Lord!
Florent. Velaſco, I am ſafe enough againſt
The taint of coward. Spain bears witneſs that
I dare, as far as honour dares give warrant.
But in this cauſe.——
Vel. My Lord, you'll loſe the glory
Of all your former Actions; and become
The mirth of courtiers, empty things who braul,
Not fight, if you return after a challenge
Without performance.

Florent.

Florent. 'Tis a ſerious truth.

Vel. Moreover, this young gentleman hath hope
To talk you from your reſolution:
The Lord Aſcanio will too much exult,
If this way too he can o'ercome you.

Florent. It muſt not be, Sir; tell my Lord I wait
His leiſure.

Ler. And your Lordſhip ſhall not have
Reaſon to think it long. Prepare your ſelf;
His only prayer is now, that when he comes,
There may be no diſcourſe to take up time,
He hath deſire the buſineſs may be all:
What he can ſay, hath been by me delivered. [*Exit.*

Florent. We will obey him. Tyrant Love! why
Thy cruelty ſo wanton, to delight
In murder? Like that impious Roman Prince,
Thou joy'ſt to ſmother, whom thou lov'ſt, in roſes,
And ſtifle them with the choiceſt perfumes. But
This is no place for reaſon; ſhe may hold
Diſpute in ſober ſchools, where ſtudy raiſes
The ſoul to knowledge. Here's the theatre
For the brute part of man to fight his laſt.
I muſt redeem the laurel, fortune crown'd
His temples with, or periſh in th' attempt:
My fate decrees it.

Enter Aſcanio, and Lerma.

Ler. Here's my Lord Aſcanio.

Florent. Why doth he turn his face away, as if
He durſt not look on danger? Do his fears
Now triumph o'er his courage?

Ler. Put it to the trial. [*They fight.*

Florent. He's more than mortal ſure. He ſtrikes like lightning,
Himſelf not paſſive. But I'll try again,
And diſenchant the ſorcerer. Ay, there
I reach'd him home! You bleed, open your doublet;
The wound, perhaps, is dangerous.

Aſca. But a ſcratch.

Florent. Sure I have heard that voice, and ſeen that face!
Velaſco, 'tis the King.

Aſca. My Lord, what mean you?
Florent. Some planet ſtrike me dead, and fix this arm
A monument to tell poſterity
The treaſon of my error: Mighty Sir,
Shew mercy to your creature, that my death
(Which haſtily ſteals on me) may not be
Too foul for after-ſtory.
Aſca. Riſe, Florentio,
This act cannot endure the name of treaſon.
Florent. Some ſurgeons, quick, to ſearch the wound! O Sir,
How do you feel your ſelf? Speak life, or I
Shall ſink down to my centre.
Aſca. Not a man
Stir hence, thy ſword was loyal as thy thoughts,
And ſcarce hath pierc'd the ſkin. O my Florentio!
Florent. My Lord and King! But why did you engage
Your ſacred perſon into danger? 'Twas not well;
How many thouſand lives depend on yours?
Aſca. Envy o'th' greatneſs I poſſeſs'd, without
The merit, and deſire to know thoſe perils
We wantonly our ſubjects caſt upon,
On every weak exception; wrought my youth
Into this action. Nor can I repent
Th' experience of this war?
Florent. But oh, great Sir,
Why did your Majeſty ſuffer this duel?
'Twas cruel and unkind. How eaſily
This hand might have committed ſacrilege?
The very thought whereof, like ſome pale viſion,
Congeals my blood.
Aſca. Search not that wound too deep.
Florentio! I ſhall bluſh, bluſh like ſome lady
Surpriz'd in ſin, if you too far examine.
Florent. Conceal it not, great Sir, though in the ſpeaking
Poiſon ſteal through my ear. Be confident,
Unveil your thoughts.
Aſca. You needs muſt hate me then:
And will have juſtice to throw off that duty
You owe me as a ſubject. Let it be
Unſpoken ſtill; though ſmothering it be death.

Florent.

Florent. Good heaven defend. What is an army of us
Expoſed to certain ſlaughter, if compared
To th' ſhorteſt moment that ſhould ſerve your quiet?
And ſhall I live, and ſee my ſovereign wear
A ſorrow on his brow?

Aſca. Florentio! thou
Art glorious in thy virtue. So was I,
Till looking on the Queen I grew, o'th' ſudden,
Darker than midnight.

Florent. O my cruel fate!

Aſca. I grew a thief, a moſt ungrateful thief
In my deſigns, and labour'd to have ſtole
The jewel of thy life from thee. A jewel,
My ſelf ſo freely had beſtow'd upon
The merits of thy youth.

Florent. My ſoul foreſaw this!

Aſca. How juſtly had I periſh'd by thy ſword!
How happy for my ſafety! Then had I
Been loſt in my diſguiſe; or died, my crime
Unknown unto the world. Now if I live,
I muſt wade through a ſea of injuries,
T' attain an unſafe haven.

Enter the Queen.

Florent. Cheer your ſelf,
Dread Sir: Though as I give the legacy,
I breathe my laſt; yet will I ſhew a heart
Thankful to your great favours. Madam, here
Behold the Sovereign of Caſtile.

Queen. You have
Been cruel in your kindneſs, Sir, to keep
So long your ſacred perſon hid from us.

Florent. He is your lover, Madam, and deſerves
The title: Whether you obſerve his youth,
So beauteous, nature doats upon her work:
Or weigh his greatneſs powerful to defend you,
Should fate and all mankind conſpire your ruin;
And add to that, he merits you, his ſword
Having reſtored your freedom: when poor I
Was judg'd, like ſome old inſtrument of war,
Unfit for ſervice. All my intereſt

I here reſign to th' author of my fate;
My love I cannot, which muſt ſtill remain,
Companion to my life. But I'll take heed
My wound appear not, though it inward bleed. [*Exit.*

Aſca. I wait here, Madam, and attend your ſentence;
For 'tis my doom.

Queen. Sir, I am that ſad wretch,
Stands trembling at the bar. I know your merit,
And know a gratitude, great as e'er was owing,
By an injured ſoul reliev'd. I duly weigh
That double tye, which doth oblige me yours.
Firſt, when you ſent your ſoldiers to my reſcue;
Then, by expoſing your moſt ſacred perſon
To th' dangers of a war.

Aſca. A trivial nothing.

Queen. What honour can come equal to my ſtate,
As by ſo high a match? And 'gainſt your perſon
The envious cannot find a quarrel.

Aſca. Madam,
All this is circumſtance, the politick
Buſy their fancy with. I bring a love,
An humble love, which is of value to
Enoble the parch'd labourer, and force
An empreſs liſten to his vows. Conſider
In me nothing of fortune, only look
On that, to which love new created me.
If once receiv'd your ſervant; what's Caſtile
In the compariſon? For Princes are
Too bold, if they bring wealth and victory,
To enter competition with thoſe treaſures
A lover aims at in his miſtreſs' favour.
May I not hope your ſmile?

Queen. You muſt command it.

Aſca. Then give me leave to whiſper to my hopes
What ſtrange felicities I ſhall enjoy.

Queen. But, Sir, conſider how you gave away
To your Florentio, all that claim, you might
Have to me, as ſo great a neighbouring prince.

Aſca. It was a gift my ignorance made, which I
Was cozen'd in. For had my eye been honour'd
With ſight of ſuch a beauty, ſafer he

Might have petition'd for my ſcepter: And
The grant had not ſo ſoon begot repentance.
Queen. But promiſes of Princes muſt not be
By after-arts evaded. Who dares puniſh
The breach of oath in ſubjects; and yet ſlight
The faith he hath made them keep?
Aſca. But my Florentio
Hath given me back his intereſt.
Queen. That gift
Was like a vow extorted, which religion
Cancels, as forc'd from conſcience.
Aſca. But your ſelf
Are free, and never by an oath made his.
Queen. My reſolution grounded on his ſervice,
Ties more than formal contracts.
Aſca. I'll not urge
You farther, but by theſe, which never yet
Found paſſage through my eyes, not he, nor all
Mankind contracted to one heart, can harbour
A love that equals that I burn with; Madam,
Think on't: and let your thoughts find out that path
Which leads to mercy. [*Exit Aſcanio.*
Queen. How I am dazled,
Plac'd on a precipice by tyrant Love?
The King is noble, and his merits claim
A retribution great as I can make.
He loves me; and yields only to Florentio,
In the priority of ſervice. My ſad ſoul!

Enter Florentio, looks on the Queen, ſighs, and goes in again.

Between theſe two I might ſtand diſtracted!
But, virtue, guide me: Nor can I e'er ſtray
While that directs, and honour leads the way. [*Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Decaſtro and his Army.

Dec. MY fortune yet forſakes me not. There's ſomething
Whiſpers my ſoul, that though a ſtorm did cloud
My morning, I ſhall ſet the envy of
My yet prevailing enemy. Had you,
My fellow-ſoldiers, not been three hours march
From aiding us, when the Caſtilian army
Made the aſſault; we had given their fate a check,
And taught them how unſafe it is to court
Dangers abroad. I muſt intreat your courage
To ſuffer for ſome moments, a ſhort time
Will bring us the Queen's anſwer. If ſhe yield
(As reaſon may perſuade her) we ſhall ſpare
Much loſs of blood; if not, your valour will
Have liberty to ſhew it ſelf. Yet ſtill
Remember, that the city's forc'd t' obey
A ſtranger; in their votes they fight for us.
Did no man ſee the Lord Oſſuna, ſince
Our fight i'th' morning?

Capt. He appear'd not ſince
We left the city to the enemy.
Which hath bred jealouſy, my Lord, that he
Chang'd with the preſent fortune.

Dec. Doubt him not:
He hath a heart devoted to the greatneſs
And ſafety of his country. Well, he may
Be loſt i'th' number of the ſlain. But fate
Cannot enforce him ſtoop beneath the vow
Of reſcuing Arragon from foreign arms.

Enter

Enter two common Soldiers, haling Oſſuna in as a Hermit.

What inſolence is this? Unhand the man;
Methinks his habit ſhould beget reſpect.
Sol. My Lord, we gueſs he is ſome ſpy, he came
Sculking from th' enemy's camp. Pray guard
Your perſon, miſchief often lurks in ſhapes
As holy.
Dec. I allow your care, and thank it,
Leave him to me; and for a while retire. [*Exeunt.*
Oſſu. Your Lordſhip knows me not?
Dec. Oſſuna, welcome!
Bleſs'd be thy better angel, who preſerv'd thee!
How happy to the fortune of this war
Art thou reſtor'd? I ſhould have fought unarm'd,
Had I not had the fate t'embrace thee thus:
How was my friend preſerv'd?
Oſſu. By virtue of
This ſacred habit. In the midſt of war
Diſguis'd I thus eſcaped, though cloſe purſued
By ſome of the Queen's faction. To this weed
I owe my ſafety.
Dec. Quickly throw it off,
And re-inveſt thy body in that ſteel,
With which thou ſtill haſt triumph'd. O my Lord!
How oft have we, all bath'd in blood and ſweat,
Through clouds of duſt found out the way to force
Back victory to our ſide; when fortune ſeem'd
To doat on th' enemy? We two have grown
Like cedars up together, and made all
Seem ſhrubs to us, no man ſleeping ſecure
But in our ſhadows.
Oſſu. Yes, we have been happy.
Dec. Thou ſpeak'ſt ſo hollow, as there were a doubt
We might not be ſo ſtill.
Oſſu. But there's no faith
In human fate. An Emperor did ſerve
As footſtool to the conqueror: and are we
Better aſſured of deſtiny?

Dec.

Dec. What ſtrange
Unworthy faintneſs weakens his great ſoul,
Who heretofore ne'er underſtood the language
Danger ſpeaks in? Hath one defeat loſt you
That mighty courage, which hath fix'd upon
Your name a glorious memory? Reaſſume
Yourſelf, my Lord: Let no degenerate fear
Benight the luſtre of your former acts.

Oſſu. I call your ſelf and Arragon to witneſs,
My life hath yet been ſuch, the reverend ſhades
Of my great anceſtors, need not look pale,
Or bluſh, to know my ſtory. To your ſelf,
To whoſe brave youth I tied my youth a ſervant;
I ever have perform'd all offices
Due to ſo brave a friendſhip.

Dec. 'Tis confeſs'd.

Oſſu. And here I vow, ſetting aſide thoſe fears
Diſtract me as a Chriſtian, I could ſmile,
Smile like ſome wanton miſtreſs, upon death,
Whatever ſhape it wears.

Dec. My Lord, this war
Is warranted by Caſuiſts for lawful:
But they (you'll ſay) flatter the preſent ſtate,
And make divinity ſerve human ends.
But in it ſelf it's juſt: A war, your judgment
Gave approbation to; and urg'd me firſt
To undertake. Therefore make good your own,
And throw off this unuſeful habit.

Oſſu. Never.

Dec. What ſaid my friend?

Oſſu. By all things ſacred, never.
In this I will grow old, and with the weight
Of years bend to the earth. In this I'll breathe
A happier air, than you in all your ſoft
And varied ſilks.

Dec. Some coward devil ſure
Poſſeſſeth him.

Oſſu. My Lord, I am inſtructed
T' a patience far above your injuries.
Nor ſhall your ſcorn or anger triumph o'er
My reſolution. I'm fix'd here, unmov'd
As is the centre.

Dec.

Dec. I was much to blame:
This may be a brave virtue. Pray, my Lord,
Give me your reaſons why you tread this path,
So little beaten by the feet of courtiers?
I would not have the world miſtake your aim,
And conſtrue it to fear or melancholy.

Oſſu. That cannot ſhake me. He, who by the card
O'th' world's opinion, ſteers his courſe, ſhall harbour
In no ſafe port. But to your ear, my Lord,
I give this free account. Seven winters paſt
When I ſet ſail from Sicily, a ſtorm
O'ertook the ſhip, ſo powerful that the pilot
Gave up the ſtern to th' ordering of the waves;
His art and hand grown uſeleſs: Thoſe kind ſtars
The ſailors uſed t'invoke, were loſt i'th' tempeſt,
And nothing but a night not to be ſeen
Was ſeen by us. When every one began
T' advance himſelf toward death, as men condemn'd
To th' axe, when hope of pardon is ſhut out;
I, ſpite o'th' envious cloud, look'd up to heaven,
And darted my faith thither; vowing to
Forſake the flatter'd pomp and buſineſs of
The faithleſs world, if I with ſafety might
Attain the land.

Dec. Was not I there, my Lord?

Oſſu. You were.

Dec. And made not I the ſelf-ſame vow?

Oſſu. Heaven hath recorded, that we both did vow it.
O'th' ſudden, night forſook us, and the loud
Unruly winds fled to their unknown dwellings;
When a ſoft breath 'gan whiſper to our ſails,
A calm was to enſue.

Dec. My memory
Afflicts me much. But theſe are feeble vows,
Made only by our fears: We ought to have
Our reaſon undiſmay'd, whene'er a promiſe
Can force performance.

Oſſu. I diſpute it not.
Soon as I reach'd the ſhore, I courted on
Thoſe vanities which had my youth enamour'd,
Yet ſtill with ſome remorſe. Honours betray'd me

Into

Into a glorious trouble, and I grew
Proud of my burthen. But if heaven had been
Severe to my delays, in this diſeas'd
Surfeit of pomp, my ſoul might have been call'd
T' her laſt account: And, O my Lord, where then
Had breach of vow been ſafe?

Dec. Theſe are ſad thoughts.

Oſſu. But neceſſary. When the morning's loſs
Made me ſearch out a ſhape for flight, this habit
It ſelf preſented; and again redeem'd me:
And know, I am reſolv'd ne'er to forſake it,
Till in the vault, my earth and it together
Shall wear away to duſt.

Dec. My Lord, you have
Good title to your virtue. Pray retire
Into my tent. This ſudden change, if known,
May much amaze the ſoldier, and endanger
The glory of th' attempt. I ſhall intreat
Your prayer, ſince you deny your arm.

Oſſu. My Lord, may heaven direct you. [*Ex. Oſſuna.*

Dec. What have I obtain'd
By all this ſweat of buſineſs? Like the wind,
Proſperous ambition only ſwell'd my ſail,
To give me courage to encounter with
A tempeſt. Early cares and midnight frights,
Faint hopes, and cauſeleſs fears, ſucceſſively
Like billows, have moved in me. What a fool
Is human wiſdom; what a beggar, wealth;
How ſcorn'd a nothing, that proud ſtate we doat on?
Time laughs us out of greatneſs, and ſhuts up
Our wide deſigns in a dark narrow room:
Whence, when the valiant Monarch ſhall creep forth,
He will, like ſome poor coward, hide his eyes,
And hope to ſculk away. But theſe are thoughts;
And now 'tis time for action.

Enter Soldier to Decaſtro.

Sol. If your Lordſhip
Will pleaſe, for ſome few moments to retire
Into your tent, her Majeſty in perſon
Will give you parley here.

Dec.

Dec. In perſon, Sir?
The favour bears ſome omen! She who in
The tempeſt of misfortune ſtill did ſpread
Her ſails at large; why doth ſhe ſtrike them now,
The wind ſo proſperous? This is a deſcent
Beneath her greatneſs.
Sol. I reach not, my Lord,
The myſteries of Princes; but this meſſage
She charg'd me to return.
Dec. The acts of Princes
Are govern'd often by as frail a paſſion,
As thoſe are of the vulgar; the ſame rage
That ſtirs two footmen to a fray, creates
War between kingdoms; but the zealous ſubject
Gazing afar on th' actions of the proud,
Finds towers and lions in an empty cloud;
But I'll obey her leiſure. Watch you here,
Till you diſcover her advanc'd this way. [*Ex. Decaſtro.*

Enter Aſcanio, Florentio.

Florent. Sir, you created me, and rais'd me up
To th' ſtate of Duke, when I was common duſt.
And had not fortune given me intereſt
I'th' favour of the Queen; I had continued
In the worſt fate of man, ingratitude.
Now, I can boaſt, I have reſtored you back
A love rich as the bounty you ſhower'd on me.
'Tis all the ſtock of my poor life.
Aſca. Sad fate!
That I muſt wound thee to the heart, to cure
My leproſy with thy blood. Florentio, ſearch
I'th' ſtock of women, there's ſome other beauty.
Florent. O no! no other.
Aſca. I'll endow her with
The wealth of all Caſtile.
Florent. Poor empty nothing!
Aſca. If ſovereignty be th' idol of thy ſoul,
I will divide my kingdom: Thou ſhalt reign
As independent as my ſelf.
Florent. Great Sir,
Continue but your favour, and my ſtars

Cannot

Cannot afford a greatneſs equals it.
The treaſures of th' ambitious, are the ſcorn
Of thoſe who ſeriouſly contemplate life:
My fortune's high enough. And now my thoughts
Grow temperate; not for th' Empire of the Eaſt,
(Which yet retains the treaſures man enjoy'd
Ere he grew black with ſin) would I have wanted
This bleſt occaſion to expreſs the zeal
I owe my Prince. Here, with as free a ſoul
I give her to your arms, as e'er you threw
A ſmile upon my ſervice.

Aſca. Thanks, dear friend!
(That word muſt ſpeak our loves) by this great gift
Thou haſt redeem'd me from the torture, and
Poſſeſs'd me of the faireſt.

Florent. O!

Aſca. The faireſt, nature e'er made for wonder.

Florent. She is fair.

Aſca. Enjoying her, thy King ſhall live, who elſe
Were deſperate beyond cure. He ſhall be envied:
And every year, as age threatens decay,
He ſhall regain new life from her. Florentio,
Believe't there's miracle in ſuch a beauty.

Florent. Surely there is.

Enter Queen, Sanmartino, Oniate, Cleantha, Floriana.

And ſee, ſh' appears! How like ſome heavenly viſion,
That kills with too much glory?

Aſca. Stand ſtill, and wonder with me.

Queen. Cleantha! O the prodigy! And how
Wilt thou endure his ſerious face? Can'ſt thou,
Whom nothing tempted but wit, apparel gilt,
And the laſt faſhion, ſuffer Oniate?

Clean. Madam, I undertake him for a penance:
Perhaps, he was enjoin'd me.

Queen. It was Love
You went to ſhrift with then. And yet how that
Young wanton Idleneſs ſhould counſel you
To this converſion, ſtill is more my riddle.

Clean. The court is full of wonders, Madam; and
'Tis handſome to do things extravagant.

Queen.

Queen. But how, in th' heat of war, your thoughts ſhould be
So apt for love's impreſſion?
Clean. Love will dance
As nimbly to the trumpet, fife, or drum,
As to thoſe many violins which play
So loud at court. Moreover, it concern'd
My ſafety: I ſo ſtreightly was beſieg'd,
And by ſo ſtrong a Cæſar.
Queen. O, my Lord!
I am inform'd with how fierce a ſpirit
You do aſſault our ladies.
San. Pray, your mercy;
And if your Majeſty will pleaſe to baniſh
The art of making love quite from the court,
I'll not be out of faſhion.
Queen. For your ſake,
I will contrive it ſo: And, good my Lord,
Will you begin th' example; you will ſee
How ſoon the fine young Lords will follow you.
Your pardon, Sir; had I but ſeen your Highneſs,
I had not loſt ſo much of language, from
A moſt expreſſive gratitude.
Aſca. Madam, you pay a trivial debt with too great intereſt:
For how contemn'd a ſlightneſs was my life
Until employ'd to ſerve you?
Florent. She glanced this way,
And love's artillery play'd from her eye.
Unhappy bankrupt, what a kingdom have
I forfeited? So, often in a calm,
Some veſſel rich in freight, and proud in ſail,
Doth ſpring a ſudden leak, and ſinks for ever.
Aſca. But, Madam, is there hope your heart can yield
To an exchange in love? My title's good,
Florentio having given up his claim.

Enter Decaſtro, &c.

Queen. But, Sir, th' eſtate is ſtill my own; nor have
I need to ſell it. But, Decaſtro 's here;
And if your Majeſty will deign your preſence

Unto

Unto the parley, 'twill advance the honour
And purpoſe of our meeting.

Aſca. I'm your ſervant.

Queen. My Lord, you ſee how near the ſafety of
Our ſubjects toucheth us. We can ſtoop thus
Beneath our Majeſty, and enter parley,
Even with a rebel.

Dec. Madam, 'tis in vain
To hold diſpute 'gainſt what you will condemn:
And it were inſolence to boaſt my power,
Or ſpeak my right, now when the hearts of all men
Confirm the juſtice of my taking arms.
Caſt but your eye on this vaſt body, which
The kingdom doth unite in my defence,
And ſee how ruinous is your error, that
Muſt lean to foreign ſuccours!

Queen. 'Tis a refuge
Your practice forc'd me to.

Dec. But would your Highneſs
Had lent a gentler ear to the ſafe counſel
Of him who had no crime, but too much love.

Flor. My Lord, that word fell rudely from your tongue,
And, I may ſay, unmannerly: 'Tis duty
You owe the Queen.

Dec. Right, Sir; an humble duty,
Ambitious to expoſe my life to dangers,
Greater than any other ſoul dares fancy.

Aſca. Pray ſtay, Florentio; this is now my cauſe,
And I (proud man) will tell you, your great heart
Doth want expanſion to receive a love
Worthy her ſcorn.

Dec. And I will anſwer you
(Proud monarch of Caſtile) what mold
Soever nature caſts me in, my mind
Is vaſter than your empire. And I can
Love equally with him, whoſe name did conquer
Kingdoms as large as yours.

Aſca. Your Majeſty
Muſt licenſe here my rage, to teach his folly
(Preſumptuous folly) a ſubmiſs repentance.

De

Dec. Sir, here I ſtand prepar'd. [*A ſhout within.*
Queen. What noiſe is that?
Oni. The city's all in mutiny; and vow
To periſh in the Lord Decaſtro's cauſe.
They're ready now to lay rude hands upon
The gariſons of Caſtile. Your Majeſty
Should hinder miſchief, if you ſuddenly
Return, and by your preſence ſtop their fury.
Dec. Pray, Oniate, take this ſignet; tell
The magiſtrates, her Majeſty and I
Are now accorded, with a due regard
To th' publick ſafety. Take ſome of my army,
To give authority to what you ſay.
Aſſure them all is well. [*Exit Oniate.*
Aſca. What means this wonder?
Florent. This ſpeaks him noble, even to our envy.
Queen. My Lord, in this you have oblig'd us: Pray
Inform us of your thoughts, that we may ſtudy
To make this parley happy.
Dec. Mighty Lady,
I find my love hath not been dreſs'd ſo ſmooth
To tempt your liking; and I muſt confeſs,
My paſſion (like the ſpleen of witches) hath
Begot whirlwinds and thunder. Would I might
Have found a ſofter way t'have wrought my ends.
For by your beauty (the moſt ſacred oath
A lover can ſwear by) that was the mark,
The ſole fair mark I aim'd at. For if pride
Had overſway'd my love, I could have ſtood
O'th' level with that Prince; ſo much your people
Were vowed to my devotion.
Queen. Oh! my Lord,
You fairly ſpeak your virtues.
Dec. And but view
The vaſtneſs, and good order of my camp;
Your beſt towns ſworn to run my fortune, and
You'll ſay 'twas love did beg this interview.
Aſca. My Lord, your language cannot fright us from
The Queen's defence.
Dec. Great Sir, ſhe needs it not.
Down on your knees, my fellow-ſoldiers, and

With me, bow to your Sovereign: Swear with me
Never to lift your arm 'gainſt her command.
Thus, as your ſubject: As your lover, thus;
Thus to the earth I fall, and with my lips
Seal my obedience. [*Kiſſeth the ground.*

Queen. Pray riſe up, my Lord,
Would I could merit thus much favour; but——

Dec. Pardon, I interrupt you. But you cannot
Find love to anſwer mine; nor will I force it.
Be happy in your choice; and whereſoe'er
You fix, ſhine ever glorious. From this hour
I'll never more diſturb you.

Queen. Now beſhrew me,
Methinks I feel compaſſion. Good, my Lord,
Write in that blank all your demands, and by
The honour of a Princeſs, I'll deny
Nothing you ſhall inſert. [*He looks on it, and returns it.*

Dec. There 'tis again:
The paper innocent as when you gave it.

Queen. My Lord, you have writ nothing.

Dec. And 'tis nothing,
Now I have miſs'd your ſelf, I can demand;
Fortune, contract thy treaſure from all nations,
And gild it o'er with honour and with beauty;
Yet haſt thou not the power to force one wiſh,
Now I have loſt this lady.

Aſca. A great ſpirit.

Dec. One humble prayer I have, which muſt not be
Denied: And 'tis, your Majeſty will give
Me leave ne'er more to ſee you.

Queen. O, my Lord——

Dec. My vow's irrevocable. I ſhall ſecure
Your kingdom beſt by abſence, and my eye
Will never brook ſo rich a treaſure made
The purchaſe of another. To a cave,
Some undiſcover'd cave, to which no path
Doth lead the wandering lover, I have vowed
The remnant of my days.

Enter Oſſuna.

Florent. A ſtrange converſion!

And

And 'twill behove my fate to follow him.

Dec. My Lord Oſſuna here, and I, have ſworn
Our lives to ſolitude, which we'll obſerve
Religiouſly; and ſince I cannot prove
Poſſeſſor, I'll be conqueror in love.

Aſca. Pray, ſtay my Lord. Behold, Florentio there,
He hath out-done you. He, for love of me,
Hath done what you for love of heaven. All
The intereſt he had in that bright Queen
He hath reſign'd to me.

Dec. He hath paid you for your favours.

Florent. 'Tis confeſs'd; what's mine is yours.

Aſca. Thanks, my Florentio. For with her my youth
May be ſtill happy, and my age diſdain
To know a weakneſs. From her eyes I may
Draw ſtill new vital heat, and find what fools
Have ſtudied for, th' elixir. In her arms
I may be ſafe 'gainſt all invaſion from
Abroad, or civil dangers, nurs'd at home.

Queen. Your Highneſs' pardon. I confeſs how high
Your merits riſe in my eſteem; but muſt not
To honour your deſerts, my ſelf become
Unworthy after-ſtory, blemiſh'd with
That ſcorn which ſtill defames our ſex, regiſter'd
A moſt inconſtant woman; or, what's much
More infamous, one who reſerves her love
To ſerve her profit, and expoſeth it, to the merchant that
bids faireſt.

Aſca. Madam, ſpare that breath to clear
The air, when poiſon'd by contagion.
I know your ſettled thoughts, and that my power
Or title weighs not in your love. Florentio,
I will no longer rack you, though the Queen
Be th' only fire e'er warm'd this heart, and I
Deſpair ever to love again; I will
Diſdain to be unjuſt. I will not be
O'ercome in friendſhip; re-aſſume thy right.

Florent. Sir, you undo me: In your injury
I was leſs wretched; like a bankrupt, now
Without all hope of payment, I muſt owe.

Aſca. Th' ambition of my ſervice, and diſguiſe

Was to advance your fortune, Madam: Nor
Can I attempt you farther, though the conqueſt
Would wreathe my temples with a prouder laurel,
Than the addition of the world unto
My ſcepter. Be ſafe in your choice, and happy.

Queen. This goodneſs grows even to a miracle.
In his behalf, Sir, I muſt vow my ſelf
A ſubject, and your ſervant.

Aſca. O command;
For I have nothing, Madam, but obedience.
My kingdom ſhall be proud to ſhare with yours
In danger; and I'll glory to be ſtiled
Your ſoldier.

Florent. I am loſt in wonder! Sir,
I know not how to entertain this bleſſing,
I fear my joys will be my ruin.

Dec. Be both happy:
And may time never father that black moment,
Which ſhall appear to you leſs fortunate.

Aſca. Join then your hands for ever. He doth live
Mighty indeed, who hath power, and will, to give.

[*Exeunt.*

The EPILOGUE at Court.

WE have nothing left us but our Bluſhes now
For your much Penance; and though we allow
Our Fears no Comfort, ſince you muſt appear
Judges corrupt, if not to us ſevere:
Yet in your Majeſty we hope to find
A Mercy, and in that our Pardon ſign'd.
And how can we deſpair you will forgive
Them who would pleaſe, when oft Offenders live?
And if we have err'd, may not the Courteous ſay,
'Twas not their Trade, and but the Author's Play.

The EPILOGUE at the Friers.

WHAT ſhall the Author do? It Madneſs were
To intreat a Mercy from you, who are ſevere,
Stern Judges, and a Pardon never give,
For only Merit with you makes Things live:
He leaves you therefore to your ſelves, and may
You gently quit, or elſe condemn the Play,
As in an upright Conſcience you'll think fit,
Your Sentence is the Life and Death of Wit.
The Author yet hath one ſafe Plea, that tho'
A Middleſex Jury on his Play ſhould go;
They cannot find the Murder wilful, ſince
'Twas acted by Command, in his own Defence.

THE
Marriage-Night:
A
TRAGEDY.
BY
HENRY Lord Viſcount FALKLAND.

THIS Nobleman was the Son of him who is commonly call'd the Great Lord Falkland. He was a Perſon very eminent for his extraordinary Parts and Heroic Spirit. When he was firſt elected to ſerve in Parliament, ſome of the Members oppos'd his Admiſſion, urging, That he had not ſow'd his wild Oats. "Then it will be the "beſt way, replied he, to ſow them in the Houſe, where there "are Geeſe enough to pick them up." He died in 1643, being cut off in the Prime of his Years, as much miſs'd when dead, ſays Langbaine, as belov'd when living. I am inform'd from very good Hands, that it was he who wrote the Epilogue to Lord Rocheſter's Valentinian. And I believe the ſame Perſon wrote the Copy of Verſes, which is prefix'd to Sandys's Tragedy, entitled, Chriſt's Paſſion, tranſlated, or rather imitated, from the Latin of Hugo Grotius.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

THE *King.*
De Bereo, a Duke, brother to the King.
De Caſtro, } Counts; Brothers.
Deſſandro, }
De Flame, a Count.
Pirez, } Two Lords.
Sampayo, }
De Loome, } Attendants to the Duke.
La Gitterne, }
Silliman, Steward to the Ducheſs.
Two Judges.

Claudilla, a Ducheſs.
Cleara, Siſter to *De Flame.*
Torguina, } Ladies to the Ducheſs.
De Prate, }
Attendants.

SCENE *CASTILE.*

THE

Marriage-Night:

A

TRAGEDY.

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Pirez and Sampayo.

Pir. IS 'T poſſible?
Deſſandro quit from his command o'th' citadel?
So ſharply too? Bruſhing times, my Lord!
Pray, by virtue of what offence?

Samp. It may be treaſon, to aſk their wiſdoms that;
But the huge mountebank, the vulgar rout,
Quarrel'd with's religion; 'cauſe 'tis not in the
Smalleſt print: And the King—was to ſay nothing.

Pir.

Pir. Good King! I could wiſh ſomething;
And heartily, if I durſt: Well, from grave hypocriſy
And beardleſs wiſdom, good heaven deliver us!
Nothing in his great father's memory, to hold him
Worthy of his place?

Samp. That makes him taſte it
To the extremity of ſenſe and anger.

Pir. Let us but ſlight ſome gull; or his gay dreſs,
Whoſe clothes and folly are his ſenſe of honour;
How will it conjure up his blood, and bend his brow?
And can Deſſandro want a juſt and valiant anger
To feel the merits of ſo brave a father,
And his own too (kept at a noble height)
Rendered diſgraced and ſullied? He may believe
H'has deſerv'd better, both in himſelf and father:
But how does his reſolution take it?

Samp. As fire and air compreſt, when ſtruggling they
Break forth in thunders; or the vexed wind amongſt
A grove of trees, ſpending his ſcorn and rage.

Pir. Men of his ſoul and conſtitution
Cannot play with their paſſions, and ſtroak 'em tame,
When ſo provok'd.
The Duke!

Enter Duke de Bereo, paſſing over the Stage, De Caſtro whiſpering with him: De Loome, La Gitterne, and other Attendants.

Duke. Let him be confident of me, in ſomething
More worthy of himſelf, than the command
H'has loſt; and bid him uſe my promiſe.

De Caſ. We are the creatures
Of your favour; and but own our lives
T' acknowledge it.——— [*Exeunt.*

Pir. Here's ſtate embroidery!———
But, pray'e, what holiday things be they that ſpread
So in his train? I don't remember I left
Such faces in the court.

Samp. The firſt of them,
Stalks in a knighthood, like a boy
In a Dutch Burgher's doublet; and 'tis as much
Too wide for him; he has travel'd, and ſpeaks languages,

As a barber's boy plays o'th' gittern; and thoſe gay clouts, Sir,
Came out of's father's ſhop.
Pir. His remnants.
The other? That looks like the age to come,
Which muſt be worſe than this———
Samp. His fortune and induſtry
Has preferr'd him to be barber and pimp;
Two men's places, till of late our noblemen,
Growing frugal, do find one may do
Both the imployments.
Pir. It is both thriving and genteel.
Samp. Genteel indeed; for they have produc'd Knights,
And made Stateſmen of broken citizens (with the help
Of a wife.) But he whoſe youth and ſorrow ſhews him
Like a fair day, ſet in a cloudy evening, is———
Pir. The Lord De Caſtro; I know him: and methinks,
Some ſparks of his father, great Velaſco's character,
Shines in this young man, through all the darkneſs
Of his fate.
Samp. That name alone, has glory enough
To make him a brave preſage to us.
The Duke's father's character was deriv'd
And cireled in himſelf: and a full age
Of men ſhall rarely ſhew another of
So much great and ballanc'd man in't.
Pir. They are all court-fancies; pageants of ſtate:
And want allowance both of brain and ſoul,
To make their blood and titles weight.
Samp. He was ſtrangely
Shuffled to the block.
Pir. That blow did bleed Caſtile too weak,
And left us in a faint and ſickly pang.
Samp. The pulſe, Sir, of Caſtile beats in another temper
Than when you left it.
Pir. I find it: The city wears a cap, and looks
As if all were not right there.
Samp. Except their wives.
Pir. The court methinks has ſtrangely chang'd
Complexion too.
Samp. Thoſe that deride us ſay———The Clergy

Has

Has catch'd the falling-ſickneſs; the court, a deep
Conſumption; and that the commons have the ſpleen.
Pir. I know not what diſeaſe the court has; but the Lords,
Look as if they had over-ſate themſelves at play,
And loſt odds: ſo ſcurvily!
Samp. How does your Lordſhip find
The ladies?
Pir. I ha' not been amongſt 'em yet,
To take up my arrears; only had the court-happineſs
To kiſs her hand, who in herſelf contracts them all
For grace and luſtre, the widow Ducheſs Claudilla.
Samp. Why there my admiration leaves you: I grant her
A brave and courtly girl; has trim and dazle
Enough of white and red, to attract the eye,
Like an indifferent copy, flouriſh'd with golden trails;
But place your judgment nearer, it retreats
And cries you mercy for the miſtake. At diſtance,
She is a goodly landſkip.
Pir. Alas, her blooming beauties
Yet languiſh and pine o'er her huſband's herſe,
Like roſes ſcatter'd from the morning's brow,
Into the day's parch'd lap.
Samp. Their ſpring will ſhine again, grow glorious
And fruitful in the arms of her De Flame;
It is my hearty wiſh to their affections;
That count does bear an honour'd character
From all that know him.
Pir. A brave young man; and one that is more honour
To his title, than it to him. But when
Muſt their hymeneal tapers flame? and ſhe
Offer her turtle pantings at the altar,
Purpling the morn with bluſhes as ſhe goes;
And ſcatter ſuch bright rays, as the ſun may
Dreſs his beams with, for that day's glory.
Samp. After
He has deliver'd his ſiſter to Deſſandro's hand,
He will not defer thoſe minutes long; and he thinks himſelf
Behind in ſome expreſſion of their friendſhip,
Until the knot meet there.

Pir.

Pir. Cleara is a lady
Of a ſweet and honour'd fame.
Samp. All other of her ſex
Are dull and ſullied imitations, pale glimmerings,
Set by her. Whate'er the modeſt fictions
Of ſweetned pens has meant, ſhe is their moral.
Pir. You ſpeak like one that knows what virtue is,
And can love it.

Enter De Caſtro and Deſſandro to them.

Deſ. I thank the Duke; he has a right ſoul.
But, prithee, no more of theſe ſad conſolations;
They hang upon my heart like pondrous weights
At trembling wires; or like the dull labourings
Of that clock which groan'd out our dear father's
Fatal minute.
De Caſt. I have done.
Deſ. I could chide this tame and phlegmy vapour
From my blood: Our paſſions melt into ſoft
Murmurs, like hollow ſprings: ——
The manhood of cold hinds would not be tempted
To this ſenſe, but leap with rage into their eyes;
Brother, it would! and wake 'em into tempeſts:
A wretched fly would ſhew its ſpleen.
De Caſt. This anger will but ſhew men where you bleed,
And keep the wound ſtill green.
Deſ. The ſcar will ſtick for ever: ——
Oh, the dark hypocriſy and juggling of our times!
Great men are ſlaves to ſlaves; and we are theirs:
The law's a tame wolf, cowards and fools
May ſtroak with giving hands; while he ſhall
Couchant lie, and wag the tail; but ſhew
His fangs at you and I. A noble wiſh
Is dangerous: Is't not, my Lord?
Pir. What, Deſſandro?
Deſ. The vulgar's a kennel of black-mouth'd dogs,
That worry men's deſerts and fame: my curſe
Feſter in their temples.
De Caſt. Prithee, Deſſandro, collect theſe ſcatter'd thoughts.

Deſ.

Deſ. I'll hollow them through all the world, and ſay't
Again: Worth and honour now are crimes, and giants
'Gainſt the State. My Lords, ſhall 's be merry,
And talk ſomething the hangman may thank
Us for?

Pir. Treaſon? I vow, Deſſandro, I ſpeak the worſt *Ex tempore*, of any man living.

Samp. I could mutter it well enough; but I'm to marry
A city widow, and buy a place at court.

Pir. When I have ſold my land, we'll venture on
A merry catch, and ever ſubſcribe your ſervant,
Noble Deſſandro.

Deſ. I ſhall find a time and place to pay your Lordſhip
The accompt of my engagements.

De Caſt. Brother, my attendance calls me to the King;
I'll wait upon your Lordſhip, if y'are for the Court.

Pir. Your Lordſhip's ſervant thither.——— [*Exeunt.*

Deſ. So ſtreams divide, and ruffle by their banks.
My brother's of a ſafe contracted boſom:
Can ſtrangle his labouring rages in their thought;
When they do tug like poiſons at my breaſt,
Until I give them air. But I'll obſerve,
And creep into men's ſouls: Hug my dear anger
To my ſelf, until it gnaw my entrails through,
That men may court my patience and diſcourſe,
As now they ſhun it.———
And when black night has ſtretch'd her gloomy limbs,
And laid her head upon ſome mountain-top
Bound up in foggy miſts; then keep my haunts
By ſome dull-groaning ſtream, with ſcreeching owls,
And batts; there pay my broken thoughts
Unto thy ghoſt, Velaſco!———
Echo ſhall wake, and midnight, to help me curſe their ſouls
That thruſt thee to thy grave; whilſt I will hang
About night's neck, until the moon do wake
To reſcue her.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Deſſandro,
You muſt not be angry my power came ſhort

Of

Of my deſires to ſerve you: We'll try ſome other way:
You ſee by what engines the times move;
The King refers all to his council; and though
They do not tie his hands, they hold 'em by a ſtrange
Courteſy. I'm but a ſingle looker-on: Perhaps
They may take notice of me, for his brother;
That is, when they pleaſe too: But this
Came neareſt to me; upon the engagement of my honour
To deny my friend, and one whoſe ſingle faith
Had been enough for all the kingdom's ſafety,
The holding of ſuch a trifle as the citadel.

Def. It has recompens'd me in part to know where
That cloſe annoy lay which wounded me i'th' dark:
I ſhall now collect my ſelf againſt it; and know,
My Lord, where my poor life and powers are
To be proſtrate: Could I enlarge them to my wiſh,
They might appear, Sir, to your Highneſs' uſe.

Duke. I know how far you can, braveſt man;
Your worth has taken fire here, where I'll
Preſerve it in a noble flame——
My greateſt thirſt of fame is my expreſſion
To Men of your merit, who cannot want
A friend, whilſt I have power to be one:
But I am ſcanted and weakned in my deſires,
Elſe fam'd Velaſco had not yet ſlept in his duſt
To pleaſe the common hangman; nor men of glorious
Parts live ſhrouded in obſcure homes, like
Pamphlets out of date.

Def. You are the patron of our honoured actions,
And all their glory meets and circles
In your fame.

Duke. I will diſengage you from this forc'd compliment:
It keeps me at too great a diſtance from that
Boſom, where I would lodge a friend, Deſſandro:
I muſt take't unkindly too, that in the ſcrowl
Of all your friends, I ſtand daſh'd out, a ſtranger
To your joys.

Def. My Lord!

Duke. But you ſhall not ſteal the day ſo: I'll be
One at the ceremony, though the bride tell me
In a bluſh, I came unwiſh'd-for. *Def.*

Def. 'Tis but the buſy voice, that like the night-mare
Rides men; and can find ſtrange ſhapes and prodigies
I'th' clouds: I muſt confeſs, Cleara has the
Engagement of all her virtues, and a brother's on me;
When it concerns me nearer, it muſt not be a ſecret
To your Highneſs, to whom all that's deriv'd
To my poor life and fortune is a juſt debt.

Duke. You know the way unto a friend; if you can think
I have power enough to make me ſo.

Def. Sir, I was only ſhewed to the world to be talk'd on:
Fortune (I thank her) has given me many knacks
To play with in her mood; but taken 'em away again ſcurvily,
To tell me I was not born to any real purpoſe;
And I wiſh nothing, ſhe can give me.

Duke. She will acknowledge her miſtake, and put
On her ſmiles to court your merits.
La Gitterne, is the King come from's ſport?

[*La Gitterne waits.*

La Git. He dines abroad, my Lord.

Duke. Colonel, this day you ſhall beſtow on me:
I owe the Ducheſs Claudilla a viſit;
Make ready ſtreight; we'll ſpend a dinner-time
There, and the afternoon at Tennis. [*Exeunt.*

A SONG.

That done, Claudilla and De Flame diſcover'd ſitting in a rich Couch; at each end a Lady waiting.

De Flame. This does but find our melancholy out,
And caſt it in a minute's trance; when one
Soft accent from Claudilla's voice leaves nought
That's earth about me. My ſoul's in her elyſium,
And every ſenſe immortal, dilated into joys:
Heaven becomes attentive, and the ſoft winds
Put on their perfum'd wings to hover near thoſe lips.
That bluſh does ſhew the ſparkles of ſome incenſed thought!
My poor expreſſions rob ye; but I appeal
To this white hand, for pardon.

Claud.

Claud. Sir, my thoughts are all acknowledgments of that delight
I hear and ſee you with, what dreſs ſoe'er you pleaſe
To ſend your courtſhip in to try 'em;
We have outliv'd thoſe arts and common charms,
And need not ſeek our hearts in ſcatter'd flames;
As thoſe, whoſe leſſon yet is at the hand or eye;
Our hearts have read Love's deep divinity,
And all his amorous volumes over; we muſt write
Stories of our love, my Lord.

De Flame. And chaſte ones, Madam:
How glorious the frontiſpiece would ſhew
With great Claudilla's name, tied in a true
Love's knot to her De Flame's! Though the
Great diſtance of your ſhining attributes both
Of blood and virtue, conſider'd in the poverty of mine,
Would draw ſquint eyes, and envy to my ſtars;
But ſpeak your name great as the example of your
Goodneſs, and make it worth the imitation
Of all noble minds, that ſhall but read your love
And ſweetneſs; which (moſt excellent of your ſex)
Condeſcended unto me, who elſe had
Languiſh'd in a heap of aſhes.

Claud. My Lord, you have found an eaſy way into
My heart, and won me from my ſelf, ere I
Could call my thoughts to reſiſtance;
Such ſtrength brought your deſerts! But now
I hope, nay can be confident (beſt Sir,) they are
Treaſured in a breaſt, whoſe virtues will
Preſerve them with themſelves.

De Flame. Oh Madam!

Claud. It may be, ſome diſcourſe, that when firſt
I entertain'd your love, I had not yet given
The world and my dead huſband's earth, a full
Account of ſorrow; or paid his memory
A year's juſt rent of tears: But I appeal
To my own heart; and you, my Lord, can ſay——

De Flame. Your heart has been but too ſevere unto it ſelf;
And I can ſay I have not ſeen a beam break
From thoſe eyes, but through dark clouds and ſhowers;

Or

Or like the ſun, drench'd in the ſwelling main;
Nor a look with the leaſt comfort of a ſmile in't.
Nay, divineſt Madam, now you do but chide
Heaven in your tears; and cannot raiſe the dead.
Claud. True, Sir.
De Flame. Tears are but ſhallow murmurs of our grief.
I envy not his grave a tear, but owe all
Noble mention to't; yet, Madam, I did hope
You had diſcharg'd the ſmart and cruelty of grief
From your ſoft breaſt: And would call your beauties
To their natural ſprings:——
Look on your ſelf (rare lady) in this change,
With what high flame and rapture it becomes you:
So breaks the morning forth of a cryſtal cloud;
And ſo the ſun aſcends his glittering chair,
And from his burniſh'd locks ſhakes day about.
The ſummer puts not on more delights and various
Glory, than ſhines in bright Claudilla;
And ſhall the grave exhauſt their pride
And youth?——

Enter Torguina.

Tor. Madam, the King's brother gives you a viſit.
De Flame. Who's with him?
Tor. The Colonel, your Lordſhip calls friend.
De Flame. Deſſandro?
Claud. Let's meet 'em, Sir.—— [*Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke, Dutcheſs, Cleara, De Flame, Deſſandro, Attendants.

Duke. I'M in arrears yet unto your Grace.
Claud. A widow's entertainment, Sir, you pleaſe to honour. *Duke.*

Duke. I wiſh the hours but ſhort, that bring the night:
You are to loſe that name in; and then, to what
Length your own deſires would ſpin 'em:
Widow! Madam; there's diſconſonancy in
The name, methinks: Claudilla widow?
Ducheſs, and ſtill widow, (like a cypreſs
Caſt o'er a bed of lillies) darkens your other titles:
'Tis a weed in your garden; and will ſpoil the youth
And beauty it grows nigh: A word of mortality,
Or a *memento mori*, to all young ladies;
And a paſſing-bell to old ones. Indeed, it is
A meer privation; and all widows are in
The ſtate of out-laws, till married again.

Claud. Your Highneſs holds a merry opinion of us
Poor widows.

De Flame. I ſay virgins are the ore; widows,
The gold try'd and refin'd.

Duke. A fair young lady and widow, is
A rich piece of ſtuff rumpled: an old one's
A blotting-paper, a man ſhall never
Write any thing on; ſhe ſinks ſo.
Deſſandro, your comment.

De Flame. Friend, you are dull o'th' ſudden.

Cle. He is not well.

Claud. Not well, Sir?

Def. Not well, Madam.

Duke. Dull! Shall's to tennis? I have ſome piſtoles
Will pay your borrow'd time, Deſſandro.

Def. Your pardon, Sir, I am unfit to wait on you;
My life hangs in a dew upon me;
And I have drunk poiſon.

De Flame. Ha!
A phyſician with all ſpeed; Deſſandro!

Cle. Dear Sir!

Def. Cleara! Lend me thy hand——So——
I'm ſtruck upon a rock.—— [*Swoons.*

Cle. He's dead; I ſhall not overtake him.

Duke. Look to the lady.

Claud. He ſwells like a ſtopp'd torrent, or a teeming cloud;
Have I no ſervants there?—— [*Carry him off.*

De

De Flame. What a ſudden ſtorm is fallen?
Duke. How fares the lady?
Claud. Madam!
Cle. As you are tender-natur'd, let no hand
Cloſe his eyes but mine: I am come back
Thus far, to take my farewel on his cold lip.
[*De Flame returns.*
De Flame. Siſter, let thy warm blood flow back:
Thy Deſſandro lives, my girl!
Cle. Oh! may I not ſee him?
De Flame. You ſhall. [*Exeunt.*
Duke. Give me leave to make this opportunity happy
On your hand: How! Not vouchſafe it?
[*Ducheſs goes off.*
What a tyranny ſhot from her ſcornful eye?
Where have I loſt my ſelf and her?
There's a croſs and peeviſh genius haunts my hopes;
A black and envious cloud; and I muſt get above it.
Not kiſs your hand? Is your blood ſurfeited? I'll quit
This ſcorn; indeed I will, coy Madam!
Thou, that art Lord of my proud horoſcope;
Great ſoul of myſteries; kindle my brain
With thy immortal fires———
That if I fall, my name may riſe divine:
So Cæſar's glory ſet; and ſo ſet mine.——— [*Exit.*

Enter Silliman, a bottle tied in a ribband to his pocket.

Sil. Brave canary; intelligent canary;
That does refreſh our weak and mortal bodies!
I will have thee canoniz'd Saint Canary, at
My own charge: And call my eldeſt ſon
Canary. Yet for a man to love thee at
His own coſt is damnable, very damnable;
And I defy it.———
And Siſs is the blitheſt laſs in our town,
For ſhe ſells ale by the pound, and the dozen;
Ale! Hang ale!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. By your Worſhip's leave, I would ſpeak with
Seignior Silliman, the Dutcheſs's ſteward; an't like ye.

Sil.

Sil. Wou'd you ſpeak with Seignior Silliman, an't like ye?

Meſ. Pleaſe God, and your Worſhip, an't like ye.

Sil. In what language wou'd you ſpeak with him—hum.

Meſ. Yes verily, I wou'd ſpeak with him, an't like ye.

Sil. At what poſture?

Meſ. Marry, from a friend, an't like ye.

Sil. Very good, my friend: Did'ſt ever ſay thy [*Drinks.*
Prayers in the canary tongue?

Meſ. My prayers, an't like ye? Your Worſhip's diſpos'd
To be merry: I have a wife and ſeven ſmall
Children, an't like ye; to wind, and turn, as they ſay;
Simple as your Worſhip ſees me here, an't like ye.

Sil. Pox o' wives; I'll not give a gazet for thy wife;
She's tough, and too much powder'd: Fetch me
Thy daughter, thy youngeſt daughter, ſirrah!
If the creature be a virgin, and deſirable:
Look ye! there's money to buy her clean linen.
I'll have a bath of rich canary, and Venus' milk;
Where we will bathe and ſwim together, like
So many ſwans; and then be call'd, Seignior
Jupiter Sillimano. But is ſhe man's meat?
I have a tender appetite, and can ſcarcely digeſt
One in her teens.

Meſ. Does your Worſhip think, I wou'd be a Judas,
an't like ye?
She's as neat a girl, and as tight at her buſineſs
As the back of your hand, an't like ye: But heaven
Bleſs ye, and cry ye mercy: If you be his Worſhip,
Here's a letter from the Lady de Prate, an't like ye.

Sil. The Lady de Prate (mark me, ſirrah) is a
Noble Lady; we ſay ſo—— [*Reads a letter.*

I never knew what bondage was till now;
I fear the gilded heart you ſent me was
Inchanted—— (oh—oh) *I long to ſee you*——
—(hum—hum) *therefore let me have the happineſs*
To know the place and time—(even ſo) *as*
You love her that bluſhes to write this——

Yes, yes, I'll inchant ye! I'll time and place ye!

Surely,

Surely, there's ſomething more about me, than I can
Perceive. Grant that I may bear my fate
Diſcreetly! *I never knew what bondage was—* [*Reads.*
Till now. Well; 'tis heaven's goodneſs! For what am I,
Silly wretch, to ſuch a Lady, as ſhe that writes ſo
Pitifully unto me? It wou'd overcome e'en a heart
Of flint: Good gentlewoman!——— [*Weeps.*
As you love her, that bluſhes to write this— [*Reads.*
Hum—yes, yes; ſhe knows I love her: It
Will work—I can't contain my good-nature.—
[*Drinks and weeps.*

Enter La Gitterne, and De Loome.

De Loome. Here he is; and ſtands like a map of
Sundry countries.

La Git. One wou'd take him for ſome foreign beaſt,
And that fellow to ſhew him. How the gander
Ruffles and prunes himſelf, as if he would
Tread the gooſe by him?

De Loome. 'Tis a pure goat!

La Git. And will clamber a pyramid in ſcent of's female.

De Loome. The wenches ſwear, he kiſſes like a giant ſtill;
And will ride his heats as cleanly, as a dieted
Gelding. Let's fall in: Seignior Silliman!
My beſt wiſhes kiſs your hand.

La Git. Continue me worthy the title of your ſervant, Sir.

Sil. I am very glad to ſee you well; and hope you are
In good health, and ſound, gentlemen.

La Git. And when ſhall 's draw cuts again for a
Wench, Seignior, hah?

Sil. Your pleaſure to ſay ſo.

De Loome. The ſlave's roſe drunk, o' my life.

Sil. Pleaſe you to take notice of my worthy friend here.

De Loome. Your admirer, Sir. [*Salutes Meſſenger.*

La Git. Slave to your ſedan, Sir.

Meſ. God bleſs the good Ducheſs, and all that love the
King, I ſay, gentlemen, an't like ye.

De Loome. Pray, Sir, what news abroad, or at court?

Meſ. News, quoth-a! Indeed, Sir, the truth is, I am a
Shoemaker by my trade; my name is Latchet,

And

And I work to ſome Ladies in the houſe here,
Though I ſay't my ſelf: And yet the times were
Never harder, nor leather dearer.

De Loome. This winter will make amends;
You ſhall have horſe hides cheap; horſe hides, dog-cheap.

Latch. Cheap, quoth-a! Why, Sir, I'll tell you (for you
Look like a very honeſt gentleman) I am put to
Find a pike my ſelf; and muſt, the pariſh ſwears,
Or loſe all the ſhoes in my ſhop.

De Loome. 'Tis very brave! Why, you look like a champion;
And have a face the pariſh may confide in.

Latch. Fide, quoth-a! Sir; be judge your ſelf, if ever
You knew the like. I have been at the trade
This forty years, off and on; and thoſe children's
Shoes I have ſold for ſix-pence, or a groat, upon ſome
Occaſion; we now ſell for twelve pence, as they ſay.

De Loome. Then the miſery is, you get the more.

Latch. More, quoth-a! Pray, Sir, a word. You are a
Courtier, if I may be ſo bold. They ſay we muſt
All be fain to ſhut up ſhop; and mortgage
Our wives to the ſoldiers. D' ye hear any
Such talk, Sir?

De Loome. Some buzzing: but the blades will not accept 'em
Without ſpecial articles; and a ſtock of money; and
Plate, to keep the babies they ſhall beget valiant.

Latch. Valiant, quoth-a! Truly, Sir, I'll tell ye,
On the truth of a poor man, my Lady de Prate's foot
Is but of the ſixes; and yet we pay five piſtoles
A dicker.

Sil. My Lady's foot but o'th' ſixes? you lye, ſirrah!
By Saint Hugh! there's never a Lady i'th' land has a
Prettier foot and leg; if you ha' not ſpoil'd 'em
With your calves ſkin, ſirrah.

La Git. Why, the ſixes is a good handſome ſize for a Lady.

Latch. Lady, quoth-a! my life for her's, there's few Ladies
I'th' court go more upright; nor pay better;
I'll ſay that.

Sil. You ſay that? Foh; I ſcorn to wear an inch
Of leather thy naſty fleſh ſhall handle.
De Loome. Oh, your worthy friend, Signior; and an elder in's pariſh;
A pike-man too, for the republick. Come, come,
He ſhall be ſhoemaker to us all. Can'ſt truſt?
Latch. Truſt, quoth-a! My name's Latchet, Sir: I
Serv'd eleven years to my vocation, before I
Could be free; and have drank many a good bowl
Of beer i'th' Ducheſs's cellar, ſince that.
De Loome. I like a man can anſwer ſo punctually
To a thing.
Latch. Thing, quoth-a! It is our trade, Sir.
De Loome. Spoke like the warden of the company!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Claudilla, and Deſſandro in a night-gown.

Claud. I am at extremity of wonder.
Deſ. The ſtory may deſerve it, Lady; when you ſhall
Caſt your thoughts upon the man it treats on;
The circumſtances and progreſs of my love:
Nay, it may raiſe your anger higher than your wonder;
And work the modeſt pantings of your breaſt
Into a hectick rage. I ſaw this tempeſt
Gather'd in a cloud, diſmal and black, ready to break
Its womb in ſtorms upon me; and I have caſt
My ſoul on every frown and horror you can arm
Your paſſion with. I have held conflict with the wilder
Guilt and tremblings of my blood to reſcue it: But
Heaven, and my angry fate, has thrown me groveling
At your feet; and I want ſoul to break the charm.
Claud. This is a ſtrange myſtery, to betray my virtue
With your own; and I ſhall ſin to hear it.
Deſ. If pity be a ſin, lock up thoſe beauties
From the view of men; or they will damn all the
Eyes, that look upon you.
Claud. Has your blood loſt all the virtue it ſhould inherit?
And think you by this treacherous ſiege to take
My honour in? Let me ſhun you, or you will
Talk me leprous.

Def. Do, Madam ——————
Tear up the wounds your eyes have made ——————
I'll keep them bleeding ſacrifices to your cruelty.
And when cold Death has caſt his gloomy ſhade
O'er this duſt, perhaps you may beſtow one gentle
Sigh to hallow it: when you ſhall know
The height of my deſires was but to die worthy
Of your pardon; without the ambition of a bolder thought:
And ſtill had ſcorch'd, and ſmother'd here without
A tongue, only to beg your mercy to my grave.

Claud. Play not yourſelf into a ſhame will ruſt your brighteſt
Worths; and hide your duſt in curſes, and black fame:
I now ſhall think your valour flatter'd, that can
Sink it to ſuch effeminate and love-ſick crafts,
For our ſtale women to mollify the uſher with.
Deſſandro has a fame, high and active as the voice
It flies on: And could you wander from your
Religious ſelf, in ſuch a dream as this;
Cleara's virtue has an intereſt near your heart,
Should wake you to your firſt man again.

Def. Cleara ſtill is here, in the firſt ſculpture of
Her virtues; and I their honourer.

Claud. No more! ——
My grief and ſhame are paſſionate, to find
So much bad man got near your heart; and ſhews
This ſick complexion in your honour, more
Tainted than the face of your impoſture. ——
You have play'd the excellent counterfeit; and your ſkill
Does make you proud: you cannot bluſh. —— [*Exit.*

Def. She's gone; ——
A ſtar ſhot from her eye, and lightned through
My blood: I muſt provide for thunder; and
Thy revenge, De Flame, as horrid as thought can
Shape it.

Enter Cleara.

Cle. Sir!

Def. Proud love! I'll meet thee with burning ſighs
And bleeding turtles at thy ſhrine. ——

Cle. This is too bold a hazard for your health;
Which yet ſits wan and troubled on your cheek.

Def.

Def. Madam!
Cle. Indeed I'll chide ye.
Def. Oh, cry ye mercy; ——— Some retired meditations.
Cle. I ſhall obſerve 'em;
Let me but leave you with the joy to know
I ſtand not in the hazard of that frown.
Def. We'll kiſs next time.
Cle. Sir!
Def. Or never.
Cle. Ha! d'ye know me?
Def. So well, methinks we ſhould not part ſo ſoon:
Our hearts have been more ceremonious, and hung
In panting ſighs upon our lips, to bid adieu.
One kiſs muſt now ſum up all; and ſeal their
General releaſe. I know Cleara more conſtant
To her virtue and brave mind, than to aſk heaven
Idle queſtions.—'Tis fate, not will—— [*Exit.*
Cle. So———
I feel thy marble hand lie here: 'Tis cold, and heavy!
How my poor heart throbs under it, and ſtruggles to
Find air? not one kind ſigh lend thee a gale
For yonder haven!—It's gone——quite vaniſh'd—
Beſhrew me, it was a moſt horrible apparition!
I wou'd not ſee it again,
In ſuch a cruel look, for all my hopes;
Yet it held me gently by the hand, and left a warm farewell there,
As my Deſſandro us'd. As my Deſſandro, ſaid I?
Oh! how fain my hopes would mock my apprehenſion;
And that my ſorrow?———
I'll woo thy pity with my groans, kind earth!
And lay my throbbing breaſt to thine!
Until I am diſſolv'd into a ſpring;
Whoſe murmurs ſhall eternally repeat
This minute's ſtory.

Enter De Flame.

De Flame. Ha!———
Cleara, drown'd in her own tears? Siſter! Cleara!

Cle. I had a gentle ſlumber; and all the world
Methought was in a midnight calm.
De Flame. Dear Girl,
Clear up thoſe ſad eyes, and my cold doubts.
Prythee tell me, is our Deſſandro dead?
Cle. Heaven defend.
De Flame. No! what then in all the volumes of black deſtiny
And nature, can throw you into this poſture?——
Unkind Cleara! why doſt diſſemble it? I ſee him
Breathleſs on thy cheek, and loſt.
Cle. Loſt for ever.
De Flame. My fears did prompt me ſo; for ever!——
There's horror and amazement in the thought.
See, Cleara! my eyes can over-take thee.
Gone at ſo ſhort a farewel, friend? Death,
Thou art the murderer of all our joys and hopes.
Cle. Sir, Deſſandro's well; very well; we parted
Even but now.
De Flame. What!
Cle. Oh, Brother! I have loſt a jewel that he gave me; I ſhall vex my eyes out.
De Flame. Beſhrew this ſerious folly: you have vex'd my Blood into a ſullen fit.
Cle. You ſhall not chide me——
Tell me, did'ſt ever in thy life meet with a grief
That made thy poor heart ſick; and did divide
Thy ſleeps and hours into groans and ſighs?
De Flame. Never; thank my indifferent fate.
Cle. Nor in the legend of ſome injur'd maid;
That made thine eye to pauſe, and with a tear
Bedew it?
De Flame. I cannot untie riddled knots, Cleara.
Cle. Come, I'll but dry mine eyes; and tell you a ſtory,
That ſhall deſerve a groan.—— [*Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter De Caſtro, and Deſſandro,

Def. TUSH! ——— They had only tongue and malice!
And that great zeal they
Seem'd to owe to Rome, was unto themſelves
And their own eſtates. What were they, but wranglers
In ſchools and law? and ſtudied words to make men
Guilty. They liv'd at eaſe; and ſlept in purples and
Warm furs. But bold-minded Catiline threatned
Their wiſe ſleeps.

De Caſ. There was too much attempt and fact in't.

Def. 'Twas fact then, to look ſour on a gown-man:
They were meer citizens; jealous of their wives,
And daughters: that condemn'd 'em too ———
De Caſtro! there's a lethargy in our blood:
We ſleep and dream away our lives! If ſuch
Wore purple for well talking, what ſhall he merit
That cures the wounds and ſmart his country groans with?

De Caſ. The people ſhall enſhrine his name with reverence;
And fill their temples with his ſtatues. 'Tis
The great end we are all born to.

Def. Which can't be, whilſt by-reſpect ſhall cloſely
Wound the boſom of our laws and freedom:
For what was't leſs, that took our father's life?

De Caſ. In whoſe blow, the heads of all brave men were
Threatned.

Def. Then if we dare not do a general good,
Yet let us ſecure our own dear lives and honours.

De Caſ. The ſtate is full of dangerous whiſpers.

Def. There's an impoſtume ſwells it.

De Caſ. Wou'd 'twere lanc'd.

Def. Spoken with the ſoul of Caſſius! we have the cure,
And may do it with a little ſtir. But then
We muſt deal like true phyſicians of ſtate;
And where we find it ulcer'd, (though in our ſelves,
Friends, and allies,) not lay ſoft effeminate hands on't.
Nature has made us neareſt to our ſelves:
And I would pay the laſt warm drop of blood
From all theſe veins; to ſee the hopes and honours of our blood
(That's now benighted in our father's fate)
Dawn on De Caſtro's youth again.

De Caſ. No, Deſſandro; thoſe hopes are loſt upon a high
And angry ſea; and I muſt ſee fools and ſtale
Paraſites (whoſe progeny ne'er bled one drop, nor had
A valiant thought to ſerve their country) begin
A ſpurious iſſue on my birth-right; that will, on tiptoes,
Coloſſus like, beſtride us, and graſp our fate.

Def. Take me into thy boſom, brave man; we meet
Like amorous ſtreams, and as we ought;
Our honour, life and fortunes, have but one heart.
Give me thy hand, De Caſtro! This ſword—— [*Draws.*
Our father hath oft made glorious in the blood
Of De Caſtro's foes; and I'll not doubt,
How much it prompts thy valiant ſoul.
Oh, brother! Tears, and ſome ſad diſcourſe,
Is all that we have paid him yet. Strangers
Can be far braver in their ſenſe unto his fame.
The tears we ought to ſhed, ought to be blood, De Caſtro!
Blood, warm from their veins, that made us weep,
In ſtreams; and mingle it with the duſt of vulgar
Feet, as they did his. Swear by all the glorious acts
Of our great anceſtry; their hallowed urns;
Our fathers injur'd memory; and all
The hopes and honour we derive from them
To pay his blood a ſad account, in ſome
Revenge, worthy his ghoſt and our bold hands.

De Caſt. All which religiouſly, I vow to.

Def. And I; ſo, now we are brothers by as ſtrong
Divinity as nature. I'll not break open the
Deſign, till we ſhall hear't confirm'd by higher warrant:
Anon, meet at the Ducheſs Dowager's. *De*

De Caſ. Claudilla's ?

Deſ. Yes ; where you ſhall hear ſomething worthy the
Encouragement of our father's ſpirit in thee.
I am now to wait upon the Duke ; he
That keeps us what we are.

De Caſ. The Duke !——I have the game in view,
And now diſcern, what I muſt pay him for my place.

Deſ. You are full of thoughts, my Lord ?

De Caſ. Brother, our lives are on the caſt ; but 'tis not that
Does interpoſe 'em : There's ſomething in my fears
Still preſents Cleara. Take heed, Deſſandro———
A virgin's tears leave ſad and fatal prints.

Deſ. Your wiſhes are a brother's ; but thoſe dreams chill
Not my ſleeps. Think on that concerns us near,
And be active.

De Caſ. I ſhall not fail ye. Farewel.— [*Ex. De Caſ.*

Enter Pirez.

Pir. Colonel Deſſandro !

Deſ. Your Lordſhip's pardon : Which way walk you ?

Pir. As you pleaſe to diſpoſe me ; my buſineſs
Now deſigns it ſo : 'Tis there, in ſhort———
[*Gives a paper, which Deſſandro reads.*
I love this gallant maſtery of a man's ſelf:
I look'd his temper would have flam'd about my ears :
Not a ſparkle in his brow, nor the leaſt change of blood.
Strange ! I have ſeen him ruffl'd into a ſtorm,
And all fury : Now, not a frown nor ſmile.

Deſ. De Flame ? —— well ———
My Lord, this is a down flat challenge.

Pir. I brought it for one.

Deſ. I accept it, with thanks to your Lordſhip, and ſhall be
Ready to ſerve you in any power I have.

Pir. 'Tis not worth it, Colonel.

Deſ. The Lord De Flame 's angry, it ſeems, that Fortune ſhould
Give me right without his hand in't ; he has turn'd his ſtyle

High and ſtrangely on me: But I ſhall coolly reſpite
That, till we have room to argue it. That he is
Far more worthy his expectation in the Ducheſs, I can
Confeſs: That's no aſſent, Sir, to my quarrel; nor yet
A law to her: For thoſe whom her thoughts pleaſe
To think moſt worthy, are ſo to her.

Pir. But does not bind the opinion of another.

Def. Nor that opinion, her freedom.

Pir. Yet there be rules in virtue, from which all noble
Judgments ſhould take their level; even in love it ſelf.

Def. If it be thought ſhe's too partial in her grace
To me, I ſhall diſpute it, as 'tis queſtion'd.

Pir. I come not to add exceptions, or to make any.

Def. I ſtand not in ſo cheap a rank, but that her
Favour may make my ſervices as meritorious
As his Lordſhip's; and can engage as much blood and
Fame for't.

Pir. You know him of a noble breaſt, and one
That will not flatter weak pretences into truths;
Nor let 'em work with ſuch impreſſions on his ſoul,
Did not his honour bleed in't. Sir, I come
As one that ever honour'd your great parts,
And wiſh that you could think on't o'er again.
Think how black you muſt expect that morn to riſe
Upon your wiſhes, when you lead her to the altar;
Where the faint lights with blue and ghaſtly flames,
Will receive ye; and all the things of holy ceremony
Preſent pale glimmerings to your eyes, to fright your bride
Back unto her firſt vows. And then, methinks,
Each tear and groan the fair Cleara ſends
To overtake ye, ſhould ſhew a ſpeaking fury
To untwine your trembling hands.

Def. No; nor all the ſquadrons hell can ſpare,
To aid them: Though her brother led them on,
And you brought up the rear.

Pir. Sir!

Def. Piſh——The meaneſt thought Claudilla
Pleaſes to beſtow here (under this humble guard)
Muſt be without the affright (my Lord) of all the
Dangers in his muſter: Stare they like giants
On me, and in armies. As for Cleara,

If

If ſhe held flattering glaſſes to her thoughts,
Which render'd 'em wide and airy, they muſt not forfeit
Me. You may deſerve her better: I'll not ſtart, Sir,
A ſcruple from his demands, and yours; expect it,
And ſo, farewel.——— [*Going off.*

Pir. Farewel?———The time?

Def. I ſhall think on't.

Pir. Shall?——It muſt not ſo tamely be thought on.

Def. How?

Pir. I ſpoke it, Sir.

Def. Are you ſent to own the quarrel?

Pir. No; but look on't with ſo much ſoul, as I think't
An honour to wear a ſword in't.

Def. Go; go hang it in your miſtreſs's chamber!
It ſtinks, Sir, of perfume.

Pir. It may, Sir, (for deſtiny has many ways to the wood.)
Cut your throat; and then I'll give't your foot-boy.

Def. My throat, Pirez! that ſaucy thought has
Ruin'd thee. ——— [*Fight.*

Enter Sampayo, and De Loome.

Sam. Hold, hold, Colonel.

De Loome. My Lord, y'are hurt! [*To Pirez.*

Pir. I muſt owe him this for't.

Def. Can'ſt talk yet?

Sam. Command your paſſion: See how the common herd
Come gazing in: Do not become their talk
And wonder. Noble Deſſandro, put up, my Lord!
———Thank ye———

De Loome. Sir, my Lord Duke ſent me to tell you,
He expects your company.

Def. I wait on him——Bid the ladies tear
Their clean ſmocks to wrap you in.

Pir. Inſolent man!

Sam. Again!—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter 3 Townſmen, as Watch.

1. Was not I about to tell you ſo? They would be afraid of true men, when we came.

2. By'r lady; but that mun not ſerve their turns; for we muſt know flatly which was Plantan, and which Defendam; or we ſhall diſcharge but a ſorry conſcience to the King's juſtice.

1. I'll take my oath upon the corporal Bible, I ſaw two glittering ſwords run a-tilt; and two to that, if need be.

2. Neighbours, I cannot tell; we are old men, or ſhould be at leaſt; ſome of us have lived threeſcore years and upwards in a pariſh, as they ſay; I name no body; and therefore it is good to be ſure, and make all our tales *bonum fidrum*: for we are not all one man's children. And yet, if I be not miſtaken, I am ſure I ſaw three more, and glittering ones indeed, as you call them. God bleſs every good man and woman from the like: They e'en yearn'd my heart; and yet, by my fay, I am a hundred and two, come the time.

3. You tawke like ſucking infants. Neighbours, I'll be ſworn, if I were to take my oath before the beſt man living, high or low, there was twenty drawn ſwords; little and great. I'm ſure, I might ha' ſeen 'em, like a fool, had I been worth my head; but my little boy Jack did.

1. La, there; and that ſame's a murrain wiſe boy, if you mark him; and will ſee a thing, I warrant you, as ſoon as the wiſeſt of us all, were he twice as old again.

3. I could ha' ſeen too at his bigneſs, for all I'm lame now; God help us! You remember the Powder-plot?

2. Powder-plot, quoth-a! I ſhall not forget it while the world ſtands.

1. Nor I, were I to die a thouſand deaths.

3. That very day was I working in our garret.

2. Say you ſo?

1. Nay, neighbours, beſhrew me, this may be true; for I have known this man hereable to do as tight a day's work by' noon, as the talleſt fellow the King keeps (God bleſs him!) take him from top to toe.

3. All's one for that; mark me! there has not been a glaſs-window there time out of mind; ſince I came, nor after. And I tell you truly, (I'm a falſe lyar elſe) I ſmelt the powder as hot, as if it had been done the next day.

1. See,

1. See, ſee, the wind! the wind, neighbours, is much; God bleſs us!

3. Go to; I am no made fool, though a born fool, my maſters. True, the wind may be ſomething, as you ſay: But if there had not been ſomething elſe, I would not give a fart for't. I did not work at court with a maſter carpenter for nothing, my boys; and ſee the King's Grace faſting and full, as I did, to a hair's breadth, as they ſay. Let me alone for caſting my cards, give me but ground enough: And yet I can neither write nor read, heaven make me thankful!

2. Heaven make us all thankful! I have ſeen the King too, in my prime; and gave him a beck upon his milk-white ſteed; as near as one ſhould ſay, what's this? And all his royal lords and ladies ſporting.

1. Ay, ay, thoſe were the days, (peace be with 'em!) a poor man's tale might be heard at court. There are ſome lords and ladies now, were lowſy then.

3. Go thy ways, by the rood! Nay, he'll have his old tawke, for all the world, up and down.

1. It was ever my condition; I care not who knows it; and yet I never ſcath'd the leaſt ſucking child that begs his bread; but little does another man know where the King's ſhoe wrings him, but thoſe that wear it; as my mother would often ſay, and ſhe liv'd long enough to know it.

3. Nay, that's certain; the King 's but a man, as we three are; no more is the Queen, if you go to that. Did you never hear of my uncle's obſervations? He's but a poor knave (as they call him) but ſuch a knave as cares neither for King nor Kæſar, the leaſt on 'em.

1. Then he may be hanged, neighbour Palmer.

3. If he be, he's not the firſt that has been hanged for treaſon, I hope. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke and Claudilla.

Duke. That frown was ſhot with pretty tyranny
From your brow; but this kiſs ſhall ſacrifice
Me to my Claudilla's boſom.

Claud. You'll ſully your honour in't: Widows are but rumpled ſtuff.

Duke. That again? By all my hopes, and by thy ſelf, the next and greateſt———

Claud. Your brother's crown 's betwixt us.

Duke. I did it but to ſharp De Flame, into ſome Expreſſion of his wit and love.

Claud. Alas! he ſighs all.

Duke. And like ſome crude Chaplain, ſpits moſt Of his mind.

Claud. Yet the tame dove can tire me ſometimes With penn'd ſpeeches, when we're alone, and flatter. I'm reſolv'd to beſtow him on my woman.

Duke. Now he can come to hand:—Ha, ha, thinking men never love heartily, unleſs they be dank powder.

Claud. His courtſhip is like thick embroidery upon Slight ſtuff. I muſt confeſs, I never Lov'd the man; only as a rich gown out of Faſhion; for a day's change ſometimes at home, When I take phyſick.

Duke. You may wear him as you pleaſe, and to what Purpoſe; his honeſt nature was meant you ſo; But Deſſandro is the man of men (I muſt confeſs) That I could wiſh moſt near you now.

Claud. Deſſandro!

Duke. And ſuddenly, before your honour bluſh too palpably:
I have diſcovered him, and his devotions.

Claud. Then your brains were in his plot.

Duke. 'Twas his own.

Claud. Stol'n from ſome romance or play; but For De Flame———

Duke. One wheel will move another to the period.

Claud. Methinks his ſoft and eaſy ſpirit ſhould be The fitter engine, and more pliant to your aim.

Duke. He has too much of Venus in his mixture; all his Deſires would be at home ſtill, in the circle of thoſe Eyes: the other is all fire, and thinks that fame Too cheap, that's found ſo near: And there will Want ſuch men abroad.

Claud. But, where's my honour, Duke?

Duke. Lock'd in my heart and cares: the King muſt die, Claudilla, to ſmooth the way, and lift us to our wiſhes.

Claud.

Claud. That ſtill is talk'd on.

Duke. His laſt glaſs is now turn'd, and runs apace.
He gives thee to Deſſandro; and is your gueſt: And
That night receives eternal thanks for't. Then
(My Fair) Deſſandro cannot want luſtre and honour for
Your bed; nor thy commands what all Caſtile can give.

Claud. I underſtand not, Sir.

Duke. Thou ſhalt in time, Oh my Claudilla! my beſt and neareſt
Joy! Our loves have been entire as a flame: one center
To our thoughts and wiſhes; and crown our boſoms with
Delight and ſafety ——— But they are come! ———

Enter De Caſtro and Deſſandro.

Claud. I have not known ſo little of his fame
To be a ſtranger to his worth: Sir, I honour it:
Nor am I ſo proud and dark in my opinion,
To think I ſtand upon my ſelf, but ſtoop in
Honour to one of his deſerts and blood: This is
The way, my Lord, I ever ſum'd up man; and ſet
His titles down but for cyphers.

De Caſt. Obſerve.

Duke. Which will moſt clearly ſhew his merits, and heighten
Them in value to you: For, Madam, look on him
In the ſpring of his deſerts; and you'll ſay, titles
Are but narrow ſpheres: And if honoured actions
Be the ſoul and breath, he's then above them;
And ſtands in the firſt rank of men.

Deſ. I ſhall want life to pay this debt.

Claud. But with your Grace's favour I muſt be tender here:
For I ſtand a tall mark to voice and cenſure;
And need not tell your Highneſs, with what ſtrong
Expectation the Count de Flame hath long
Time viſited me.

Duke. If you will ſtand engaged, Madam ———
I am ſilent.

Claud. No, Sir ——— But ———

Duke. You expect honour and fortune to your bed:
I know Caſtile owns not a ſubject, (I'll not

Except

Except my ſelf; and had I another's freedom, I ſhould
Not ſpeak my wiſhes in a ſecond perſon) that
Looks not with ambition on you: But, Madam, weigh
Them all; take but off their grains of fortune,
He ſhall hoiſt them into the air: And to my
Wiſh, he's come——Deſſandro, your name was
Mentioned; happily, I hope.——Let me preſent
His value, to your Grace's hand: And to a ſiſter,
Madam, I would ſay, her boſom.

De Caſ. You purchaſe our poor lives too highly, Sir.

Duke. I would have rich jewels ſet to their worth;
And ſhall be proud to give any advantage unto his.
The Ducheſs ſhall not ſlight me in't: I will be
Heard againſt the proudeſt courtſhip that ſhall
Charm her. Come, my Lord, what ſport will you
Win ſome ducats at?

De Caſ. I will loſe ſome at any your Grace pleaſes.

Duke. My brother has got a fortunate hand of late
'Gainſt all the court: I cannot riſe at even terms
From him.

De Caſ. I ſaw him draw deep from your Grace, laſt night.

Duke. Two thouſand ducats; but I expect 'em with intereſt again.

Deſ. I cannot pawn myſelf to the unworthy ends
Of flattery and compliment; but this honour
Out-bids the value of a thouſand lives:
What this poor glimpſe of expreſſion can ſhew me in;
Saints are not more unfeigned in their prayers,
Than I to ſerve you.

Claud. I ſhall not doubt how much I may be indebted
To your noble wiſhes: But let me add, Sir, he that
Lays out for me without my warrant, ſhall ſcarcely
Put it on my account for thanks; much leſs debt.

Deſ. Not good devotions!

Claud. Them I deſire, and ſhall repay.

Deſ. Then pay back mine.

Claud. I'm not to learn my prayers, Sir.

Deſ. Teach me yours, that I may turn the virtue
Of their charms back to your boſom.

Claud.

Claud. Colonel, mine would hardly pleaſe you ;
I never pray for wars.

Duke. You have back-friends, my Lord.

De Caſ. That ſome malignant cloud does interpoſe the King's cheerful favour, I am moſt ſenſible.

Duke. It wou'd ſpread to me too, if they durſt.

De Caſ. Had they but ſo much virtue left, they durſt Own their names by, I ſhould make pale Envy bluſh.

Duke. Come, we'll to cards, and leave them to parl.

[*Exeunt.*

Deſ. Madam, but mean it in a ſmile.

Claud. What !

Deſ. Love.

Claud. Fie !

Deſ. Yet ſtay ; the air has buſy wings : But give
The thought conſent, and I will take it in ſoft
Whiſpers from your lip.

Claud. You will ?

Deſ. I feel it creep in flames through all my blood !

Enter De Flame.

Claud. Sir, the Count *De Flame !*

Deſ. With a black evening in his face !

De Flame. Oh ! my faithful Achilles, I came
To give you joy !

Claud. Who ! me, Sir ?

De Flame. My virtuous friend, and you.

Claud. Of what ?

De Flame. Of your entertainment under him : Y'have a brave commander,
And he a—I cannot be angry enough to tell you what.

Claud. I begin to doubt his wits ; he looks ſo ghaſtly.

De Flame. Yes ; I ſee a devil in thoſe eyes, that makes my hair
Stare upward. Falſe woman ! My love durſt ſcarce
Doubt before, what now I find and tremble at.
But heaven has wrath in ambuſh, and ſcorpion-ſtings !

Claud. For what, my Lord ?

De Flame. Ducheſs, thy perjury, and warm engagements
To this —— this huge Impoſtor !

Claud.

Claud. Sir, he has crack'd his brains with poetry——
Pray, forgive him———

Def. Count, you know what privilege this roof can give
You on my anger; or elſe, I ſhould make your frenzy
Tongueleſs: Don't requite it barbarouſly on her,
That gives you leave to live by it: Gather your
Scatter'd wits up: Go home, Sir, and repent.

De Flame. Privilege!———
I'll meet thee in a ring of flames, or on the tempeſt
Of ſome billow, upon whoſe back the raging North wind ſtrides:
Yet I'd not ha' thee loſe one ſpark of thy full man in noiſe
And air; that when next we greet, I may find thee worthy
My revenge. This frailty now protects thee.

Claud. Uncivil man! know the way back; or I ſhall
Let that juſtice looſe upon you, you deſerve.

De Flame. Your Centaur there, you mean; he muſt
Stare bigger, to move a hair of mine.

Claud. Yo ſha' not ſtir, Sir; as you love me, do not:
Let him die mad.

De Flame. Do kiſs him, and clap his cheek.

Claud. And circle him in my arms from your pale envy.
Does that make you foam?—Look ye—[*Kiſſes Deſſandro.*

De Flame. He ſhall not bloſſom there.

Claud. He ſhall, though thou doſt bribe the Furies
With thy ſoul.

Def. Madam, your commands will hold me till I ſcorch away!
I am in flames, and torment! And there's not ſo much
Mercy under heaven, but your own, would let him uſe
That tongue a minute longer. Thou haſt ſeen this
Sword reeking from hilt to point, and ſweating
Showers of blood o'er thy head; whilſt I beſtrid thy
Life, and reſcu'd it 'gainſt many gallant foes:
And durſt thou tempt it to thine own throat now?
Pr'ythee, be gone; and let us meet no more.
There's ſomething in thy youth I ſtill can love,
And will forget to call thee to account for this;
Be wiſe unto thyſelf, and aſk this Lady pardon.

De

De Flame. Oh my blood! Muſt I bear this! I am
More cold than marble, ſure!
Claud. Within there! Where's his Grace?

Enter Servant.

Serv. At cards, Madam.
De Flame. Oh, cry you mercy! your bak'd meats
ſha' not cool for me;
I only wiſh that they may choak ye. That paper, Sir,
I ſent, wou'd be worth your noble anſwer.
Def. 'Tis there again, and has ſtopp'd the uſe I took
it for.
De Flame. Ha!—I'll make thy name a boy's play,
And kill thee on the threſhold of thy door.
Def. Go, go, take your reſt! When you are
Recovered, I may own you.
De Flame. Thou haſt not blood enough to anſwer this.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pirez and Sampayo.

Samp. You tell me ſtrange ones.
Pir. But true ones.
Samp. Nice windings!
Pir. This Duke can ſtrangely back his purpoſes,
Where they like him: 'Tis a fair liſt
To Deſſandro's fortune; his ſtars ſhin'd.
Samp. True; ſhe has a ſpacious fortune; but I ſhall
Tell your Lordſhip what perhaps you know not.
Pir. You may.
Samp. She has no blood: From her firſt, an honeſt
Tradeſman's wife, who left her very rich and
Handſome. The Duke, (as he ſtill keeps a
Kennel for that purpoſe) had her preſented
To him for his game: Remov'd her from the
Cuckow's neſt into another ſphere; but with all
Caution, and private ſleight: And you muſt
Imagine, now ſhe ſpreads a larger wing;
Stirs not abroad, but ſtudded like the night
With flames: And at length becomes the Court's
Diſcourſe and wonder; but ſtill kept the
Country her retiring place.

Pir.

Pir. Unknown!

Samp. Or unſuſpected, as the Duke's inſtruments dealt it;
And the young Henriques being in thoſe parts
With our King's brother for ſport, caſually (as 'twas plotted)
Viſits her houſe; Falls in love and marries her. This
Is the epitome.

Pir. I hope the Duke Bereo had no dull hand in't.

Samp. 'Tis thought (only by me, Sir,) keeps his
Acquaintance to this day.

Pir. It muſt be fatally anſwer'd ſomewhere;
Heaven has a juſtice.

Samp. The preparation makes huge noiſe.

Pir. 'Tis well the King's a gueſt; their triumph
Might miſcarry elſe.

Samp. The King gives her in church. Methinks
The Count De Flame muſt needs be all a flame at it:
And I believe, Sir, your affront bleeds freſhly in him.

Pir. It muſt be put to an account ſomewhere.

Samp. To return his challenge and honour with ſuch a ſcorn,
Muſt work ſuch a ſpirit to high extremes.

Pir. The ſaddeſt ſtory is his ſiſter.

Samp. A roſe new-blown, and flung aſide to wither in
Her ſweets! Poor innocence! that has much chang'd
My opinion of Deſſandro.

Pir. His reſolution and ambition, are like vaſt trees,
Whoſe ſpreading tops hide their own roots
From the kind ſun.

Samp. Let out unto ſo vaſt a pride, as ſhades all his natural
Virtues; or makes 'em grow up rank and ſour:
The event will tell us all.

Pir. I wiſh it without blood. Your Lordſhip's for the ſolemnity?

Samp. My attendance ties me to his Majeſty's perſon.

Pir. My beſt wiſhes to your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

LOUD MUSICK.

Enter the King, Cardinal, Duke, Ducheſs, Deſſandro, De Caſtro, Sampayo, Ladies bearing up her train, Voices, Lutes, they paſs over.

Manent De Loome and La Gitterne.

De Loome. SO! By this time the confines ring
Of our great ſolemnity.

La Git. She became his hand bravely; and with ſo ſkilful a brow,
As if the firſt fruits of her honour were to be gathered yet.

De Loome. Our Duke will lick his lips at this night's ſport.

La Git. And wind her up for him, 'twill go hard elſe.

De Loome. That ſhall not hinder our ſport, I hope.

La Git. Expect the Steward and his bottles; I'll warrant you.

De Loome. The Ladies too! we ſhall not tickle heartily elſe.

La Git. Where are the great ones bedded?

De Loome. I'th' old place.

La Git. I'th' corner lobby?

Enter De Flame and Cleara diſguis'd.

De Flame. You belong to the Duke De Bereo, Sir?

De Loome. Who told you ſo?

De Flame. A friend that wou'd commend me with a poor ſuit
Unto you, Sir; if you be Signior De Loome.

De Loome. But this is no year for ſuit, Sir.

De Flame. Mine brings thanks ready told, Sir; Look ye!
All double piſtolets, Signior!

De

De Loome. Sir, I ſhall try my power, and be ready in any Service t'ye; for my friend's ſake.

De Flame. D'ye know who 'tis?

De Loome. Hum—No matter; I'll undertake your buſineſs.

De Flame. Sir, can you pleaſe to pardon ſome light gold?

De Loome. You ſhall find me a gentleman in any thing for my friend's ſake.

De Flame. Nay, Sir, it weighs a hundred pound at all peradventures.

De Loome. And I'll tell you one thing of myſelf, Sir; more than
Perhaps my friend remembred: I am very honeſt where
I take; and every man is not to be truſted in matters
Of ſuch conſequence. A very fair purſe, I aſſure you!

De Flame. Neſt and birds are all your own.

De Loome. Your buſineſs is done, believe't, Sir; pleaſe you to kiſs
The King's hand into the bargain?

De Flame. At fitter opportunity let me be ambitious of your
Offer: but I ſhall woo your courteſy to be only a
Looker on now.

De Loome. Any thing, Sir, you can make worthy your requeſt. Nay—I hope, you do not wiſh me forfeit good manners—As I'm virtuous—— [*Compliment for the door.*

De Flame. I am a ſtranger to the way: Gentlemen, know your ſelves, I beſeech you.

La Git. To obey you, Signior.

De Loome. Sir, you need not ſpeak on't to this man: He's but my Lord's barber. Since you command it ſo—
[*Exeunt De Loome & La Gitterne.*

De Flame. Light, light, revenge! heave up thy gloomy tapers!
That thou may'ſt ſee thy ſmeered altar ſhine
In blood. Come, my Cleara! My better ſoul!
Whoſe gallant mind will leave thy name
In the firſt place of women; and raiſe thee temples,
Braveſt of thy ſex! I could expire on thy cheek,
And pay thee reverence, my moſt excellent ſiſter.

Cle.

Cle. Juſt heaven, and your brave virtue (my deareſt brother)
Has waken'd my dull breaſt and trembling ſex:
I do not feel one pale or coward thought;
But all high, and active to my wiſh.

De Flame. I ſee it lovely, in thy brow; like the gleaming
Dawnings of the morn, when day firſt kindles;
Yet our preſage is fair.

Enter Duke whiſpering with De Caſtro.

Cle. The Duke——————

De Flame. Now innocence guard thy ſelf; the wolf is up:
See, how miſchief teems and quickens on their brow:
Some black thing is ſpawning: Night muſt be midwife to't:
If we ſtay, my ponyard will break looſe. [*Exeunt.*

Duke. Who's that?

De Caſ. Some of the Ducheſs's ſervants, I believe, Sir.

Duke. Your hand will lay a new foundation to a kingdom;
And I am buſy how to divide it with thee, when
We can call it ours.

De Caſ. 'Tis his laſt night with mankind; the poiſon, Sir,
Will do't ſo ſubtilly: whilſt he but holds the
Knife, the leaſt warmth attracts, and ſo diſpreads
Itſelf through his blood and ſpirits: Not any
Struggling for't with nature; his life ſteals from
Him in a gentle ſlumber.

Duke. Grow in my boſom till you ſpread to the firſt honours
Of your wiſh: My fortune is too narrow for your
Merits, to whom I owe it, and all my power, brave friend.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, Butler, Cook, and Maids.

Stew. Come, my maſters; the great ones ſhall not
Have all to themſelves: we'll have a civil
Bout, or two, to get us a ſtomach to bed-ward,
My ſweet-hearts.

Cook.

Cook. Noble Mr. Steward!

Butl. Brave Mr. Steward!

Cook. The fire of my reſpects ſhall ne'er go out unto you.

Butl. Nor mine be quench'd.

Stew. Here, Cook, here's a bit for you to lick your lips at:
And here's a clean napery for you, Butler.
[*Gives each a wench.*
Take it———

A DANCE.

Stew. So, ſo; I am almoſt ſpent; every man to his function. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Cardinal, Deſſandro, Duke, Ducheſs, Attendants.

King. The night begins to frown at our uncivil ſtay;
And Hymen's tapers do burn out apace:
Good night; you ſhall not ſtir a foot, Deſſandro.

Duke. All the wiſhes of a bridal bed crown your wiſhes and embraces.

Card. And all the bleſſings of true joy.

Duke. To bed, to bed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter De Loome, De Flame, and Cleara.

De Loome. You are as melancholy, as day when ſun ſets:
I hope, you do not doubt my promiſe?

De Flame. No.

De Loome. Ye ſha'not: I'll not leave you till the grant be yours,
Be confident; and that's more than a courtier is bound
To by his oath. Sir, where are you? Why you were
Living but e'en now; could ſpeak, had ſenſe too:
Ha' you ſeen any thing againſt nature, or ſtomach?
Hum—Sweet-heart, has thy maſter any fits o'th' mother?
[*To Cleara.*
Or falling-ſickneſs? Pretty knave; 'tis pity
This face was made for breeches.

De Flame. Ha!

De Loome. I am glad you are come to your ſelf again.

De

De Flame. You are pleaſant.

De Loome. I would ha' you ſo: I have provided ſome mirth
And good company, for you: Pleaſe you, but ſpare an
Idle hour from your ſleep, we'll allow't again in
The total of your buſineſs: (I muſt not loſe his
Money.) If you can ſmile, you ſhall not want a
Subject: Beſides, we ſhall have the wit of a
Handſome lady or two, and hear their voices.

Enter Steward, and a Man with Bottles.

Look ye, Sir; here's the *imprimis* of the houſe,
Mr. Steward himſelf; whoſe company may be worth
Your obſervation—Seignior Silliman, this gentleman
Is a friend of my Lord Duke's; pray let him know, he's welcome.

Stew. I am but the Ducheſs's poor Steward, Sir; but my
Place is at your command, Sir: You ſhall not have
Me claim kindred of her for all that; yet ——
Sir Thomas De Loome here, can ſay ſomething,
If he pleaſe, Sir.

De Flame. Thank ye, Sir.

Stew. Look ye, Sir Thomas, I never fail; here be the
Perquiſites of life and good company: There's that
Will elevate voices. Come, diſbarthen thy ſelf in
That lobby, my honeſt rational camel!
Is this gentleman dumb? He can ſay nothing, but thank you, Sir.

De Loome. I fear he's planet-ſtruck.

Stew. 'Tis great pity; yet he makes very gentle ſigns.

De Flame. I'm got into a dark and ſlippery laby-rinth, and
Grope but by a ſpark; whilſt every pauſe is fatal.
—— No. It had miſcarried; and the King's preſence
Was a ſacred guard: Now to break in upon them, were
To betray our lives to nothing. Sure heaven will not
Loſe the glory of ſuch a juſtice, and by a hand ſo
Juſtly engaged.

Enter

Enter La Gitterne, Torguina, and La Prate.

De Loome. The Ladies! Good girls, this deſerves a double
Thanks——Here's a gentleman, whoſe merits may
Invite him to your acquaintance, Ladies.

Tor. I ſhall ever ſtudy that due honour, by all the Ambitiouſneſs of your humble ſervant, Sir.

La Prate. You may pleaſe to pardon her, whoſe demerits
Make her modeſt in her expreſſions to honour
You, noble Sir.

De Flame. You engage a poor life to your virtue.

De Loome. What, Ladies, have you put 'em together for a brave boy to-night?

La Prate. That's as the dice run, Sir.

La Git. The Colonel will find a piece of ſervice on't to-night.

La Prate. If he put her to the worſt, 'twill be worth her pardon; being ſo try'd a ſoldier.

Tor. If his valour ſhould be ſhort-breath'd, a retreat may be honourable ſometimes.

La Prate. If he fight not flat coward, and make it in policy.

Tor. Sir, we have read over Ariſtotle's Politicks, and Polybius, to that purpoſe.

La Prate. Who calls policy the very breath of all war.

Tor. And ſo by your Ladyſhip's good licence, in all battalions, leaguers, ſkirmiſhes, ſieges, invaſions, parleys, treaties, truces, and other ceſſations.

De Flame. Excellent Ladies!

De Loome. For the theorick.

La Prate. We can ſay ſomething to the practick too, Seignior.

Tor. Both concerning your poſtures and motions, as
Which may be neceſſary for ſervice: Her Ladyſhip has
Written a ſmall tract for her private experience,
To ſhew how they may be reduced; and a man
Exercis'd with far leſs trouble, but with as much
Activity, and proportion of comfort.

La Prate. For body and ſervice, Madam?

Tor.

Tor. I mean ſo: I warrant you this gentleman
Underſtands me.

De Flame. And will not your goodneſs beſtow it on the publick?
It would rank your name amongſt the illuſtrious
Benefactors of the general cauſe.

La Prate. I know not what I may, Sir, when the preſs is fit
For a woman of quality. Is this gentleman a ſoldier?

De Flame. That ambition has grown with me from the Cradle, Madam.

La Prate. I ſhall render my ſelf with more endearment to
Your worth, and ever ſubſcribe to ſoldiers as the braveſt men.

De Loome. The Ducheſs, I hope, will be of your opinion;
But Madam, had I the uſe of that key for an
Hour or two, I would take ſome notes in ſhort-hand
Behind the hangings.

La Prate. You wou'd?

De Loome. Yes, indeed, my precious wit, I ſhou'd.

De Flame. That key!

Tor. Seignior, pleaſeth you to think our humble
Invitation, worthy the grant of your ſociety.

De Flame. I could wiſh the trouble of ten lives more, to be
Accepted in your command, faireſt of Ladies.

La Prate. Were all our days multiplied into years, and
Thoſe years to lives, 'twere but a ſpan of time
To ſtudy our thanks in.——— [*Exeunt.*

Manent Silliman and La Prate.

Sil. Madam! Lady!———
I never knew what bondage was until now———
I fear the golden heart you ſent me, was
Enchanted: I long to ſee you———

La Prate. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Sil. Ha, ha, ha! hum—Nothing, Madam, but there
Be them that love a good-nature with all their heart:
That have four hundred pounds a year, and money
In their purſe to be knighted, if need be.

La Prate. Wit and opportunity aſſiſt me——

The thing will make an excellent huſband for the Times: And four hundred pounds a year is a Conſiderable fortune to boot. I muſt take him at His bond, or perhaps die in the liſt of ſtale chamber-maids: A court-plague, for a miſpent youth and ſervice.

Sil. I am a gentleman already, elſe the heralds took my Money for nothing: And methinks, Madam, you And I might——

La Prate. What, Signior?

Sil. Be as wiſe as our forefathers.

La Prate. You and I?

Sil. Yes, what ſay ye to you and I? Is not you and I Good Spaniſh? Why Madam, I am able to warm My own ſheets, and get children without the help of A doctor; and can kiſs as warm and cloſe—— And you ſhall ſwear my breath is ſweet.

La Prate. Y'are merry, Sir, beyond my apprehenſion.

Sil. Pardon me, Lady, if I be: I mean no harm, I proteſt.

La Prate. Very witty!

Sil. I am, what I am: but I was never beholden to any Living thing for thus——much wit: I might Have been an arrant younger brother, but for my mother. Thereby hangs a tale, Madam! and yet I cou'd ha' danc'd My cinque pace in Greek, at a dozen: Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, coſt me five ſhillings: Can you believe me, Lady? By this light, you ſhall Wear this diamond! There; ſha't, ſha't ha't: Sha't, ſha't, ſha't ha't.

La Prate. There is ſuch ſorcery in your words!

Sil. No, no, no; troth, love me: come; thou ſhalt; By this——nay, never ſigh, my dear; they are All orient, ſweet wench: Thou art worth all Spain For a good diſpoſition——

La Prate. You will undo me, Mr. Steward.

Sil. Piſh! who, I undo thee? my life! thou doſt wrong Me: can'ſt find in thy heart to think ſo? away, away.

La Prate. But is this profeſſion honourable, Sir?

Sil. I ſcorn to deal upon diſhonourable terms: Do I Kiſs like a man that would propound diſhonourable Conditions?

La

La Prate. Men are ſo nice and cunning!

Sil. Do'ſt think me a Jew? ſwear me to any thing.

La Prate. Well, you have taken a poor heart at advantage; and make me bluſh to confeſs it.

Sil. Kiſs me; here's my hand till death us do part:
Thine more than mine own, Signior Bouche
Ouverte Sillimano: Seal'd and deliver'd; but
I hope, Lady, there is no quit-rent to be paid out of this copyhold.

La Prate. Not for your life, Sir.

Sil. Lawful poſſeſſion then, and thou'rt mine own.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter De Flame and Cleara.

De Flame. So, let 'em drench their ſouls in laughter; kindle
Thy noble heart into a flame, my Siſter!
Fate cannot give nor we aſk more unto
Our cauſe: all things conſpire and prompt us to't.
Juſt and divine revenge!
I'll ſtrew thy midnight haunts with cypreſs wreaths,
And wear thee in rich medals. Propitious Goddeſs!
This night thy wan and meager cheek ſhall bluſh,
And ſmile with warm and wanton blood. Night grows heavy-ey'd.
And drops her ſlumbering head in her dark boſom:
And now their rage and luſt will make them ripe
To bleed. Let us embrace, and interchange
A ſigh or two, Cleara: whate'er become of me,
Thou wilt wear chaplets in Elyſium.

Cle. My hopes and joys are yours, dear Sir, and heaven
I hope will not divide them.

[*Unlocks the door, and diſcovers them.*

De Flame. See what a modeſt bluſh
Sleep has caſt o'er their guilt!

Cle. Here is a look
Tyrants would baſhfully gaze at, and fear,
To think it mortal. Glorious hypocriſy!
Virtue is at wonder in her ſelf, and looks pale,
To own what ſhe has given.

De Flame. I ſhould mock heaven's juſtice, to let 'em dream

Their ſouls away in ſuch a calm: We'll ſtartle
Them into horrour of their ſin, and then
Let 'em ſee the vengeance they deſerve.

Cle. Ye chaſter powers, to whom I and my virginity
Groan; may every drop breath incenſe to your juſtice!
Whil'ſt thus I break their ſprings open. [*Stabs Claudilla.*

Claud. Oh,—Deſſandro!——oh—whoſe hand's that?

Cle. Cleara's, Cleara's! carry that name in thy laſt breath
Down to the ſhades of luſt and perjury.

De Flame. So quick, and brave, Cleara?

Claud. Oh! [*Expirat.*

Def. Cleara! Madam, Madam! your ſleeps are troubled——
Who's there? De Flame!

De Flame. Raiſe not thy voice an accent: If thou doſt, by my eternal hopes and ſoul! this ſtrikes it back unto thy heart. See'ſt thou revenge ſit pale upon the point? 'Tis ſteel'd with virgin's curſes; and ſhall fly like lightning through thy blood: And it is a juſtice thy vaſt pride hath loſt thee to.

Def. Oh! what haſt thou done?
A deed that flinty Scythians and curl'd Ethiops
Would hide their eyes from.

De Flame. Our revenge ſhall wear a glorious title. Know'ſt
Thou that injur'd face? It is Cleara's; injur'd Cleara's!

Def. Cleara!

De Flame. What ſee'ſt thou on that brow?

Def. Murder!

De Flame. Horror and guilt unto thy ſoul.

Def. I'll not be tamely butcher'd, coward; without there!
Help, help, help!

De Flame. Whirlwinds and earthquakes cannot do it:
Think on thy ſin.

Cle. Thy Perjury.

De Flame. Thy Luſt. [*Cleara ſtabs at him.*

Def. Cleara! Oh——thou haſt a ſkilful hand in
Murder: Help, help, murder!

De Flame. So falls a wretched ſtatue from its haughty ſtation;

ſtation; when fate, would make it ominous and fright a ſtate. What a thick cloud ſteams from his tainted blood! The air ſhrinks back, and with dull wings fans it from heaven.

Enter De Loome, La Gitterne, Torguina, &c.

Tor. Murder, murder! 'twas his voice.
De Loome. It was his voice.
Tor. The Key?
La Git. Gone!
Tor. Cut from my ſide; I'm betray'd.
De Loome. Look, ſearch the room: where's the ſtranger?
La Git. The door is faſt. [*Knocks.*
De Flame. You may come in, make up your wonder there. [*Opens the door.*
Tor. My Lady murder'd!
De Loome. You have aſtoniſh'd heaven.
Tor. And pull'd eternal curſes on your head.
De Flame. They'll fall like brittle ſhafts upon my ſhield.
Cle. Unjuſt Deſſandro! yet on thy lip I'll
Tender my laſt vows, that the world may tell,
I lov'd thee dead——and this——and this——
[*Kiſſes him, then ſtabs herſelf.*
De Flame. Hold, hold that cruel hand! Cleara! Siſter!
De Loome. Cleara! This is a horrid ſcene, my Lord.
De Flame. 'Twould not be worth my name, did it not ſtrike
Amazement through your ſouls, and leave a paleneſs
On his cheek that hears it. But here, here I
Could melt! transfuſe my brains through my ſad eyes,
Till they wept blood, and dropt their jelly forth:
She was a jewel, too rich for our dull orb.

Enter more Servants.

You need not multiply your fears; I am
Too proud of my revenge, to ſtart from it:
Let the law frown, and fall in tempeſts on me.
——Cowards repent,
When valiant blood ne'er pales at the event. [*Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Pirez and De Loome.

De Loome. A Sad court indeed, my Lord!

Pir. As ſad a kingdom! Where the news is ſpread, men that hear it, ſtand ſtruck as if their own paſſing-bells did call unto them.

De Loome. Kings glaſſes are as brittle as their meaneſt ſubjects; their footings as ſlippery, and uncertain: He was a brave Prince, and his life will be memorable in Caſtile.

Pir. His death is much admir'd for the ſudden ſtrangeneſs of it: What opinion give the phyſicians on't?

De Loome. They've a hard name for't, if I could think on't.

Pir. Not ſuſpicion of poiſon?

De Loome. How, my Lord! by whom wou'd you ſuſpect it?

Pir. Nay, I dare ſuſpect none, nor don't: but ſuch quirks of ſtate I have read of, in the days of old.

De Loome. I never ſaw him diſcount a day with more content and freedom; his very thoughts were hearty.

Pir. 'Twas a fatal one, and will give a ſad diſcourſe to our poſterity; and leave it on record in bleeding characters.

De Loome. The Count's reſolution had too much blood and cruelty in't.

Pir. Deſſandro urg'd as much as mortal ſenſe could groan with.

De Loome. I now call to mind, ſtill as he ſpake and glanc'd upon Cleara's face, I had ſtrange ſtartlings in me.

Pir. As the times have.

De Loome. The times! my Lord; for what?

Pir. The King's death, Sir.

De

De Loome. Why, my Lord? the times are not of the worſt preſage; though that may cloud them a little.

Pir. I am no Booker, Sir, nor Lilly; to prognoſticate what ſeven years may travail with: but I could wiſh the price of knaves may fall.

De Loome. Your Lordſhip's virtues command not a more humble and obſervant creature. [*Exit.*

Pir. This fellow muſt be muzzled.

Enter Sampayo.

Samp. Who's that?

Pir. The Duke's thing; his trifle-broker.

Samp. The King's now.

Pir. Caſtile did never hear more news, I fear.

Samp. We ſhall now ſee the fine turns and games of the State.

Pir. When fools and knaves chaſe trump.

Samp. Now heads and points will be the ſport.

Pir. The King will have the heads then, I believe.

Samp. Obſerve 'em.

Pir. So near?

Enter Bereo, Nobles ſoliciting him with Papers.

—Heavens bleſs your Majeſty! Heavens keep your Majeſty! [*Within.*

Pleaſe you hear your moſt faithful ſubjects?

Duke. Who are they, that bark ſo?

De Loome. A rout of porters, prentices, and ſailors wives; with ſuch a ſpawn: who are modeſt petitioners, your Majeſty would give 'em leave to govern you in ſome matters of ſtate; and humbly pray, to be admitted of your Privy Council. Here's another, Sir, from the moſt reverend bags of the city; to purchaſe all the churches of your Majeſty, for warehouſes. And this, Sir, from the corporation of weavers, coblers, and felt-makers; that you would pleaſe to give 'em leave to fire all univerſities, and ſchools of learning; that the prophane might better ſee the truth.

Duke. No more—Their ſtinking breath will ſtifle me! Keep back their clamour: Wealth and eaſe have made the raſcals wanton, and prophane their allegiance———My

Lord, [*De Caſtro kneels*] you need not kneel in a cauſe that equally concerns us with you; and the groans of your brother's wounds echo unto our ſleeps. Our honour and the laws bleed in them, until a juſtice ſtop their iſſues, which our own care ſhall take a ſpeedy account of——*Sampayo!*——— [*Whiſpers.*

Samp. I ſhall, my Lord——— [*Exit.*

Duke. Oh! my Lords; we are circled in a tide of grief,
Where every billow threatens a grave: but in your loves,
Our hope takes new life; which we as zealouſly
Shall ſacrifice again to you and yours——
Let me be beholden t' you for—— a minute's conference
With my own ſad thoughts.——— [*Exeunt.*
So——— Take breath, my hopes,
Whilſt we with pride look upon the world behind us;
And then ſurvey the glory of our progreſs,
And ſucceſs——The print of every ſtep is glorious;
And methinks we ſtand like Rome herſelf, in midſt
Of all her triumphs, when her threatned head
Lean'd on the ſpangled breaſt of heaven, and
Joſtled with the Gods; from whoſe imperious frown
The world took all her laws and dooms: Yet her
Vaſt ſtory ſhall look pale to mine; and time
Begins his great example here.———
Caſtile, thou now ſhalt bluſh for thy neglect:
I'll print thy ſcorns on thy own brow, till my revenge
Look lovely as did Rome's, in her bright flames
To Nero: And nature ſhall repent, that ſhe
Miſtook the man fortune meant thine. Then up
My ſoul, and from thy glorious ſtand, ſee
Thy proud hopes and wiſhes court thee! Thou haſt
Been baſhful yet, and hid in bluſhes——Make
Room for thy more ſpacious thoughts———
And let the petty world know this; all things
Depend upon the breath of Gods and Kings. [*Exit.*

Enter two Officers.

1. There, there! Lay that in the place; ſo, ſo; here, help to ſpread this carpet. Quick, quick!

2. Will our new King be here to give the forked herd an oration?

1.

1. An halter! Thou doſt ſo fumble——But what's the general voice of the King's death?——Here's the mourning for that bar.

2. Marry, ſome think he died againſt his will; and others, that his brother——Where ſtands this?——will bury him very royally——

1. Hum——And others think if thou wert hang'd when 'tis thy due, there would be quickly a knave leſs. Diſpatch, diſpatch! I hear them coming.

Enter Judges, the two Ladies, De Loome, La Gitterne, and others. De Flame ſtands at the Bar.

Officer. Pray, by your leave; make way; give back there! For ſhame, Sir; you preſs ſo hard upon the Judges, they ſcarce have liberty to breathe. Clear the bar; Peace!

1 *Judge.* My Lord——Here's none but knows you, and I believe do grieve to ſee you ſtand thus; and for a fact of ſuch a bloody nature. A gentleman of your fair hopes and fortunes, blood and ſpirit, and other excellent parts, all caſt upon untimely hazards by ſuch an act (as indeed I know not how to name it) you needs muſt therefore be worthy our grief: And I preſume you are not now to know the laws and cuſtoms of this your country, with what religious care they look unto the ſafety of our lives and our eſtates, and with what ſtrictneſs on perpetrations of ſuch a dye——

2 *Judge.* Eſpecially where innocent blood is ſhed: And therefore we being but the tongues of the law, (my Lord) may hope you will interpret the juſtice of it, clearly from our mouths——

De Flame. Pleaſe you, moſt reverend Lords, is there aught elſe but this I am to ſtand accus'd for?

2 *Judge.* Not that we know.

De Flame. Then, my good Lords, you need not labour much to find out circumſtances to condemn me: Nor do I wiſh, or think, my Lords, to ſatisfy the law, by talking in my own defence: Nor will I brand myſelf with ſuch a fear, much leſs hope, as to beſpeak a melting tear. That were to wiſh the act undone; and rob my juſtice of a glory, I would be torn to atoms for. No; I come to meet

meet the law: And if your wiſdoms can contract the ſpacious volumes of it into one doom, I ſhall not ſtartle, or divide my breaſt. My reſolution was above it, when firſt I undertook to be my own law and judge.

1 *Judge.* I grieve to hear this language from you: It takes much from the man that you have ſeem'd, my Lord; ſtain not your noble and religious fame with ſuch an atheiſm.

2 *Judge.* Look back into the deed, my Lord: See what a tide of blood purſues you, and breaks upon your ſoul in angry ſeas.

De Flame. Look back to our fame, grave Lords, the blood and honour of our family; nor think it my vain-glory to urge it here, ſince the cauſe does. There has not yet, in all the ages it hath ſerved the State, one ſtain fallen on our eſcutcheon. And although, my Lords, theſe honours are derived to us in a vaſt circle of time and blood, the paſſage muſt be ſtill through our veins; and ſo are treaſured here as heat in fire; ſo as the leaſt taint in us reflects a bluſh on the firſt virtue of our great anceſtors. And what has man call'd ſacred, but his honour? That dwells not in the ſmiles of Fortune; nor can ſhe place the fool or coward in that rank. And can your wiſdoms think ours ſo cheap, as to become the ſcorn of ſuch?

2 *Judge.* My Lord, 'twould better ſatisfy all thoſe that know you, to hear your grief than paſſion.

De Flame. Oh, cry ye mercy! He was your Lordſhip's kinſman; yet I will add, he baſely did betray a love and innocence more noble than a thouſand of their lives, (poor Cleara!) Perjur'd his faith and honour; and quite diſſolv'd their holy tyes, in the laſcivious arms of her, whoſe name ſhall not take honour from my breath.

2 *Judge.* We ſpend time; pray give thoſe Ladies leave to ſpeak.

Enter De Caſtro.

De Caſ. My Lords, the King is come to ſit amongſt ye.

Officer. Stand back there, ho! you, Goodman Round-head; you'd beſt breathe in the King's face: Pull back your horns, Sir!——D'you mutter? Take that, and croud

croud further. The rogues are as hollow as a vault, and ſound like one with a blow.

Enter Bereo, De Caſtro, Attendants; at the other door, the King himſelf.

Within——The King! The King! Whooe?

1 *Judge.* What's the matter?

Duke. De Caſtro, is this a maſk, or apparition?

King.——Seize on the traitor!——

Duke. Ha!——

King. Hence, monſtrous thing!

Duke. Traitor?

King. Yes; and a foul one——My Lords, ſuſpend
Your wonder——We thank ye——Prodigy to thy blood
We have given you leave to wanton in your guilt;
And ſee at what mighty impiety it would reach;
To faſten you the ſurer in your toil.
Take your places.——Durſt thou derive the glory
Of our grandſires to thy ſelf, whilſt with unnatural hands
Thou tear'ſt their graves up; mingling blood and ſhame
With their bleſt duſt? Have we not ſhar'd our kingdom with thee?
Let thee into our heart nearer than nature,
If poſſible? And could all this beget
No better thanks than poiſon? The very thought
Un-nerves my joints.

Duke. Treaſon?——Who dares avow it, Sir?
Or charge the leaſt ſtain upon my loyal boſom,
And make it good? I challenge all mankind,
And envy from the nether hells; 'tis but
Some engine to betray me to you.

De Caſ. I did but quit a ſin
Which would have betray'd us both eternally;
And bore ſo ſad a ſhape of horror,
As it affrighted all within me; and like a frenzy,
Held me, till I had purg'd it from my boſom.

Duke. Had thy revenge no other way but this,
To undermine the virtue of nature againſt itſelf?
My Lords, there's forgery in't; poiſon! and treaſon!
It did amaze my innocence: Sounds, that my blood
Do ſhiver at. And did not I ſee his father's treaſon

Bluſh

Bluſh yet upon his brow, I ſhould not think
Caſtile infected with the thought.
1 *Judge.* My Lord De Caſtro,
What proof or circumſtance have you to urge
This clearer to his Highneſs?
Duke. Grave patriots of the law!
Give me your leave in this, that would blemiſh
The honour of my fame for ever. Let him produce but any
That may accuſe me to your reverend judgments,
And Bereo will lay down his head to the block.
But I know your wiſdoms will diſcern a plot in't:
And how far he ſtands incompetent againſt me
In faith and honour.
King. What ſay you, my Lord?
De Caſ. Sir, what I have told your Majeſty, my life
Shall make good on any torture: My brother being dead,
Heaven only and my conſcience can clear it:
And to quit my innocence of malice, your own conſcience
Muſt tell you, my Lord, that when firſt you uſed my brother
To enſnare me, and preſs'd it in the Ducheſs' garden,
How much I argued to divert you: But then——
Duke. My Lords, I deſire juſtice and reparation
On the villain.
2 *Judge.* My Lord De Caſtro!——
The King has pleas'd to give us your relation,
In which (though the leaſt tenderneſs cannot be
Impertinent to his ſacred ſafety) there's nothing
That can raiſe the law to any argument, which may reach
The Duke, ſcarce as a Peer; which looks upon him
As the ſecond man in whom all our ſafeties and hopes are ſtor'd:
Not to be touch'd with every jealouſy,
But at a high and reverend form of proof.
Duke. Let me appeal unto your ſelf, Dread Sir!——
Which of my actions or ſervices of State
Can be ſuſpected? And do you not perceive
That where his father left, his treaſon would begin?
De Caſ. Help me, dear truth, or elſe I ſhall ſuffer
For my loyalty! Great Sir, be pleas'd—— *Duke.*

Duke. That moſt judicious Judge has well obſerv'd,
There is an envy in his ſoul would reach
From you to your ſucceſſion; and leave the character
Of his father's treaſon on it, in blood and ruin.
Wretched man! Truſt me, I grieve for thy ſlide from piety;
And when I look upon the love and pity
I have caſt away on ſuch a thing, I repent
My eaſy faith. Good Heaven! what will men fall to?

King. Take the Count unto the citadel, and let none
Be admitted to him, upon peril— [*Exeunt with De Caſtro.*
Brother, they were no eaſy inſinuations
That did engage our fears to this; but ſuch
As nam'd a higher proof and circumſtance.
And we confeſs, it ſtruck our nature with ſome paſſionate ſtrugglings:
Not that the wiſh of our ambition is fix'd here,
And would revive a term of years
To rob ye of one minute's glorious trouble:
Yet, my Lord, if our laws take care
To preſerve the meaneſt ſubject's life, our own
Ought not to be look'd on with leſs providence:
And fears are happy cautions many times.
But mine retire———
Let our deſires meet, and reconcile me to your arms——
[*Embrace.*
His merit ſhall find the juſtice it has ſcandal'd,
If it ſtand guilty.

Duke. If! my Lord. Can yet that ſcruple ſtay behind?

Returns with De Caſtro and Deſſandro. A Phyſician and Chirurgeon, &c.

De Caſ. See, Royal Sir! I have met a miracle,
[*They kneel.*
That heaven has preſerv'd and ſent to guard your
Sacred Highneſs and the truth.

De Flame. Deſſandro riſen from the dead?

King. Deſſandro!

Deſ. The vileſt wretch alive, who throws himſelf
At your feet in tears of blood, and ſo much
Horrid guilt as calls for all the wrath of

This

This and the other world: Not daring to
Lift my hopes to any pardon. Oh, Sir!
'Twas he (back'd by that bad Prince, and other giddy
Hopes) that would have ſeduc'd my brother to
That act againſt your ſacred life.

King. Wou'd it went no further? Duke de Bereo,
Can now your brow change colour?

Duke. 'Tis all impoſture.

King. Fie, fie; don't glory againſt heaven, that hath
Left thy ſin no ſubterfuge.

Duke. You wou'd not fright me from myſelf?

King. Well; our guard!

Doctor. May it pleaſe——— [*Kneels.*

King. Riſe——what would you ſay, Sir?———

Doctor. Under your gracious licence this——We found our princely Lady, and the Lady Cleara cold in their clodded gore: This Colonel ſo ſpent in expence of blood, as we could not ſay alive; for that half ſpark of heat left in his veins, was then e'en going out. Our care having preſerv'd, and kindled it to life again; after his ſhatter'd faculties could pant and breathe, he call'd for pen and ink, and caus'd us to write what is there contain'd.

[*Gives a paper.*

Def. Of too much truth; and I bluſh for thoſe few
Drops of blood, I have left to expiate.

Duke. I am betray'd and loſt———
Could'ſt be in love with that faint life, for one
Poor minute's ſmile, to betray it to ignominy and law?
I could trample on thy ſkull, until thy reeking
Brain ſparkled about the duſt. See how buſily
They contract their duſky brows? Conſult things
Safely, and let ſome reverend ſtatute be ordained,
In honour of all cowards. De Caſtro! For this good
Service know, 'twas I that laid thy father's head
Upon the block: Complotted with the Portugueſe,
To make him guilty to the King: And envying, that
He ſpread with ſo much ſhadow in the ſtate, by a cloſe
Faction rendred him odious to the people: An engine,
I knew, could not fail. I hurried thee to the Ducheſs's
Wanton bed, Deſſandro; knowing De Flame's high
Blood would quit the debt I owed thee———

Def.

Def. He's proud all miſchief can call him patron.

Duke. Nor had I ſhar'd the pleaſure of a kiſs to you,
Or him; but that our purpoſe needs would have it ſo.

De Flame. Sir!

Duke. The language is plain and true.

De Flame. Then Claudilla was your Court-miſtreſs, Duke?
'Twere prophanation, to ſay whore.

Duke. Young Lord, I can forgive that language
In a ſuffering man.

De Flame. Forgive it!

Duke. Forgive it——and had De Flame himſelf
Enjoy'd her bed, and reap'd the ſcatter'd minutes
Of our love; he muſt have found another gloſs, more
Safe and honourable.

De Flame. Muſt——what ſaw you in me did promiſe
So tame a thing, as to feed on your high ſcraps?
Glorious miſchief!

Def. My Lord, I beg your mercy; and to deſerve it
Will weep the remnant of this unworthy life
Unto Cleara's name.

De Flame. All mankind has my peaceful wiſh, but this
Black ſpeckled ſerpent, whoſe load doth make
The earth to groan and ſweat.

Duke. My fair Claudilla? Methinks I ſee thee
Lovely in that ghaſtly trim of death, while
Yet thy ſoul was ſtruggling through thy cruel
Wounds.

De Flame. The day begins to frown and creep into
Eternal night: We'll bed together in one grave, Cleara.
Caſtile ſhall hide us in a golden heap, and name me
With her patriots, for taking this foul monſter
From her boſom.

Duke. I'll find thee in the myrtle groves below,
And leave a ſtory that ſhall tell the world
How much I lov'd thee. [*They ſtab each other.*

King. Deſperate Atheiſts!

Duke. You were before-hand, Sir.

De Flame. You've overtaken me—the world is hid in a
Cloud, and ſhrinks to Chaos—Oh—whither
Muſt I wander in this miſt?——ſo, ſo——

I feel thee glide away, and leave me ſunk
Upon a quickſand. [*Expirat.*

King. What a thirſt of blood burnt up their hearts,
That they muſt quench it in their own?

Duke. Haſt thou not air enough, my panting ſoul?
——Oh——what a ſtitch is coming! [*Expirat.*

King. Wou'd thou had'ſt better lov'd thy ſelf and us:
For while thou priz'd the honour of that blood,
We priz'd thee with it. Oh ambition!
The grandame of all ſin, that ſtrikes at ſtars
With an undaunted brow, whilſt thus thy feet
Slide to the nether hell: Like ſome vaſt ſtream
That takes into its womb all ſprings that neighbour by it,
And would proudly carry all their currents in its own;
Swells o'er its banks, and wantons like a tyrant——
Take hence the ſight: It ſtirs our indignation.
[*Exeunt cum corporibus.*

Omnes. Long live the great and good King of Caſtile!

King. We thank ye, and juſt heaven which hath (unto wonder)
Unknotted all theſe miſchiefs, and kept us ſafe:
And becauſe we do not love to uſe the laws
In their extremity, or execute with blood
Where we can moderate without; but chiefly,
Deſſandro, to endear ye more to heaven
In your acknowledgement, we do injoin you
To ſome religious houſe of Orders; there
By an humble life to expiate your guilt.

Def. Upon my knees I do acknowledge
Your God-like mercy.

King. De Caſtro,
Our thanks ſhall make your loyalty
Exemplary to all times: Nor wiſh we to live longer
Than to gain the faith of all: That we may find
Our ſelf and title moſt ſecure, and greateſt
In your loves; which gives us more
Than giddy fortune can——

This is our Fate, and to the Wiſe is known;
All Goods without us, are not ſure our own.

In tenui LABOR eſt; at tenuis non GLORIA.

The End of the TENTH VOLUME.